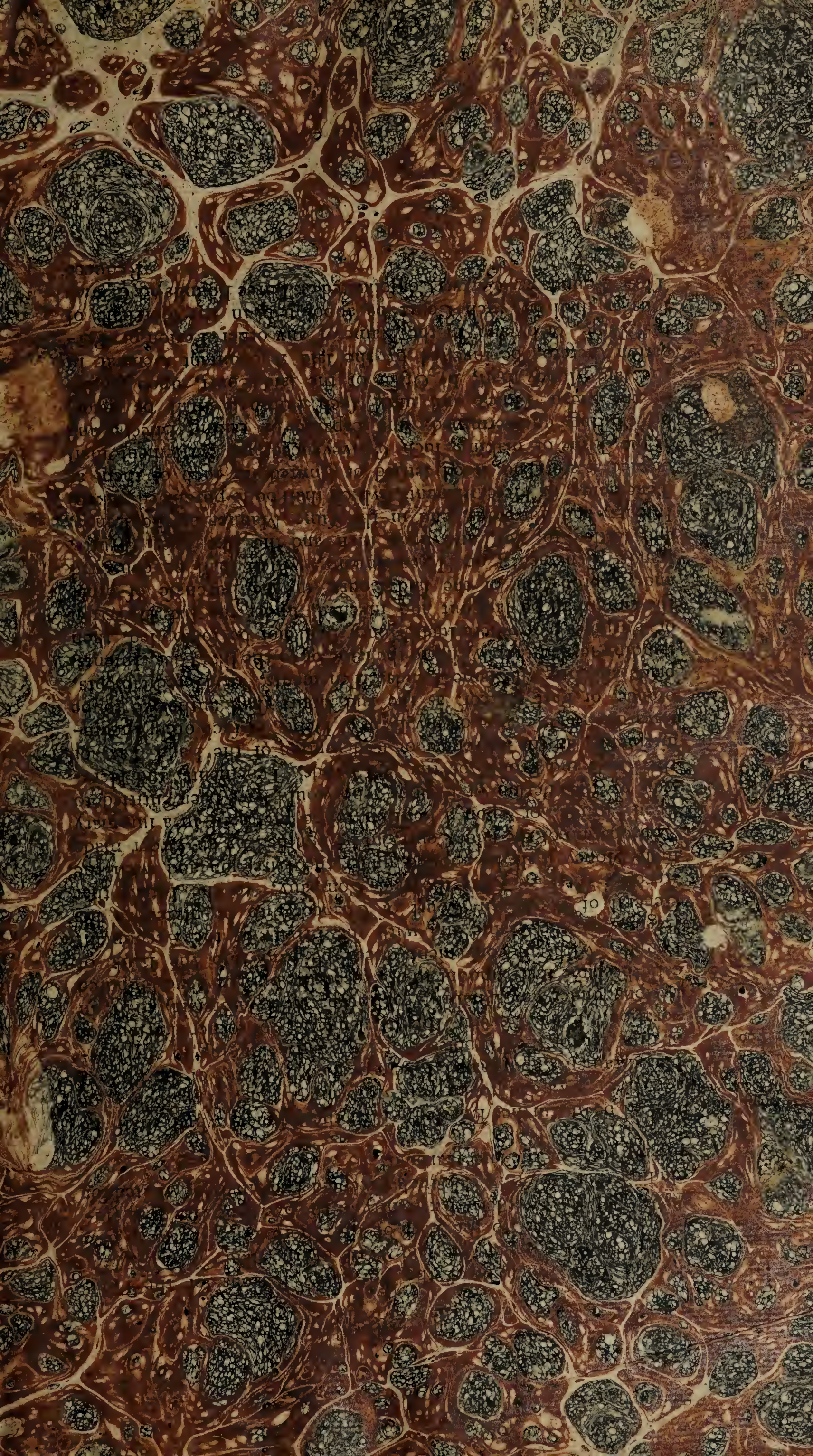


John Goodford



ELEGANT EXTRACTS

I N

Prose and Verse :

SELECTED FROM THE

FUGITIVE PRODUCTIONS

OF THE DAY,

WITH A VIEW TO ILLUSTRATE THE

OPINIONS, WIT, AND TASTE

OF THE

PRESENT AGE,

“ AND CATCH THE MANNERS LIVING
AS THEY RISE.”

“ I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers,
and have brought nothing of my own but the thread
that ties them.”

Montaigne.

VOL. IV.

YEOVIL.



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REMINISCENTIÆ ;

OR

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

The Editor proposes to insert, occasionally, a Collection of short Anecdotes, Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous, drawn from authentic sources, under the above Title, which, he trusts, will be found to afford some amusement to his Readers in general.

CHARLES XII.

That Charles XII. did not fall by a shot from the walls of Fredericshall, as is commonly supposed, but met his death from a nearer and more secret hand, has been fully ascertained; and M. Megret, a French engineer who accompanied him, was no doubt, concerned in the murder. Many years afterwards, one Cronsted, an officer, on his death bed, confessed that he had himself, at the instigation of the Prince of Hesse, brother-in-law of Charles, and whose wife was declared Queen of Sweden, fired the shot that killed the unfortunate monarch.

In the arsenal at Stockholm, the Swedes preserve with great care the clothes he was habited in at the time he fell. The coat is a plain blue cloth regimental one, such as every common soldier wore. Round the waist he had a broad buff leather belt in which hung his sword. The hat is torn only about an inch square, in that part of it which lies over the temple, and certainly would have been much more injured by a large shot. His gloves are of very fine leather, and as the left one is perfectly clean and unsoiled, could only have been newly put on. Voltaire says that the instant the King received the shot, he had the force and courage to put his hand to his sword, and lay in that posture. The right hand glove is covered in the inside with blood, and the belt at that part where the hilt of his sword lay, is likewise bloody, so that it seems clear, he had previously put his hand to his head on receiving the shot, before he attempted to draw his sword and make resistance.

In the same case that contains his clothes, is preserved the cap he wore on the terrible day at Bender, when he so desperately defended himself against the Turks. It is of fur; and has one tremendous cut on the side, which must have been within a hair's breadth of there ending the career of this wonderful man.

EARLY PRINTERS.

Mr. Ames informs us that Wynkin de Worde, was long a servant to Caxton, and the numerous persons employed by him, performed all parts of the printing business, and that the most ancient Printers were also bookbinders and booksellers. The two latter branches were carried on at least under their inspection. Wynkin de Worde cut a new set of punches, which he sunk into matrices and cast several sorts of printing letters, which he afterwards used.

Richard Pinson was also a servant to Caxton; he was Printer to the Kings Henry VII. and VIII. and died about the year 1528.

Richard Grafton was born in London, and flourished in the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary and Elizabeth. In his name were published "An Abridgment of the Chronicles of England," and "A Chronicle and large meere History of the Affayers of England, and Kinges of the same; deduced from the Creation of the world," &c. 1569. His rebus is a tun, and a grafted tree growing through it.

Reynold Wolfe, Printer to the King, was of German or Swiss extraction. He was a great collector of antiquities, and furnished Ralph Holinshed, who was one of his executors, with the bulk of the materials for his Chronicle. His device was the Brazen Serpent, which was also his sign.

The books printed by these, and other old Printers, have of late years, been eagerly bought up, at immoderate prices; and for the most part by capricious collectors, who regarded Caxton and Wynkin as highly as Tom Folio in the Tatler is said to have esteemed Aldus and Elzivir. Some have preposterously considered these books as golden mines of English literature, whose contents our modern writers have been continually draining, refining, and beating thin, to display with pomp and ostentation.

REMINISCENTIÆ ;

OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The first translation of any part of the Holy Scriptures into English, that was committed to the press, was, *The New Testament*, translated from the Greek, by William Tyndale, with the assistance of John Foye and William Roye, and printed first in 1526, in octavo.

Tyndale published afterwards, in 1530, a translation of the *Five Books of Moses*, and of *Jonah* in 1531, in octavo. An English translation of the *Psalter*, done from the Latin of Martin Bucer, was also published at Strasburgh in 1530, by Francis Foye, octavo. And the same book, together with *Jeremiah*, and the *Song of Moses* were likewise published in 1534, in 12mo, by George Joye, some time Fellow of Peter-house in Cambridge.

The first time *the whole Bible* appeared in English, was in the year 1535, in folio. The translator and publisher was Miles Coverdale, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, who revised Tyndale's version, compared it with the original, and supplied what had been left untranslated by Tyndale. It was printed at Zurich, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. This was the Bible which by Cromwell's injunction of September, 1536, was ordered to be laid in Churches.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

It does not appear that there were any degrees in either the Greek or Roman Academies; the only distinction was that of Masters and Scholars. The first seminaries of learning among Christians were the Cathedral Churches and Monasteries, but in process of time the schools belonging to them were regulated, and the men of learning opened others in places where they could find encouragement. Hence the origin of Universities, which at first were merely a collection of those schools, to which princes and great men gave liberal endowments, and granted particular immunities and privileges. Degrees were not conferred till the Universities were incorporated; a circumstance extremely probable, when we recollect that all civil honours must be derived from the supreme magistrate.

The most ancient degrees were those of Bachelor and Master of Arts. Before the existence of a certain statute, which obliged the Theologists to be Regents in Arts previously to their ascending the chair of Doctor, they were only Students, and Bachelors, or Masters of Divinity, without reading the Arts. At that time the degrees in arts were held in such estimation, as to be thought superior to that of Doctor in any other faculty.

The Degree of Doctor was not known in England till the time of Henry II. It afterwards became common, and was taken not only by Professors of Divinity, Law, and Medicine, but by those of Grammar, Music, Philosophy, Arts, &c. As the Doctors, however, of those professions seldom obtained great honour or riches, they declined and fell into neglect. That of Music is the only one which has survived.

THE TABLE.

The form of a half-moon for a table is of very ancient date; the Romans called it the *Sigma*, from its resemblance to the Greek letter so called, which was in the time of the Roman Emperors, like the letter C. Martial tells us this sort of table admitted but of seven persons, *septem Sigma capit*. And Lampridius, in his life of Heliogabalus, mentions it very frequently, and says it was for seven only; he tells us, the Emperor once invited eight, on purpose to raise a laugh against the person for whom there would be no seat. The same form of a table continued in after ages. The authors of the life of St. Martin say, that the Emperor Maximus invited him to a repast, where the table had the form of a Sigma; and again in the lower ages, Sidonius Apollinaris speaks of the same thing in the life of the Emperor Majorianus; and it is likewise represented in a manuscript of the 5th or 6th century. The seat itself was only a common bench or form; the Sigma was the principal piece of furniture and most ornamented. In the time of Homer the guests sat round the table as we do now, but in after ages some Nations adopted the custom of lying down at their meals.

REMINISCENTIAE;
OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN
OLD ENGLISHMAN.—No. 13.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Charles the First, though of abstemious habits, kept a splendid and hospitable table, at the beginning of his reign. Of this trait in his character, hitherto unnoticed, the following account affords a sufficient proof.

There were daily in his court eighty-six tables, well furnished each meal, whereof the king's table had twenty-eight dishes; the queen's twenty-four; four other tables, sixteen dishes each; three other, ten dishes each; twelve other had seven dishes each; seventeen other tables had each of them five dishes; three other had four each; thirty-two other tables had each three dishes; and thirteen other had each two dishes; in all about five hundred dishes each meal, with bread, beer, wine, and all other things necessary. All which was provided mostly by the several purveyors, who, by commission, legally and regularly authorized, did receive those provisions at a moderate price, such as had been formerly agreed upon in the several counties of England, which price (by reason of the value of money much altered) was become low, yet a very inconsiderable burthen to the kingdom in general, but thereby was greatly supported the dignity royal in the eyes of strangers as well as subjects. The English nobility and gentry, according to the King's example, were excited to keep a proportionable hospitality in their several country mansions, the husbandmen encouraged to breed cattle, all tradesmen to a chearful industry: and there was then a free circulation of money throughout the whole body of the kingdom. There was spent yearly in the King's house of gross meat fifteen hundred oxen, seven thousand sheep, twelve hundred veals, three hundred porkers, four hundred starks, or young beefs, six thousand eight hundred lambs, three hundred fitches of bacon, and twenty-six hams; also one hundred and forty dozen of geese, two hundred and fifty dozen of capons, four hundred and seventy dozen of hens, seven hundred and fifty dozen of pullets, one thousand four hundred and seventy dozen of chickens: for bread three thousand six hundred bushels of wheat; and for drink six hundred tuns of wine, and one thousand seven hundred tuns of beer: moreover of butter forty-six thousand six hundred and forty pounds, together with fish and fowl, venison, fruit and spice proportionably.

LEMONS.

Theophrastus, who studied under Plato and Aristotle, says of lemons, that they were cultivated for their fragrance, not for their taste; that the peel was laid up with garments to preserve them from moths; and that the juice was administered by Physicians medicinally.

Virgil in his second Georgic, describes agreeably the lemon-tree. Pliny mentions the lemon-juice as an antidote; but says that the fruit, from its austere taste, was not eaten.

Plutarch, who flourished within a generation of Pliny, witnessed the introduction of Lemons at the Roman tables; Juba, King of Mauritania, was the first who exhibited them at his dinners. And Athenæus introduces Democritus as not wondering that old people made wry mouths at the taste of lemons; for, adds he, in my grandfather's time, they were never set upon the table. And to this day the Chinese, who grow the fruit, do not apply it to culinary purposes.

The great use of Lemons began with the introduction of Sugar, which is said to have resulted from the conquest of Sicily by the Arabs in the ninth century. Sestini, in his letters from Sicily and Turkey, thinks, that the best sorts of Lemons, and the best sorts of Sherbet, were derived from Florence by the Sicilians. Probably Rome continued, even in the dark ages, to be the chief seat of luxury and refinement; and had domesticated the art of making lemonade, before either Messina or Florence.

In Madagascar slices of Lemon are boiled, and eaten with salt.

Pomet, in his history of drugs, gives the preference over all others to the lemons of Madeira; but according to Ferrarius, there grows at the Cape a sweet lemon, to which he gives the name *Incomparabilis*.

FIGS.

Figs have, from the earliest times been reckoned among the delights of the palate. Shaphan the scribe, who made for the use of the young King Josiah, that compendium of the law of Moses, which is called Deuteronomy, enumerates among the praises of the promised land, (Deut. viii. 8) that it was a "Land of Fig-trees."

The Athenians valued Figs at least as highly as the Jews. Alexis (in the Deipnosophists) calls figs "Food for the Gods." Pausanias says, that the Athenian Phylalus was rewarded by Ceres for his hospitality with the gift of the first fig-tree. Some foreign guest, no doubt, transmitted to him the plant, which he introduced into Attica. It succeeded so well there, that Athenæus brings forward Lynceus and Antiphanes vaunting the figs of Attica as the best on earth. Horapollon, or rather his commentator Bolzair says, that when the master of a house is going a journey, he hangs out a broom of fig-boughs for good luck.

A taste for figs marked the progress of refinement in the Roman empire. In Cato's time but six sorts of figs were known; in Pliny's, twenty nine.

The sexual system of plants seems first to have been observed in the fig tree. Pliny in his Natural History alludes to this under the term *caprifigation*.

In modern times, the esteem for figs has been more widely diffused. When Charles V. visited Holland in 1540, a Dutch merchant sent him, as the greatest delicacy which Zurichzee could offer, a plate of figs. The gracious Emperor dispelled for a moment the fogs of the climate, by declaring that he had never eaten figs in Spain with superior pleasure. Carter praises the figs of Malaga; Tournefort those of Marseilles; Ray those of Italy; Brydone those of Sicily; Dumont those of Malta; Browne those of Thessaly; Pococke those of Mycone; De la Mottraye those of Tenedos and Mitylene; Chandler those of Smyrna; Maillet those of Cairo; and Lady Wortley Montagu those of Tunis. What less can be inferred from the conspiring testimony of the most learned of the travelled, and of the most travelled of the learned, than that where ever there is a fig there is a feast?

It remains for Jamaica, and the contiguous islands, to acquire that celebrity for the growth of figs, which yet attaches to the Eastern Archipelago; to learn to dry them as in the Levant, and to supply the desserts of the English tables.

LOTTERY.

The first English Lottery we find mentioned in History, was drawn in the year 1569. It consisted of 400,000 Lots, at ten shillings each; the prizes were plate, and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn at the West door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The drawing began on the 11th of January 1569, and continued incessantly *day and night*, till the 6th of May following. There were then only three Lottery Offices in London. It was first intended to have been drawn at the house of Mr. Derricke, Queen Elizabeth's jeweller, but was afterwards drawn as above mentioned. The Proposals for this Lottery were published in the years 1567 and 1568. Dr. Rawlinson shewed the Society of Antiquaries in 1748, "A Proposal for a very rich Lottery, general, without any blanks, containing a great number of good Prizes, as well of ready money as of plate and certain sorts of merchandizes, having been valued and prized by the commandment of the Queen's most excellent Majesty's order, to the intent that such commodities as may chance arise thereof, after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparations of the havens, and strength of the realm and towards such other public good works. The number of Lots shall be 400,000, and no more, and every Lott shall be the sum of ten shillings sterling, and no more. To be filled by the Feast of St. Bartholomew. The shew of prizes are to be seen in Cheapside, at the sign of the Queen's Arms, the house of Mr. Derricke, Goldsmith, servant to the Queen."

In the year 1612, King James in special favour for the Plantation of English Colonies in Virginia, granted a Lottery, to be held at the West end of St. Paul's, whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a Tailor of London, had the chief prize, which was 4000 crowns in fair plate.

In the reign of Queen Anne it was thought necessary to suppress Lotteries as nuisances to the public.

REMINISCENTIAE;
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OLD ENGLISHMAN.—No. 12.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING LEAR.

The story of this Tragedy has found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakespeare seems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, in 1594, "A booke entitled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three daughters*." From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1587, Shakespeare has; however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as Steevens says that he did not find the least trace of it in any other work.

Camden in his *Remains* tells a similar story to this of Lear, of Ina, King of the West Saxons, which if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. The story told by Camden is as follows:—"Ina, King of the West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder swore deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father, flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughterly duty at the uttermost could expect, yet she did think that one day it would come to pass that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married; who being made one flesh with her, as GOD by commandment had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kiffe and kin."

The reader will also find the story of King Lear, in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albions England*, 1602. The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harsnet's Pamphlet, to which it contains so many references, was not published till that year.

Malone says, he thinks it more probable that Shakespeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than the *Mirror for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed the Play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wise Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The story of King Lear and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his *Chronicle* Shakespeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the same subject probably first suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Lear, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for 60 years." According to that Historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Lear's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordella*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakespeare found softened into *Cordelia*, by Spenser. Malone says he believes Shakespeare wrote this Tragedy in 1605.

THE ÆNEID.

The Æneid is the name of Virgil's celebrated Epic Poem. The subject of the Æneid, which is the establishment of Æneas in Italy, is extremely happy. Nothing could be more interesting to the Romans than to look back to their origin from so famous a hero. While the object was splendid itself, the traditionary history of his country opened interesting fields to the poet; and he could glance at all the future great exploits of the Romans, in its ancient and fabulous state.

As to the unity of the action, it is perfectly well preserved in the Æneid. The settlement of Æneas, by the order of the gods, is constantly kept in view. The Episodes are linked properly with the main subject. The nodus, or intrigue of the poem, is happily managed. The wrath of Juno, who opposes Æneas, gives rise to all his difficulties, and connects the human, with the celestial operations, throughout the whole poem.

One great imperfection of the Æneid, however, is, that there are almost no marked characters in it. Achates, Cloanthes, Gyas, and other Trojan heroes who accompanied Æneas into Italy, are insipid figures. Even Æneas himself is without interest. The character of Dido is the best supported in the whole Æneid.

The principal excellency of Virgil is tenderness. His soul was full of sensibility. He must have felt himself all the affecting circumstances in the scenes he describes; and he knew how to touch the heart by a single stroke. In an Epic poem this merit is next to sublimity. The second Book of the Æneid is one of the greatest masterpieces that ever was executed. The death of old Priam, and the family pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In the fourth Book, the unhappy passion and death of Dido are admirable. The episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, are all superlatively fine.

In his battles, Virgil is far inferior to Homer; but in the important episode, the descent into hell, he has out done Homer by many degrees. There is nothing in antiquity to equal the sixth Book of the Æneid.

THE ROYAL LINE OF STUART.

The race of the royal line of Stuart hath been as steadily unfortunate as were ever recorded in history. Their misfortunes continued with unabated succession during a period of more than 400 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son, Robert, was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive. James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it. James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance. James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance. James IV. fell in the battle of Flodden. James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway moss. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up in his palace. Mary Stuart was beheaded in England. James VI. and I. died not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham. Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall. Charles II. was exiled for many years. James II. lost his Crown, and died in banishment. Anne, after a reign which, though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favourite servants. The posterity of James II. remained wanderers in foreign lands for more than a century after his death.

COFFINS.

Coffins formed of a single stone, hollowed with a chissel are an improvement which has been attributed to the Romans. Sometimes they were of marble. Some contained two or more bodies, others only one, in which case it was not unusual for them to be made to fit the body with cavities for the reception of the head and arms and other protuberances.

The solid stone or marble coffin, often curiously wrought, was in use among the first Christians in England; who, in all probability, copied the customs of the Romans after those conquerors had quitted our island.

The leaden coffin was also in use among the Romans, not only for the reception of the body, but in many instances, for the ashes and bones. It was adopted by the Christians, and continues in frequent use to the present time among the more opulent.

Alexander was buried in a golden coffin by his successor Ptolemy: and glass coffins have been found in England.

The oldest instance of wooden coffins on record among us, is that of King Arthur, who was buried in an entire trunk of oak.

REMINISCENTIÆ;
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OLD ENGLISHMAN.—No. 11.

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. Locke in his Essay on Human Understanding (b. 4. c. 18) has defined the words *Faith* and *Reason*, as contradistinguished to each other with a clearness and precision, which can never be exceeded, and which should never be forgotten, in thought or in conversation.

"REASON as contradistinguished to *Faith*, I take to be the discovery of the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths, which the mind arrives at by deductions made from such ideas, which it has got by the use of its natural faculties, namely, by sensation or reflection."

"FAITH on the other side, is the assent to any proposition, *not* thus made out by the deductions of *Reason*, but upon the credit of the proposer, as coming from GOD, in some extraordinary way of communication. This way of discovering truths to men we call Revelation."

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

In all countries where the people are barbarous and illiterate, the progress of the Arts is extremely slow. A clock that strikes the hours was unknown in Europe till the end of the 12th century. And hence the custom of employing men to proclaim the hours during night, which to this day continues in Germany, Flanders, and England. Galileo was the first who conceived an idea that a pendulum might be used for measuring time; and Huygens was the first who put the idea in execution, by making a pendulum clock. Hooke in the year 1660, invented a spiral spring for a watch, though a watch was far from being a new invention.

Paper was made no earlier than the 14th century; and the invention of printing was a century later.

Silk manufactures were long established in Greece before Silk-worms were introduced there. The manufacturers were provided with raw silk from Persia; but that commerce being frequently interrupted by war, two monks, in the reign of Justinian, brought eggs of the silk-worm from Hindostan, and taught their countrymen the method of managing them.

The art of reading made a very slow progress. To encourage that art in England, the capital punishment for murder was remitted, if the criminal could but read, which in law language is termed "*Benefit of Clergy*." One would imagine that the art must have made a very rapid progress when so greatly favoured: but there is a signal proof of the contrary: for so small an edition of the Bible as 600 copies, translated into English in the reign of Henry VIII. was not wholly sold in three years.

KING CHARLES II.

In a very curious and scarce pamphlet, entitled, "A Proper Memorial for the 29th of May," &c. &c. Lond. 1715, 8vo. his Majesty is described as having effected his escape from the rebels, after the battle of Worcester, in the following garb: "He had on a white steeple crowned hat, without any other lining besides grease, both sides of the brim so doubled up with bandling that they looked like two spouts, a leather doublet full of holes, and almost black with grease about the sleeves, collar and waist; an old green Woodriff's coat, thread bare, and patched in most places; with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the slops hanging down loose to the middle of the leg; hose and shoes of different parishes; the hose were grey stirrups, much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel riding stockings of his own, the tops of them cut off. His shoes had been cobbled, being pieced both on the soles and seams, and the upper leathers so cut and slashed to fit them to his feet, that they were quite unfit to defend him either from water or dirt. This exotic and deformed dress, added to his short hair, cut off by the ears; his face coloured brown with walnut tree leaves; and a rough crooked thorn stick in his hand, had so metamorphosed him, that it was hard, even for those who had been before well acquainted with his person and conversant with him, to have discovered who he was."

DRESS IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES I.

Henry Vere, the gallant Earl of Oxford, was the first Nobleman that appeared at Court in the Reign of James I. with a hat and white feather, which was sometimes worn by the King himself.

The long love lock seems to have been first in fashion among the beaux in this reign, who sometimes stuck flowers in their ears.

William, Earl of Pembroke, a man far from an effeminate character is represented in his portrait with ear-rings.

James appears to have left the beard in much the same state as he found it on his accession to the Throne.

The Cloak, a dress of great antiquity, was more worn in this than any other of the preceding reigns. It continued to be in fashion after the restoration of Charles II.

It is well known that James I. used to hunt in a ruff and trowsers.

We learn from Sir Thomas Overbury that yellow stockings were worn by some of the ordinary Gentlemen in the country.

Silk Garters puffed in a large knot were worn below the knees, and knots or roses in the shoes.

Wilson informs us that the Countess of Essex after her Divorce, appeared at Court "in the habit of a virgin with her hair pendant almost to her feet;" the Princess Elizabeth, with much more propriety, wore her's in the same manner, when she went to be married to the Prince Palatine.

In the portrait of the Countess of Essex, her head seems to be oppressed with ornaments, and she appears to have exposed more of the bosom than was seen in any former period.

The ladies began to indulge a strong passion for foreign laces in the reign of James, which rather increased than abated in succeeding generations.

The ruff and farthingale still continued to be worn. Yellow starch for ruffs, first invented by the French, and adapted to the sallow complexions of that people was introduced by Mrs. Turner, a Physician's Widow, who had a principal hand in poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. This vain and infamous woman who went to be hanged in a ruff of that colour helped to support the fashion as long as she was able. It began to decline on her execution.

The Ladies, like those of Spain, were banished from Court, during the reign of James, which was, perhaps, a reason why dress underwent very little alteration during that period.

It may not be impertinent to remark that the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, was mistress of the sweet or perfumed coffers to Anne of Denmark; an office which answered to Mistress of the Robes at present.

It appears from portraits that long coats were worn by boys till they were seven or eight years of age. We are told by Dean Fell, that the famous Dr. Hammond was in long coats when he was sent to Eton School.

When James came to the Crown, there was in the wardrobe a great variety of dresses of our ancient Kings; which to the regret of antiquaries were soon given away and dispersed.

DR. THOMAS PIERCE.

Dr. Pierce, Dean of Sarum, a perpetual Controversialist, and to whom it was dangerous to refuse a request, lest it might raise a controversy, wanted a Prebend of Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, for his son Robert. He was refused; and studying revenge, he opened a controversy with the Bishop, maintaining that the King had the right of bestowing all dignities, in all Cathedrals in the Kingdom, and not the Bishops. This required a reply from the Bishop, who had formerly been an active controversialist himself. Dean Pierce renewed his attack with a folio Volume, entitled 'A Vindication of the King's Sovereign Right,' &c. Thus it proceeded, and the web thickened around the Bishop, in replies and rejoinders. It cost him many tedious journeys to London, through bad roads, fretting at the 'King's Sovereign Right' all the way; and in the words of a witness, 'in unseasonable times and weather, that by degrees his spirits were exhausted his memory quite gone, and he was totally unfitted for business.' Such was the fatal disturbance occasioned by Dean Pierce's folio of 'The King's Sovereign Right.'

REMINISCENTIAE; OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.—No. 10.

SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET.

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His Novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539; and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a Novel on the same subject; and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's Novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English Poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece was printed by Richard Tottle with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the Bookseller: *The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels, and Practices of an old Fryar, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same Bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a pure translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakespeare had probably read Painter's Novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose Translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's Translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's Novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montetches*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. The Messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's Translation called *Anselme*; in the poem, and in the play, Friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now stated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) it might be thought necessary to enter more largely into the subject, but various passages of the poem furnish such a decisive proof of the play's having been constructed upon it, as not to leave, Mr. Malone thinks, a shadow of doubt upon the subject. The question is not, whether Shakespeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this story, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *basis*, on which this play was built.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakespeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him; or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which, or from some other prose translation of the same story he has taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' Books by Henry Bynnenman, *The Pitiful Hystory of ij lovyng Italians*, which Mr. Malone suspects was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval in his travels says that on a strict enquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakespeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play.

Steevens says that it is plain, from more than one circumstance, that Shakespeare had read this novel, both in its prosaic and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatic pieces.

DRESS OF THE ENGLISH DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

After the conclusion of Peace with France, the fashion of that country were imported much to the satisfaction of the youth of both sexes, though they were greatly disapproved of by the sedate and aged members of the community.

The Gentlemen contracted the size of their wigs, and when in an undress, tied up some of the most flowing of the curls; those received the name of *Ramillies wigs*, and afterwards tie-wigs, but were never worn in full dress.

The cravat had long ends, that fell on the breast, which were generally of point lace, but sometimes were only bordered or fringed.

The coat was long and open at the bottom of the sleeves, for there were no cuffs; and was edged with gold or silver from the top, as it had no collar, to the bottom with clasps and buttons the whole length and at the opening of the sleeve. Young Gentlemen frequently had the sleeves only half way down the arm and the short sleeve very full and deeply ruffled. An ornamented belt kept the coat tight at the bottom of the waist. The vest and lower part of the dress, had little clasps and was seldom seen.

The roll-up stocking came into vogue at this period, and the sandal was much used by the young men; those were finely wrought.

The elder gentlemen had the shoe fastened with small buckles upon the instep, and raised, but not high-heels.

The ladies wore the hair in a becoming manner, curled round the face. The flowing coif, or rather veil, of the finest linen, fastened upon the head fell behind, and prevailed till the high projecting head dress was restored, after it had been discontinued fifteen years. Swift observed, when dining with Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Duchess of Grafton, who was there, wore this unbecoming, ungraceful, Babel head dress, and who looked said the Cynic, "like a mad woman."

The large necklace was still used, though not constantly worn; but the ear-ring was discontinued.

The bosom was either entirely exposed or merely shaded by gauze; an indecency that gave great and equal offence to prudent fathers, and ladies whose necks no longer vied in whiteness with the down of swans. The chemise had a tucker or border, but that seldom concealed what it ought to have hid. It had been usual for our silver money to have the royal bust with drapery, and the gold pieces without any, but Queen Anne commanded that the drapery should appear upon both the gold and the silver coin, a command that did honour to her delicacy.

The Boddice was open in front, and fastened with gold or silver clasps or jewellery; and the sleeves were made full.

The large tub hoop made its appearance in this Reign and was of all things the most absurd. However, the apology for its absurdity was its coolness in Summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Granger says "it was no more a Petticoat than the Tub of Diogenes was a pair of Breeches."

The flounces and furbelows which began in this reign became so enormously ridiculous, that Granger says they forcibly attracted his attention in his youth.

Embroidered shoes continued in fashion, and both ladies and gentlemen had their gloves richly embroidered.

Queen Anne strictly observed decorum in her dress and is said to have carried it so far, as to appear to have made it her study; and would often condescend to observe in her domestics of either sex, whether a ruffle or periwig, or the lining of a coat, were appropriate. Lord Bolingbroke was once sent for in haste by the Queen, and went to her Majesty in a ramillies or tie-wig, instead of a full bottomed one, which so offended his Sovereign, that she said "I suppose that his Lordship will come to Court, the next time, in his night cap."

REMINISCENTIÆ; OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

BISHOP OF MARSEILLES.

M. de Belsance, Bishop of Marseilles, in the plague of that city, in the year 1720, distinguished himself by his zeal and activity. He was the pastor, physician, and magistrate of his flock, while that horrid calamity prevailed. Louis XV. in 1723 offered him a more considerable bishopric, to which peculiar feudal honours were annexed, that of Laon in Picardy. He refused, however, to quit Marseilles, giving for a reason, that he could not desert a flock which had been so endeared to him by their misfortunes and his own exertions. The king, however, insisted upon his accepting the privilege of appealing, in all his own causes, either temporal or spiritual, to the Parliament of Paris. The Pope sent him from Rome the ornament called the Pall, worn only by Archbishops. He died at a very advanced age, in the year 1755, after having founded a College in Marseilles, which bears his name, and after having written the Lives of his Predecessors in that See.

ENGLISH POETRY.

In the beginning of the eleventh century our vernacular Poetry received from the Normans the rudiments of that cultivation which it has preserved to the present times.

In the two succeeding centuries the principal efforts of our yet untutored Versifiers were rhyming Chronicles and Metrical Romances, the style of which was rough, and the harmony of the numbers very defective.

In the reign of Edward I. the character of our poetical composition was considerably changed by the introduction and increase of the Tales of Chivalry and the popular fables of the Troubadours of Provence.

Fictitious adventures were then substituted by the Minstrels in the place of historical and traditional facts, and a taste for exotic and ornamental expression gradually prevailed over the rude simplicity of the native English Phraseology.

These fabulous narratives, afterwards enlarged by kindred fancies derived from the Crusades, and enriched by the marvellous machinery of the Italian Poets, formed the taste and awakened the imagination of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the illustrious ornament of the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. the Father of English heroic verse, and the first English Versifier who wrote poetically.

BEARDS.

It is well known that from the most ancient times, the Eastern Nations have worn their beards, which are very highly valued by them. This will account for several practices with which we meet in Scripture. In 2 Sam. xx. 9. *Joab took Amasa by the BEARD with his right hand to kiss him.* "When two particular friends or relations (among the Moors in Morocco) meet, they anxiously embrace, and kiss each other's faces and beards for a few minutes." We find traces of the same custom among the ancient Greeks. Agreeably to which, when *Thetis* is supplicating *Jupiter* in *Homer*, she takes him by the Chin or Beard with her right hand,

One hand she placed
Beneath his Beard.

And when the Spy Dolon, in *Iliad X.* was detected by Diomed,—

The wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his Beard.

Pliny mentions it as a general custom of the ancient Greeks to touch the chins of those whom they supplicated. On the other hand it was an Eastern custom to shave, cut or pluck the beard in violent grief. See Isa. xv. 2. Jer. xli. 5. xlviii. 37. Ezra ix. 3. So from Herodotus, we may (though the expressions are somewhat obscure) collect, that all nations, except the Egyptians, did the like. And in later times, Suetonius relates, that on the news of Germanicus's death, some of the (foreign) princes cut off their beards in token of the deepest affliction.

And on 2 Sam. x. 4. 1 Chron. xix. 5, we may observe that to this day in the East, cutting off a man's beard is one of the most infamous and offensive punishments that can be inflicted on him.

BATTERING RAM.

The Battering Ram was a great wooden beam, bound about with iron at the end, or armed with a head of iron, representing that of a ram. The ancients used it, to beat down the walls of a city. Vitruvius ascribes the invention of the battering ram to the Carthaginians. They made use, says he, of this sort of battery at the siege of Cadiz. At first, it was only a mere beam, or kind of lever, which the besiegers drove against the walls, with repeated blows, by strength of arm. Pephassmenos, a carpenter of Tyre, taking the hint from the first trial which was made of this machine, fixed up a mast of a ship, to which he hung crossways, by cables and iron chains, a huge piece of timber. This heavy, unwieldy mass, poised and pushed with violence, threw down the wall of the city besieged. After this manner, as Josephus tells us, the Romans set their ram against Jerusalem. To guard the machine, and those who worked it, from the attacks of the enemy, Cetrus of Chalcedon was the first who made a sort of pent-house, or gallery, covered over with skins soaked in water, to preserve it from fire. It went upon wheels, that the ram, which was hung up within, upon one or two rafters, might be brought forward with greater ease. This was afterwards called the ram-tortoise, either because its motion was slow, according to Vitruvius; or, as Vegetius has observed, because the machine resembled the figure of a tortoise, who puts its head out of a shell, and draws it in again, in like manner as the head of the ram moved out and in, as there was occasion. Above the tortoise, there was sometimes raised a centry-box, in the form of a turret, where two soldiers were posted, to observe the motions of the besieged. Vitruvius assures us, that Polydus of Thessaly perfected the tortoise at the siege which Philip of Macedon, son of Amyntas, laid to Byzantium. The make and disposition of the machine was in this manner:—He made a covered gallery, thirty cubits wide, and fifteen high, without reckoning the roof, which itself was seven from the platform to the ridge. Over the roof he raised a little tower, at least twelve cubits wide. It contained four stories, in the uppermost of which were put the Scorpions, and the catapults. In the lower stories was placed a great quantity of water, to extinguish the fire which might be thrown from the top of the ramparts. Vitruvius makes the length of the ram a hundred and six feet; Plutarch, eighty only. The ram-tortoise is described in these verses of Propertius:—

*Dumque aries cornu murum pulsabat ahenum
Vineaque inductum longa tegebat opus.*

Vitruvius, Vegetius, and Justus Lipsius have expatiated upon the different forms of this ancient engine of war; but they all amount to the same thing, those which are here described, will enable the reader to form a judgment of the rest.

THE JESUITS.

Nothing can be more surprising than the prodigious power which this order acquired in so few years in the old world, as well as in America, and it is astonishing how much it multiplied in a short time after it was once established.

In 1543, the Jesuits were but 80 in all. In 1545 they had 10 houses. In 1549 they had two provinces, one in Spain, another in Portugal, and 22 houses. In 1556 when Loyola, their founder died they had 12 great provinces. In 1608 they had 29 provinces, 2 vice provinces, 21 professed houses, 293 colleges, 33 houses of probation, 93 other residences, and 10,581 Jesuits.

In the last Catalogue which was printed at Rome in 1679 they reckoned 35 provinces, 2 vice-provinces, 33 professed houses, 578 colleges, 48 houses of probation, 88 seminaries, 160 residences, 106 missions, and in all 17,655 Jesuits, of whom 7870 were priests.

In 1773 the Pope, Clement XIV. was obliged to yield to the united power of the House of Bourbon, who insisted upon the suppression of the Order, and he issued a Bull for that purpose dated the 21st of July in that year. The last General of the Order was Laurence Ricci, a native of Florence of a distinguished family. He was elected General in 1758, but when the society was suppressed in 1773, he, and some of his fraternity, were confined in the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, where he died in 1775.

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PATRIOTIC DEVOTION.

The following military exploit of the Swiss General, Arnold de Winkelried, deserves to be transmitted to posterity by the pen of a Livy. He truly devoted his life for his country's sake; but he devoted it as a General, as an undaunted warrior, not as a superstitious visionary. This General, who was of the canton of Underwalden, seeing at the battle of Sempach, in 1386, that his countrymen could not break through the Austrians, because the latter armed cap-a-pie, had dismounted, and forming a close battalion, presented a front covered with steel, and bristling with pikes and lances—formed the generous design of sacrificing himself for his country. “My friends”, said he to the Swiss, who began to be dispirited, “I will this day give my life to procure you the victory; I only recommend to you my family: follow me and act in consequence of what you see me do.” At these words he ranged them in that form which the Romans called *cuneus* (wedge-shaped) and placing himself in the point of the triangle, marched to the centre of the enemy; when, embracing between his arms as many of the enemy's pikes as he could compass, he threw himself to the ground, thus opening for his followers a passage to penetrate into the midst of this thick battalion. The Austrians, once broken, were conquered, as the weight of their armour then became fatal to them, and the Swiss obtained a complete victory.

FOREIGN WINES.

The Vintners or Vintonners were incorporated in the reign of Edward III. They were originally divided into *Vinetarii et Tabernarii*; Vintners who imported the Wine, and Taverners who kept Taverns and retailed it for the former. This Company flourished so much, that from its institution till the year 1711, it produced not fewer than 14 Lord Mayors, many of whom were the keepers of Taverns. Yet in the time of Edward III. the Gascony Wines were not sold at the rate of above 4d. a gallon, nor the Rhenish above 6d. In 1379 Red Wine was 4d. a gallon, and a little after the price of a tun 4*l*. As late as the year 1552 the Guienne and Gascony Wines were sold at 8d. a gallon, and other Wines were to exceed the price of 12d. To restrain luxury it was at the same time enacted, that no person, except those who could expend 100 marks annually, or was worth 1000 marks, or was the son of a Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron of the Realm, should keep in his house any vessel of wine; for his family use, exceeding 10 gallons, under the penalty of 10*l*.

Our great Wine trade was at first with Bourdeaux, and the neighbouring provinces; it commenced as early as the Conquest and perhaps sooner. But it became very considerable in the reign of Henry II. by reason of his marriage with Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine; our conquest of that and other great provinces of France increased the trade to a high degree, and made great fortunes among the adventurers of this company. After times, when Sweet Wines came into fashion, we had considerable intercourse with the Canary lands.

BECHER.

Becher was the first writer on Chemistry who excited any notice in the History of that Science. He collected all the facts which the Alchemists had discovered, and arranged and reduced them to principles. He pointed out many important objects to which the researches of Chemists ought to be directed. One of his principal Works, entitled “*Physica Subterranea*,” published in 1669, forms a very important era in the History of Chemistry. At that period it escaped for ever from the fumes of Alchemy, and became the rudiments of the Science which we find at present. Becher distinguished himself so highly by his chemical knowledge as to cause the names of all former theorists to be forgotten after having laid the foundation of the famous system of Phlogiston. He died in England in 1685. The celebrated Stahl was his pupil.

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PEDESTRIANS.

Among the Ancients we meet with the following remarkable instances of Pedestrian expeditions:—

Philippides, who was sent by the Athenians to implore the assistance of the Spartans in the Persian war, in the space of two days ran 170 Roman miles. Euchides was sent from Athens to get some of the Holy Fire from Delphos; he went and returned the same day, which is 125 Roman miles.

Henry V. King of England, was so swift in running, that he, with two of his Lords, without bow or engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large park.

There were a sort of footmen called Piechi, who attended upon the Turkish Emperors, and were occasionally despatched with orders and expresses. They ran so admirably swift, that with a little pole-axe and a phial of sweet waters in their hands, they have gone from Constantinople to Adrianople in a day and a night, which is about 160 Roman miles.

Among the moderns we have also some particularly mentioned:—

On the 4th of January, 1759, George Guest, of Birmingham, who had laid a wager that he walked 1000 miles in 28 days, set out on his journey, and finished it with great ease. It seemed that he had laid by for bets; for in the two last days, we are told, he had 100 miles to walk, but walked them with so little fatigue to himself; that to show his agility, he came the last six miles within the hour, though he had full six hours to do it in.

In July, 1765, a young woman went from Blencogo to within two or three miles of Newcastle in one day, being 72 miles.

Mr. Foster Powel went, on foot, from London to York and back again in six days, for a wager of 100 guineas. The particulars of this journey as authenticated by Mr. Powel are as follow:—On Monday, Nov. 29, 1773, set out from Hicks's Hall 20 minutes past 12 in the morning, got to Stamford about 9 o'clock in the evening of that day; distance about 88 miles. On Tuesday set out from Stamford at 5 in the morning; arrived at Doncaster at midnight, 72 miles. On Wednesday left Doncaster at 5 in the morning, and reached York at two in the afternoon, 37 miles. The last 17 miles he went in less than two hours; and for the last 3 miles several persons attempted to keep pace with him but in vain. At York he delivered a letter to Mr. Clark, a watchmaker, and then went to the Golden Anchor, took a little refreshment, and went to bed for an hour and a half. At half past 5 he set out on his return, reached Ferrybridge at ten in the evening, 22 miles. On Thursday morning at 5, he set off from Ferrybridge, got to Grantham about midnight, 65 miles. On Friday set out from Grantham at 6 in the morning, got to the Cock at Eaton, by eleven at night, 54 miles. On Saturday morning at 4, he began his last day's journey, and at half past six in the evening arrived at Hicks's Hall, 56 miles. Number of miles in the whole 394.

When in the 51st year of his age, Mr. Powel set off on a walk from Canterbury to London and back, to be accomplished in 24 hours. He undertook this expedition solely for the *honour of it*; that he might, as he himself expressed it, die master of the reputation which his former exertions had obtained him.

CLOCKS.

The first Clock we know of in this country was put up in an old Tower of Westminster Hall, in the year 1288; and in 1292, there was one in the Cathedral of Canterbury. These were probably of foreign workmanship; and it may be doubted, if there was at that time, any person in England who followed the business of making clocks as a profession. There was however one very ingenious artist, Richard of Wallingford, Abbot of St. Alban's, who constructed a Clock representing the courses of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and the ebbing and the flowing of the Sea. That this wonderful piece of mechanism might be of permanent utility to his abbey, he composed a book of directions for the management of it. And Leland, who appears to have seen it, says, that in his opinion all Europe could not produce such another.

REMINISCENTIÆ; OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

SEVERUS.

The Emperor Severus died at York, in the 211th year of the Christian æra. His funeral obsequies were solemnized at the village of Acombe, about two miles from that city. We are told that the body of this martial Emperor was brought out in a military manner by the soldiers; that it was habited in a soldier's dress, and laid on a magnificent pile, erected for that purpose, on which it was burned. His sons first put the lighted torch to it, and when the flames ascended, the pile was honoured with the *peridrome*, decursion, or riding round it by the young princes, his chief officers, and soldiers. This kind of Roman funeral ceremony is described by Virgil:—

Then thrice around the burning piles they run
Clad in bright armour. Thrice the mournful flame
They encompass'd on their horses.

After the body of the Emperor was consumed in the flames, his ashes were collected, and with sweet odours, put into an urn of porphyry. This was carried to Rome, and deposited in the Capitol, in the monument of the Antonines. He had afterwards the extraordinary ceremony of the Apotheosis, or deification, conferred upon him by the Senate and people.

In order that his memory might last to distant ages, his grateful army raised three large hills in the very place where his funeral rites were performed. These hills are still very apparent, but from frequent ploughings and other causes, they are not so high now as they were formerly. Dr. Drake in his history of York observes that he considers these *tumuli* to have been raised in memory of the deceased Emperor, and in honour of the two living ones Caracalla and Geta, his sons and successors.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

In all countries where the people are barbarous and illiterate, the progress of the Arts is extremely slow. It is vouched by an old French poem that the virtues of the loadstone were known in France before the year 1180. The Mariners' Compass was exhibited at Venice in the year 1260, by Paulus Venetus, as his own invention. John Goya of Amalfi was the first who, many years afterwards, used it in navigation; and also passed for being the inventor. Though it was used in China for navigation long before it was known in Europe, yet to this day it is not so perfect as in Europe. Instead of suspending it in order to make it act freely, it is placed upon a bed of sand, by which every motion of the ship disturbs its motion.

Hand Mills, termed *querns*, were early used for grinding corn; and when corn came to be raised in greater quantity, horse-mills succeeded. Water-mills for grinding corn are described by Vitruvius. Wind-mills were known in Greece, and in Arabia as early as the seventh century; and yet no mention is made of them in Italy till the fourteenth. That they were not known in England till the reign of Henry VIII. appears from a household book of the Earl of Northumberland, contemporary with that king, stating an allowance for three mill-horses, "two to draw in the mill, and one to carry stuff to and from the mill." Water-mills for corn must in England have been of a later date.

The ancients had mirror-glasses, and employed glass to imitate crystal vases and goblets; yet they never thought of using it in windows. In the 13th century the Venetians were the only people who had the art of making crystal glasses for mirrors.

SIR EARDLEY WILMOT.

In the evening of the day on which Sir Eardley kissed hands on being appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, one of his sons, a youth of 17, attended him to his bed side. "Now," says he, "my son, I will tell you a secret worth your knowing and remembering; the elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my *humility*; to my not having set up myself above others, and to an uniform endeavour to pass through life, *void of offence* towards God and man."

REMINISCENTIÆ; OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.

The *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakespeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense: or, more properly carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and has written two in imitation of them. The *Sea Voyage* and the *Faithful Shepherdess*. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakespeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is not successful. After him Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays: which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow Castle*.

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakespeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the introduction to *Bartholomew Fair* he asks, "If there be never a *servant monster* in the Fair?" and that "He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like drolleries."

Warton says that he was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester, that the *Tempest* was founded on a Romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least this that story preceded Shakespeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave the name of one novel for another. He however added a circumstance which may lead to a discovery—that the principal character of the Romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, was a Chemical Necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services. Taken at large, the magical part of the *Tempest* is founded on that sort of Philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistick mysteries with which the learned Jews had infected this science.

Dr. Farmer says that the *Tempest* was one of Shakespeare's last Works. In 1598, he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in the *Tempest*.

"Is not this Stephāno, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the Stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600:

"My friend Stephāno, signify I pray you, &c."

—So little did Mr. Capel know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might perhaps have been lost by the *dissipation of youth* or the *busy scene* of public life!

The *Tempest* must have been written before 1614, when Jonson sneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. It was not printed till 1623, when it was published with the rest of Shakespeare's plays in folio. Mr. Malone is of opinion it was written about the year 1612.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

Charles the VIIth. of France forbade the Count D'Armagnac to stile himself in his titles, *By the Grace of God* Count D'Armagnac; such terms, which seem to exclude all dependence, except on God, being an innovation prejudicial to the right of the Sovereign, and which had never been allowed to any Duke, or Count, who was a Feudatory of any Crown.

REMINISCENTIAE;
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GOD SAVE THE KING.

The late Dr. Burney was once asked by a friend, whether the opinion that *Henry Carey* was the author of the air and the words of "God save the King" were well founded? To this question the Doctor replied—"The late Duke of Gloucester asked me the same question; and I replied, that I knew *the words were not written for any King George*. At this he expressed some surprize; I then told him that the earliest copy of the words we are acquainted with begin

"God save great *James* our King!"

"I remember well when it was first introduced so as to become a popular air, which was in the year of the Rebellion, 1745. Dr. ARNE then set it for the Theatre; and it was received with so much delight, that it was re-echoed in the streets, and for two or three years subsequent to that time, and has continued ever since to hold its place as a favourite with the public, as well as with scientific professors. At that time, I asked Dr. Arne if he knew who was the composer; he said that he had not the least knowledge; nor could he guess at all who was either the author or composer, but that it was a received opinion, that it was written and composed for the Catholic Chapel of James II. and as his religious faith was not that of the Nation, there might be a political reason for concealing the name of any person who contributed to give interest to the Catholic worship; and this may in some measure account for the author being entirely unknown."

DRYDEN.

Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On enquiring the cause, "I have been up all night (replied the old bard), my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia: I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I would not leave it till I had completed it: here it is finished at one sitting." And immediately he shewed him the ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation. This anecdote, as true as it is curious, was imparted by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope. The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity of the thoughts, the glow and expressiveness of the images, those certain marks of the first sketch of a master, conspire to corroborate the fact. It is not to be understood that this piece was not afterwards reconsidered, retouched, and corrected.

Dryden's necessities obliged him to produce, besides many other poetical pieces, twenty-seven plays in twenty-five years. He got 25*l.* for the copy, and 70*l.* for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. His plays, a very few passages excepted, are insufferably unnatural. It is remarkable that he did not scruple to confess, that he could not relish the pathos and simplicity of Euripides. When he published his Fables, Tonson agreed to give him two hundred and sixty eight pounds for ten thousand verses. And to complete the full number of lines stipulated for, he gave the bookseller the Epistle to his Cousin and the celebrated Music Ode.

THE HADDOCK AND JOHNNY DORY.

The two dark spots a little beyond its head, are supposed to have gained the *Haddock*, the credit of being the fish which St. Peter caught with the Tribute Money in its mouth, in proof of which the impression of the Saint's finger and thumb has been entailed on the whole race of haddocks ever since. Unfortunately, however, for the tradition, the haddock is not a Mediterranean fish, nor can we suppose it to have belonged to the Lake of Tiberias. The truth is, the Italians consider a very different fish as that which was sanctified by the Apostle, and which after him they honour with the name of *il Janitore*, a name that we have converted into *Johnny Dory* with the same happy ingenuity that has twisted the *Girasol*, or turnsol, into a *Jerusalem artichoke*.

REMINISCENTIAE;
OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN
OLD ENGLISHMAN.

THE FAIR GERALDINE AND THE
EARL OF SURREY.

The Fair Geraldine, the general object of Lord Surrey's passionate sonnets, is commonly said to have lived at Florence, and to have been of the family of the Geraldini of that city. This is a misapprehension of an expression in one of our poet's odes, and a passage in Drayton's Heroic Epistles. She was undoubtedly one of the daughters of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.

It is not precisely known at what period the Earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a Romance. He made the Tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his Mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight errantry; nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The first city in Italy, which he proposed to visit was Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine. In his way thither he passed a few days at the Emperor's Court; where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This visionary philosopher shewed our hero in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering representations and artificial incentives of illusion, was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence; and on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who could handle a lance and was in love, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen or Canibal, who should presume to dispute the superiority of Geraldine's beauty. As the lady was pretended to be of Tuscan extraction, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occasion: and the Grand Duke of Tuscany permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till this important trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the Earl victorious. The shield which he presented to the Duke of Tuscany before the tournament began, is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk.

These heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which Surrey spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he studied, with the greatest success, a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and that he might give new lustre to the name of Geraldine, attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

He was recalled to England for some idle reason by the King, much sooner than he expected: and he returned home the most elegant traveller, the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman, of his age. Dexterity in tilting and gracefulness in managing a horse under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practised with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in presence of the court at Westminster, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was distinguished above the rest for his address in the use and exercise of Arms.

ORANGE TREES.

The first Orange Trees seen in England are said to have been planted by Sir Francis Carew, at Beddington, in Surrey. Sir Francis died in 1607, aged 81. Aubrey says they were brought from Italy by Sir Francis, but the Editors of the *Biographia Britannica* speaking from a tradition preserved in the family, tells us that they were raised by him from the seeds of the first Oranges which were imported into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had married his niece. The trees were planted in the open ground, and were preserved in the winter by a movable shed. They flourished about a century and a half being destroyed by the hard frost in 1739-40.

MR. KEMBLE.

The following is a copy of the ODE spoken by Mr YOUNG, at the Dinner on Friday, on Mr. KEMBLE's retirement from the Stage, the composition of Mr. T. CAMPBELL:—

Pride of the British Stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Reviv'd to Fancy's view.

Like fields refresh'd with dewy light,
When the Sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past.

And memory conjures feelings up,
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To "Kemble, fare thee well!"

His was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only acting lends—
The youngest of the Sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And Painting mute and motionless
Steals but one glance from Time.

But, by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er efface the charm;
When *Cato* spoke in him alive,
Or *Hotspur* kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire,
To the deep sorrows of the *Moor*?
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at Agincourt?

And yet a majesty possess'd
His transports' most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words to paint your memory,
Of Kemble and of *Lear*.

But who forgets that white dis-crowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon *Cordelia's* bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair?

If 'twas reality he felt—
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour,
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxilial power,
And Sister Magic came.

Together at the Muse's side
Her Tragic Paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride
The columns of her throne.

And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause—
Save for the gallantry of Man,
In lovelier Woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome
Robust and richly grac'd,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste—

Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure Inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in Heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the Tragic page,
And what the Actor could effect,
The Scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth—
And must we lose them now;
And shall the scene no more shew forth
His sternly pleasing brow?

Alas! the moral brings a tear—
'Tis all a transient hour below,
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go.

Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review—
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!

FAREWELL ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MR. JOHN KEMBLE,
AT THE EDINBURGH THEATRE, ON SATURDAY EVENING LAST.

(WRITTEN BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.)

As the worn war-horse, at the trump t's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,
Dis-lains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines;
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last!
But years steal on—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave;
That, like the Roman, in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own!
Here then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient Favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came,
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal SHAKSPEARE's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasur'd, while her reign endures,
These hours must live—and all their charms are your's!

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and—FARE YOU WELL!

ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MR. R. JONES,

ON HIS REVISITING DUBLIN, AFTER TEN YEARS ABSENCE.

My ardent wish is crown'd—again I stand,
Lov'd Erin! on thy hospitable land,
That foster'd my attempts, when life was green,
Of sprouting into notice on the scene;
While Favour's breath its gen'rous dew distill'd,
To rear the plant cold Judgment must have kill'd.

Oh! Friends, wherever wand'ring I pursue
The Drama's toil, fond Memory rests on you!
Whene'er, far distant, I have gain'd applause,
To Ireland's pristine smile I trace the cause.
If e'er one laurel leaf my temples prest,
The Shamrock, then, clung closer to my breast.

Let me peep round me—Since I've been away,
Are Irish countenances alter'd, pray?
No, faith! I see the same good-humour'd creatures,
Beaming encouragement in all their features.
Stay! I perceive some novel female faces—
There's a fresh Venus—and *there* three new Graces;
And, look, two roguish eyes, there, in the Pit,
Are laughing at the murders they commit.
Oh! bless ye, angels all, you're Ireland's glory!
And here's a *groan* for him that don't adore ye.

As for my male acquaintance, there are few
Who, since I left you, strike me to be new—
You, I remember well, and you, and you.
Ha! there's my friend in the snuff-colour'd clothes,
That Gentleman, who wears the bottle nose;
He smiles; good luck to all his rosy dimples,
How charmingly he keeps his health and pimples.
And you, ye Dublin Gods! who oft would cheer
My heart with merry thunder on my ear;
Your sky, I trust, will look, as years ago,
Propitious on poor RICHARD JONES below!
RICHARD, that name which oft your joyous love
Peal'd from those thirteen penny realms above;
No London Bills, or Galleries, retain,
But here returned—"RICHARD's himself again!"

Here then, I find—how great is my content—
Things much in *statu quo* as when I went;
Save that, in ten revolving years, alas!
While creeping Time steals on, and turns his glass,
Some worth has vanquish'd, as his sands have dropt,
Some flower, to Friendship dear, his scythe hath cropt;
Some social wit the mortal vale hath cross'd,
Some lib'ral soul is fled, some Brother Mason lost.
But Melancholy hence! my task is now
To chase the clouds of sorrow from the brow;
Oh! grant me, while revisiting your shore,
That favour, kindest Friends, you gave before!
With OVERFLOWS your patronage impart,
And "*Bumpers to Squire Jones*," will glad my heart.

29th March, 1817.

J. C.

"It is easy to advise a man to repent, but who will give him the opportunity?"

Many years ago a very notorious fellow was tried before a Judge in the North of Ireland, but who, by a point of law, fortunately for himself, escaped conviction. The Judge, however, was so convinced of his guilt, that he could not help informing him of the narrow escape he had had from a just punishment, and admonishing him to amend his life, to pursue other courses, and sincerely to repent of what he had done. "Plase your Lordship's Honour," cried the fellow, "I am as ridy to repent as any man need be."—"Then," said the Judge, "get into some honest service, and shew by your conduct that my advice has been of use to you."—"Arrah! now, my Lord, that's the very thing I want; and they say here that your Lordship's Honour has just been turning off one of your own sarvents. Och! there says I, *Paddy Mollooney*, you have the luck of it; and to be sure if you engage with me, I must be after repenting in your service."—"Take the fellow away immediately," cried the Judge, "and let me hear no more of his repentance or his impudence."

THREE REMARKABLE HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES.

Among the curiosities in the British Museum there are shewn two Helmets, one Roman, found in the ground, on which the battle of Cannæ was fought, 216 years before Christ, and the other, made of feathers, brought from one of the South Sea Islands, by Captain Cooke. On comparing these Helmets, the shape will be found exactly similar, though the latter was made by an uncivilized people living at the distance of upwards of 2000 years since the battle of Cannæ was fought, and who never even heard of the Roman name.

The second coincidence is found in the same collection. Two breast plates are shewn to the visitors, exactly corresponding in uniformity of shape, one taken from the bosom of an Egyptian Mummy, which had been dissected, if I may be allowed to use the term, in the Museum, and the other brought by Captain Cooke, among various other curiosities, from the South Sea Islands.

The third coincidence is the manner, described by Captain Cooke, in which the South Sea Islanders roast their hogs. This is by means of hot stones placed under ground, and in Ossian's Poems the Reader will find that the Caledonians of that time made use of the same method in cooking their hogs for the table.

A BATTERSEA GARDENER'S CHARACTER OF ONE OF HIS LABOURERS.—When Will work'd for me, he was a notorious character among the *hoers* of my grounds. He was half his time drunk, nor did he ever a *li-lack*, when he wanted to filch *are mone*, and he got many a *a-can thus*. He was the *pink* of pugilists, and would drive a *car-nation* fast, to the terror of *corsecombs* and *painted ladies*. He pretended to offer marriage to one *Mary Gold*, but he did it only to *violet* her person, and when the poor thing was pregnant, he kissed her *tu-lips*, and left her, saying—"My *honeysuckle*, the *bastard blossom* and *sweetpeas* be with you." He was soon after put in the *stocks* for a vagrant, then spent some *time* in the *Mint*; and if he *rose* to the gallows, 'twould be one of the best *days* he ever saw.

CURIOUS STRATAGEM.—The following article is extracted from a German Paper received on Sunday, in which it is given under the head of Nuremberg:—

"A young man who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, who was his friend, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed, but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had? The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all? "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it?"—"What an idea! not for all the world!"—"Tis well," replied the lawyer, "I had reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, "I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which he has been offered 20,000 dollars." This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place, though it is said, that in the sequel, he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

The haughty pride of the Turk was never more strikingly illustrated than in the following official reply of the Grand Vizier to our Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Robert Ainslie, who had offered the mediation of England between the Ottoman Porte and Russia. It was read in the House of Commons on the 1st of March, 1792:

"The Grand Seigneur wars for himself, and for himself makes peace. He can trust his own slaves, servants, and subjects: he knows their faith, has experienced their virtue, and can rely upon their fidelity—a virtue long since banished your corner of Europe. If all other Christians tell truth, no reliance is to be had on England; she buys and sells mankind. The Ottomans have no connection with your king, nor your country: we never sought for your advice, your interference, or friendship: we have no minister, no agency, no correspondence with you; for what reason offer ye then to mediate for us with Russia? why seek ye to serve an empire of infidels, as ye call us Mussulmen? We want not your friendship, aid, or mediation.—Your vizier, of whom you speak so lightly, must have some project of deception in view, some oppressive scheme to amuse your nation, whom we are told are credulous, servile, and adorers only of money. Avarice, if we are well informed, is your chief characteristic—you would buy and sell your God—money is your Deity—and all things is commerce with your ministry, with your nation. Come ye then to sell us to Russia? No, let us bargain for ourselves. When fate has spun out the thread of our good fortune, we must yield: what has been decreed by God, and the Prophet of men, must and will come to pass. We Ottomans know no finesse—duplicity and cunning are your Christian morals. We are not ashamed to be honest, downright, plain, and faithful in our state maxims. If we fail in war, we submit to the will of heaven, decreed from the beginning. We have long lived in splendour, the first power on earth; and we glory in having triumphed for ages over Christian infidelity and depravity, mixed with all sorts of vice and hypocrisy. We adore the God of nature, and believe in Mahomet. You neither believe in the God you pretend to worship, nor in his Son, whom you call both your God and your Prophet. What reliance can there be upon so sacrilegious a race? Truth you banish, as you do virtue, from all your conduct and actions with each other. Read the catalogue of complaints, manifestoes, declarations, and remonstrances of all the Christian Kings, Monarchs, and Emperors, who have lived and warred with each other; you find them all equally blasphemous, equally perfidious, equally cruel, equally unjust, and faithless to their engagements. Did the Turk ever forfeit his promise, word, or honour? Never. Did ever a Christian Power keep an engagement but while it suited its own avarice or ambition? No. How then do you think we are to trust you, a nation at this moment, if told truth, ruled by a perfidious administration, without one grain of virtue to guide the machine of state? The Grand Seigneur has no public intercourse with your Court—he wishes for none. If you wish to remain here, either as a Spy, or, as you term yourself, an Ambassador from your Court, you may live with those of other Christian nations; while you demean yourself with propriety; but we want neither your aid by sea or land, nor your council or mediation. I have no order to thank you for your offer, because it is by the Divan deemed officious; nor have I any command to thank you for the offer of your naval assistance, because it is what the Porte never dreamed of admitting into our seas. What you have to do with Russia we neither know nor care; our concerns with that Court we mean to finish as suits ourselves, and the maxims of our laws and state policy. If you are not the most profligate Christian nation, as you are charged to be, you are undoubtedly the boldest in presumption and effrontery, in offering to bring such a power as Russia to terms. Such as you, and some other trivial Christians united, fancy yourselves equal to command—we know better; and therefore this effrontery of yours amounts rather to audacity and to an imbecile dictation, which must render your councils at home mean and contemptible, and your advice abroad unworthy of wisdom, or attention from any Power, much less the regard of the Porte, which, on all occasions wherein its Ministers have listened to you, have experienced evil, either in your designs or in your ignorance. His sublime Highness cannot be too much upon his guard against the attempts and presumption of a nation so perfidious to the interests of its subjects (or colonists.) But it is the usual way of Christian princes to sell and cede over their subjects to each other for money. Every peace made amongst you, as we are well informed, is made favourable to the king that best bribes. The Ottoman Ministry have too long, and too often given ear to European Councils, and as often as they did so, they either were betrayed, sold, or deceived. Away then with your interference for the Porte and Russia. It has been your aim to embroil all mankind, and thereafter to profit by your perfidy. We ask not, want not, nor desire your commerce, because our merchants have been sacrificed to your double dealings—you have no religion but gain—avarice is your only God—and the Christian faith you profess, but a mask for your hypocrisy—we will hear no more from

CARDINAL YORK.

The following particulars of a character whose family once made so conspicuous a figure in this country, may afford some gratification to our readers:—

Henry Benedict Maria Clemens, second son of James Stuart, known by the name of the "Pretender," and of Maria Clementina Sobieski, was born at Rome, the 26th of March, 1725, where he almost constantly resided till towards the close of 1745, when he went to France, to put himself at the head of 15,000 men, assembled in and about Dunkirk; under the command of the Duke of Richelieu, by order of Louis XV. With this army Henry was to have landed in England, in support of his brother Charles. But though preparations were made for embarking these troops, though one part did actually embark, not a single transport left Dunkirk road; and Henry receiving intelligence of the issue of the battle of Culloden, returned to Rome, where, much to the displeasure of his brother, and the friends of his family, he took Orders, and, in 1747, was made Cardinal, by Pope Benedict XIV. and afterwards Bishop of Frascati, and Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter.

From that time Cardinal York, the name he assumed on his promotion, devoted himself to the functions of his Ministry, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views, till his father's death, in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with "*Henricus Nonus, Anglia Rex;*" on the reverse, a city, with "*Gratia Dei sed non voluntate hominum.*" If we are not misinformed, the King has one of these medals.

Cardinal York had two rich livings in France, the Abbies of Auchin and St. Amand, and a considerable pension from the Court of Spain, all of which he lost by the revolution. In order to assist Pope Pius VI. in making up the sum required by Buonaparte in 1795, the Cardinal disposed of all the family jewels, and, among others, of a ruby, the largest and most perfect known, valued at fifty thousand pounds. He thus deprived himself of the last means of an independent subsistence, and was reduced to great distress, on the expulsion of Pius VI. and his Court from Rome. Cardinal Borgia, who had been acquainted with Sir John Hippisley-Coxe, in Italy, represented to him, by letter, Cardinal York's case. Sir John conveyed this letter to Mr. Stuart, so well known by his letters to Lord Mansfield (on the Douglas cause) and his genealogical history of the Stuart family. Mr. Stuart drew up a memorial, which Mr. Dundas (now Lord Melville) presented to his Majesty, who granted immediately to Cardinal York a yearly pension of 4000*l.* Thus ended, at the age of 82 years and some months, the last, in a direct line, of the Royal House of Stuart.

Cardinal York had some claim, it seems, on the generosity of this country. An Act of Parliament, still unrepealed, had settled on James the Second's Queen, Mary of Este, the Cardinal's grandmother, a jointure of fifty thousand pounds. While the treaty of Ryswick was depending, it was strongly contended, on the part of the French negociators, in the name of that Princess, that her husband having been deprived, by an Act of the English Legislature, of all his right as King, and being consequently, as King, dead in law, she was as much entitled to her dowry, from the day that event took place, as if her husband had been naturally dead. The English negociators considered the point as too delicate for their interference, and desired it might be referred to King William personally. The proposal was assented to, and Marshal Boufflers had an interview with William on the subject. William did not deny the justice of the claim, and on Boufflers expressing a wish that the concession of the jointure might be confirmed by at least a secret article of the Treaty, William said, "What! Marshal, will not my word satisfy you?" Boufflers bowed and parted, in the full persuasion that he had obtained sufficient security. But on the first demand of payment, William, it is said, insisted that the concession had been made upon a condition which had not been performed; while Boufflers maintained the concession to have been unconditional.

RECRUITING ADVERTISEMENT.

We present the following as a specimen of the *sublime and beautiful*, from the pen of a *recruiting Serjeant*. It is a literal transcript of a bill posted on the walls at Liverpool:

"WANTED,

"Just Eleven Brave Lancashire or Cheshire Heroes, to complete a Regiment ever famous for Heroism, commanded by a General well known ever to Conquer, and Officers whose long services have taught them how to lead their men to GLORY.—

"And the Enterprising Heroic Caledonian; the Fighting, Daring, Dashing, Damning Hibernian; and the never failing Brave, Antient Welch Briton, are invited likewise (to share the Glory of pulling down the pride of the natural enemies of our country, the MURDERERS of their KING—the French) to Mr. Bigg's Hibernian, Jovial, overflowing Punch Bowl, north side the Old Dock; where an Officer waits with impatience and British guineas to receive those Heroes that are emulous of Glory.

God save great GEORGE OUR KING,
Huzza! Damn the French."

When Mr. WILKES was brought by Habeas Corpus before the Court of King's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice declared, that the form and tenor of the law would not allow him to say that Mr. WILKES was before him. A Gentleman asked the Spanish Ambassador, who was present, whether he did not think the above a most extraordinary declaration? "It is by no means extraordinary in England," replied the Ambassador, "but it would certainly have been so in my country, for you know we believe in the *Real Presence*."

The following is a copy of an Attestation, actually presented at a Meeting of the Lieutenancy in the county of Aberdeen:—

"Georgie S. Berer hier off—A Resedenter in the Paries of Methlic Has indid Nothing vissabel to Exqns Service Mientiem Ay A Spren in one of his Ankels which I blive he Brogt from the Milatrey by A former Sevice I declar he Cannot Walke Six Miels Adeay.

"Attested by P. M. Physician."

The late Mr. WINDHAM, when Major of the Norfolk Militia, previous to their being reviewed or inspected at Kensington by his MAJESTY, took considerable pains with his officers, all of whom were country Gentlemen, to teach them to salute in a graceful manner. He prided himself on the success of his labours when they rehearsed their parts to him on the morning of review: at length his MAJESTY appeared on the ground—but one of the Yeomen of the Guard (vulgarly yeapt a beef-eater) preceded, and upon this Officer of State, an unfortunate Captain of a company threw away the Major's salute, strutting past the KING, without making any return even to his MAJESTY's courteous salutation. On Major WINDHAM's remonstrations with the Captain for the blunder, the latter replied—"Fudge! dost think I doesn't know the KING?—why he had G. R. in large gold letters on his breast!"

Mr. GIFFARD, whose death we lately mentioned, used to relate an anecdote which exhibited, in a strong point of view, one of those failings by which, it is well known, the lustre of GARRICK's transcendant merit was obscured. He and that great hero were performing together in *Hamlet*, and GIFFARD had the part of the *Player King* assigned him, which he acted to admiration, and with unceasing and rapturous applause from all parts of the house. On his retiring behind the scenes, he was greeted with the cordial congratulations of his fellow performers; but one, more sage than the rest, observed, that, though he could not but witness his success with pleasure, yet he feared that that might prove one of the most unfortunate days of his life, and that GARRICK and he would never be seen on the same boards together again. "And," said Mr. GIFFARD, "his fears were too well-founded; we never were."

EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL.

The following account is translated from the French *Moniteur* of the 9th instant. It is dated Grenoble, August 1, and contains interesting particulars respecting the passage of an unknown animal, supposed to be a reptile, but of tremendous size, through the common of Bernin. The account was written by the Mayor of Grenoble:—

“During the night of the 14th July last, the dogs in the village of Bernin were heard to bark in an extraordinary manner. Those at the lower part of the common began, and successively those belonging to the houses on the upper part betrayed the same sign of anxiety, at more than half a mile distance. The next morning the trace of an enormous animal, of which no one could form a just idea, was observed, and led to a supposition of its being of the serpent kind. It seemed to have issued from the banks of the Iser, and directed its course towards the mountains, crossing a space of two miles in extent, along which its path was plainly visible through the meadows, corn, and hemp fields, ploughed grounds, and even the public roads. It slightly waved its movements, and was from 12 to 16 inches in breadth. At its arrival in the neighbourhood of the first village, it met with a hedge of dead wood, and chose, at a middle height, the place where the branches were least entangled, to effect its passage. It crushed every thorn as completely as if they had been intentionally destroyed. At a short distance from this spot, it seemed to have rested itself under a tree, as a circular space seven feet and a half in diameter was observed, where the ground had sunk a little under its weight. On resuming its course, it altered its direction, which, however, still pointed towards the heights. On reaching the public road it was compelled to pass through a quick hedge, three large branches of which were found broken. Its trace was perfectly visible in the middle of the road, and on its sides. It proceeded as far as the most elevated part of the common, where its trace was suddenly lost in a torrent. Till then it had followed the inequalities of the ground, and in the corn and hemp fields which it had crossed, the blades were found completely crushed, without any trampling on the left or on the right, which might have induced a belief that men had occasioned that devastation. According to the width of its path, which gives pretty accurately the diameter of its size, this animal must be upwards of three feet in circumference. It has not been seen by any person, but its trace has been observed again on the common of Crolles, from which it may be thought that it has once more descended towards the river.”

A Gentleman, some years ago, was travelling through a wood in France, with his servant, when he was attacked by a young man who robbed him of 50 louis d'ors, his watch, and a gold seal. The robber also took both their horses. The Gentleman and his servant wandered about the wood for some time, and at length perceived a house of very respectable appearance. Upon going to it the Gentleman found that it belonged to an old Brother Officer, with whom he had served many years before. He was received with the greatest kindness and hospitality. When they were at supper, the son of the owner of the house came in, and was instantly recognized by the Gentleman to be the person who robbed him. He however said nothing, but after supper retired to his chamber. His servant, who also recognized the robber, and who was in the greatest alarm, told him, that both their horses were in the stable. His master desired him not to say a word about it; and the next morning very early, he went into his friend's apartment, and acquainted him with the disgraceful and dangerous practices of his son. The agony of the Father upon this intelligence was such, that he fainted. Upon his recovery, he went to his son's room, who was, or pretended to be asleep. On the table he found the watch and seal, with his friend's arms upon it.—The son then rose and endeavoured to escape, but his Father seizing a pistol which was on the table, shot him through the head.

THE MINE OF WIELIEZKA.

DESCRIBED IN AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A TRAVELLER WHO VISITED IT.

The day after our arrival at Cracow, we visited the magnificent mine of Wieliczka, which may be appropriately termed the Palace of the Gnomes. The gigantic magnificence of the objects which it presents to the view, surpasses any thing which the most fertile and powerful imagination can conjure up. I was the first who descended into the abyss, by means of a rope, to which I had recourse, in order to avoid the labour of winding round a well-stair-case, composed of not less than five hundred steps. On my descent, I found myself at the entrance of a large chapel, hollowed out of the salt, of which substance every thing it contained, columns, altars, and statues, were formed. This chapel has existed for 475 years.

Here I was joined by my fellow travellers who had descended by the stair-case, and we proceeded through a vast labyrinth of galleries, and passages, eight feet high, by twelve in breadth, and which are self supported. We at length reached a series of immense saloons, from three to four hundred feet in height, in the middle of which were wooden stair-cases, which descended deeper into the abyss, and were lighted by thousands of tapers. When we had descended one of these to the depth of about one thousand feet, we came to a lake some hundreds of feet in diameter, which we navigated by the light of tapers and torches, while the music of a military band was heard from a niche at its extremity. The walls of the grotto were cut into pilastres, and illuminated, and at least 800 spectators had assembled on the bank where we embarked. The vault, about 300 feet above us, feebly reflected the ruddy flame of the torches.

As we returned, we stopped upon a wooden bridge thrown over a chasm, on looking about which, we perceived, at an immense depth down, a hundred miners, employed in excavating the rock. They did not seem to be larger than infants, and sung in perfect unison hymns, the sound of which appeared as though it arose from the centre of the earth, while the regular striking of iron instruments upon the salt rock marked the measure exactly.

After we had wandered over immense tracts of the obscure regions, alternately ascending and descending thousands of stair-cases, sometimes constructed of wood, sometimes of bright and transparent salt, we at length stopped in the last saloon, which is cut in the most exact proportion, and ornamented with transparent arms of the Houses of Austria and Saxony. Here we found two tables, abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season.

Having refreshed and rested ourselves, we made a second peregrination through the mine. Three immense columns of salt, upwards of thirty feet in height, fell with a loud crash at our feet. These immense blocks, blasted with gun-powder, were sent in a shower of unequal masses through the dusky void. The noise of the explosion, like a thunder clap, rolled with a heavy and gradually subsiding sound from gallery to gallery.

Farther on we saw stables, in which were above forty horses, condemned to labour beneath the surface of the earth, and which had been deprived of their sight by continued darkness, at the end of a year or two. At length, having satiated ourselves with the wonders, a part of which I have above described, we returned to the light of heaven, after a sojourn of three hours in the bowels of the earth.

Sir GEORGE STAUNTON, who attended Lord MACARTNEY on his embassy into China, relates the following curious anecdote of old KIEN LONG, Emperor of China. He was enquiring of Sir GEORGE the manner in which physicians were paid in England; when after some difficulty his Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, “Is any man well in England, that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you,” said he, “how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment that I am ill the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are unusually short.”

Of the following singular case no doubts can be entertained. It is copied from the Dublin Papers, and has been duly authenticated:—

"On Thursday last, at seven o'clock in the evening, as a man was passing by the lime-kiln of D. Goffon, near Finglas, he saw, in a hollow below the wall of the kiln, a person in a grey coat lying on his face on the ground. At first he supposed him to be asleep, or intoxicated; but after some time, perceiving he did not stir, he was induced to examine him more closely, when he found him apparently dead. On turning him on his back, to ascertain who he might be, a sight the most awful and horrid presented itself to his view. The person was not dead, but on removing his coat, the whole surface of his body seemed a moving mass of worms; his face was much disfigured, apparently from some bruises inflicted either by blows or by a fall; and from every aperture of his head, his eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, poured innumerable worms, as if the interior of the skull were entirely filled with them. His eyes were dissolved, and their cavities, as well as those of his ears, mouth, and nose, were filled with a white moving mass, more horrid and disgusting than it is possible for imagination to conceive without ocular inspection. After some time the miserable man having recovered sufficient strength to walk, and so far recovered his recollection and voice, that he distinctly answered several questions put to him, he told who he was, where he lived, &c. that he was returning home on a car the evening before, and having drank too much, he fell off, and lay runned with the fall till he was discovered. He could not account for the wounds in his head, nor for his being so far off the road; but it is probable he had received the contusions on his face from the fall, or, perhaps, the car had gone over him, and he had insensibly crawled to the place where he lay. The humidity of the air and the heat of the weather had rapidly brought on a solution of the solids in those bruised parts already predisposed to putrefescency, and now lying in contact with the moist earth. In these were speedily deposited the eggs of innumerable insects, whose generation was as rapid as the predisposing causes were favourable; and thus, while the vital powers rallied at the centre, and the blood, yet circulating round the heart, preserved the vital principle, the extremities, in which all pulsation had ceased, were dissolving into their primitive elements, and the whole surface of the body exhibited a mass of animated corruption. He was brought into an out-house and laid on some hay; the loathsome objects were removed, as far as that could be done; he was washed with spirits and vinegar, had cordials poured down his throat, which he swallowed, though with some difficulty. In fact, every precaution was taken by the worthy people by whom he was discovered, but without effect—the putrescency rapidly increased; in a very short time the spasms in his throat prevented his swallowing; he gradually became insensible, and at twelve o'clock the next day he died, in a state of total putrid solution, having lived in that dreadful situation 17 hours, from the time he was first discovered, and the greater part of that period in full possession of his senses; so much so, that he at several times inquired eagerly for his pocket, in which he recollected he had put some money, and which, to a small amount, was found. That Herod, Sylla, &c. were devoured by worms while yet alive, are facts recorded by ancient historians, and that worms engender in the flesh and nucleæ, &c. is also true; but those are not parallel cases, as they were the effects of morbid pendent, and specific disorders. The only case in modern times, perhaps, of a human being living under such circumstances, is recorded in the romantic adventures of *Iscarre Viand*; and even here the incident throws a degree of discredit on the authenticity of the work, although it was attested by the annexed affidavits of persons who had seen it. Yet in that case the worms had only engendered in the lower extremities, while the head and the viscera, necessary to animal life, were free. But here the most essential organ of the animal economy was dissolved, while yet the living being walked and talked.

"The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out, And sported his eyes and his temples about;" exhibiting an appearance even more awful than the ghastly spectre of poetic imagination."

That instances of longevity are not so rare in modern times as is usually imagined, the subjoined list, collected from various sources, is a curious proof. The date affixed to each name is the year in which each person died.

Year.		Age.
1759.	Donald Cameron	130
1766	John Delasomer	130
1766	George King	130
1767	John Taylor	130
1774	William Beatie	130
1778	John Watson	130
1780	Robert M'Bride	130
1780	William Ellis	130
1764	Elizabeth Taylor	131
1775	Peter Garden	131
1761	Eliza Merchant	133
1772	Mrs. Keith	133
1767	Francis Ange	134
1777	John Brookey	134
1714	Jane Harrison	135
1753	James Sheile	136
1768	Catherine Noon	136
1771	Margaret Foster	136
1776	John Mariat	136
1772	John Richardson	137
1793	— Robertson	137
1757	William Sharpley	138
1768	John M'Donough	138
1770	— Fairbrother	138
1772	Mrs. Clum	138
1766	Thomas Dobson	139
1785	Mary Cameron	139
1732	William Leyland	140
—	Countess of Desmond	140
1770	James Sands	140
1773	Swarling (a Monk)	142
1773	Charles M'Finlay	143
1757	John Effingham	144
1782	Evan Williams	145
1766	Thomas Winsloe	146
1772	I. C. Draukenberg	146
1652	William Mead	148
1768	Francis Confi	150
1542	Thomas Newman	152
1656	James Bowels	152
—	Henry West	152
1648	Thomas Damme	154
1670	Henry Jenkins	169
1735	Thom Parr	152
1762	A Polish peasant	157
1797	Joseph Sarrington	160
1668	William Edwards	168
1780	Louisa Truxo	175

Before the French became infidels a singular contrast was afforded, resulting from the vivacity of their dispositions between the immorality of their lives, and the severe penance by which they endeavoured to expiate it. It is a well authenticated fact, that *LA FONTAINE* used to write his loose tales with a hair cloth next his skin all the time, as a punishment for so doing. The following anecdotes of *Madame de la VALIERE*, extracted from a recent French publication, exhibit a more energetic though not so inconsistent a penitent. The usual severe life of the Carmelite Nun not affording sufficient scope for her zeal, she invented and secretly imposed on herself other mortifications; she constantly asked leave to live upon bread and water, rose every day two hours before the rest of the sisterhood, and passed that time in prayer in the coldest mornings of winter. Having suffered much from an erysipelas in her leg, without ever saying that she had such a complaint, it became at length so violent that she was obliged to take to her bed, and being reproached by the Abbess for her silence, she answered, "I did not know what ailed me, I did not think about it." When the Count de *VERMANDOIS*, her son, died, in 1683, the Abbess, who was anxious to inform her, in as cautious a manner as it was possible, of her misfortune, having met her coming out of the choir, said, with a melancholy countenance, that she had some news for her. "I am well aware of what it is," said she, and returning into the choir, she fell prostrate before the holy sacrament; when she rose, her countenance had an expression of calmness, but the Abbess perceiving that it was with some difficulty she could restrain her tears, told her, that it would not displease God if she gave them vent. The answer was, that she had not tears enough for her sins, adding, an expression since frequently quoted, "it would be more reasonable to weep for the birth than death of my son." The day before her death she arose, according to custom, at three o'clock in the morning, to her religious exercises but her strength failing her, she could not get as far as the choir. Perceiving that her end drew near, she repeated several times, *it is fit that the death of a sinner should be painful*, and though she suffered the utmost anguish previous to her dissolution, she did not utter a groan.

The following particulars, relating to the discovery of a stone coffin and skeleton in this venerable structure, we have no doubt will be interesting to the majority of our readers, even although they should not agree with our worthy correspondent, in regarding these ancient relics as the very coffin, and the very bones of Michael Scott, the wizard! We make no apology for presenting the communication of our correspondent in his own words, being, as he is, the living chronicle of the antiquities of Melrose, and the respectable beadle of its famous Abbey:—

"Melrose, Sept. 16, 1812.

"Sir—I do take the freedom of informing you, that I was digging a hole to put stones into, in the small aisle, next to the aisle where the high altar stood, in Melrose Abbey, and I came upon a flag stone, and by taking it out, I found more flags, which did cover eight feet of ground. I tore them up, and to my astonishment, it was built on every side with hewn-work, forming a coffin, and a place, extending one foot and a half from the coffin, to hold the head. I digged till I came to the bones of the dead, and found the scull to be of great strength, and the thigh bones, which appeared more like a brute creature's bones than human, for strength. The length of the person, by measuring, appeared to be six feet in length; and some few nails I found, which were crumbling into earth, whose tops were like the bigness of a farthing. He is buried at the side of a font-stone, to say mass for his soul. He is laid in a wetish piece of ground, and may be considered to have remained there for four hundred years in the earth; and, it is found about the place where Michael Scott, the wizard, doth lie, which is famed in the Lay of the Last Minstrel; it is thought to be the very person, as it answers so exactly to the Poem, and is within two yards of the place where Walter Scott pointed out himself. You may put this story in the newspapers if you please, by the desire of several Gentlemen, and publish the finding a relic of antiquity.

"Sir, yours, &c. "JOHN BOWER."

A laughable circumstance lately happened in the neighbourhood of Bow: a Methodist Preacher had collected together a pretty numerous congregation in a large shed, situate over a wash-house, in which there was a large cistern of water. In the middle of a very fervid discourse to a listening audience, and just after he had, with great vehemence, pronounced the words—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be d—d," some of the boards on which he stood being very old and decayed, gave way in an instant, let him down into the middle of the cistern of water, which came nearly up to his chin. His pallid looks exhibited the mingled sensations of distress, wonder and dismay, at this sudden and unexpected mode of baptism. The whole Congregation were so panic-struck at this strange event, and so fearful that the whole building was coming down, that they ran with the greatest precipitation and confusion out of the place, and as soon as they got to the outside, each saint took to his and her heels, and fled home without looking back, leaving the poor pastor to lament his own comfortable condition, and the little *trust in God*, manifested by his affrighted and scattered flock.

WARM COMFORTS.—A Gentleman observing to his friend, he wondered how he kept himself warm during this cold winter; was answered, "that he contrived to do it very well—that he had a small house, and a good fire—that he had a son who kept him in a perpetual fever, and a very fat wife."

POETIC ROBBERS.—Some time since a robbery of 21 geese was committed in the farm-yard of Mr. WHITE, of Kent. There was a gander attached to the flock, which was left behind, with a bag tied round its neck, containing twenty-one pence, and the following poetic excuse written on a slip of paper:—

"Dear Mister White,
We wish you good night,
We are sorry we cannot stay longer—
We have taken twenty-one geese,
At a penny a piece,
And left the amount with the gander."

In a manuscript in one of the libraries at Paris, we are told that the Count de Ligniville and Count de Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment were the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both Captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count de Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment; and putting his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but to his great astonishment he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count de Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprize to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between these brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them, so that on this account they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both often had the same dreams. The day that Count de Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL MURAT, GRAND DUKE OF BERG.—

After his elevation to the rank of a Prince of the French Empire, he halted, about the close of the last war, at a small town in Germany, where he staid for two or three days. Happening to find the bread provided for his table of an inferior kind, he dispatched one of his suite to order the best Baker in the town to attend him, to receive from him his instructions, with regard to that necessary of life. A Baker, who had been long established in the place, was selected for this purpose; and upon the Aide-de-Camp ordering him to wait upon the Prince immediately, he observed, to the no little surprize of the Officer, "It is useless my going; the Prince will never employ me." On being pressed to assign his reasons, he declined stating any; but, as the order of the messenger was peremptory, he followed him, and was immediately admitted to MURAT, with whom he staid about ten minutes, and then retired. As he quitted the house, he observed to the Aide-de-Camp, "I told you the Prince would not employ me; he has dismissed me with this;" displaying a purse of ducats. On being pressed to explain the reason of this singular conduct, he replied—"The Prince MURAT, when a boy, was apprenticed to a biscuit-baker in the South of France, at the time I was a journeyman to him; and I have often thrashed the Prince for being idle: the moment he saw me just now, he instantly recollected me, and without entering into the subject of our old acquaintance, or of that which led me to his presence, he hastily took this purse of ducats from the drawer of the table where he sat, gave it to me, and ordered me to retire."

An Italian Anecdote.

The life of this Pope exhibits one of those extraordinary instances, in which genius and talents have lifted their possessors far above the disadvantages concomitant to an humble birth, and indigent circumstances; and have enabled them to counteract adversity, or rather to command fortune. It was, therefore, while he was Cardinal, well said by him to an Italian Prince, over whom he had manifestly the advantage, as to excite the admiration of the company, and who, consequently, irritated to the greatest degree, exclaimed, "I wonder at your arrogance, who are only the son of a swineherd!" "True, my Lord! and if it had been your misfortune to have been born the son of a swineherd, you would have still continued in that capacity."

That he was the son of a swineherd, is a fact. He was born at Montalto, in the marshes of Ancona. His parents called him Felix; but he left them, and, at the age of fourteen, took the habit of St. Francis, and became a friar in the convent of Ascoli. The quickness of his parts soon raised him high in the Sodality; though, it must be observed, that it was composed of members, who have not been recorded as the brightest of mankind. However, they had sense enough to distinguish his merits, and candour enough to acknowledge them, except in one instance, when some of the younger students, displeased, perhaps, at the superiority of his genius, retorted upon him ironically, "That, in the astrological question before them, they must yield to him; he certainly knew more of houses, than they did; his being so *illustrious*." To this sarcasm he replied, with great good nature, that, "his father's house was indeed *illustrious*, for the interior of it was *illuminated* by the rays of the sun, which darted through every aperture of the *boards*, of which it was composed."

Improving his talents, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity; and, at a public disputation, in the presence of Cardinal Carpi, who was then protector of the Franciscan Order, acquitted himself so well, and acquired so much fame, in consequence of the subtlety of his arguments, and the acuteness of his wit, that preferment followed of course. By several gradations, he arrived at the highest dignity of the church, being elected Pope the 11th of April, 1585.

This Pontiff, who seems to have been a humourist, as well as a man of great learning, used some artifice, to obtain his high dignity. From the time that he had been nominated Cardinal, he had affected the semblance of age, and of ill health. When he went into the Conclave, he appeared so feeble, and seemed to labour so much under the paroxysms of a *confirmed asthma*, that few expected he would have lived to come out. He supported himself with a staff, and, as he ascended the stairs, halted, and coughed, at every step. These symptoms were exceedingly in *his favour*, and probably, in a great degree, influenced the election. But, even before the scrutiny was finished, as soon as he saw that the object of his ambition was secure, he threw away his staff, his faithful companion for fifteen years, and, erecting himself, there seemed in his system an instant renovation of youth. The Cardinals murmured; but the thing could not now be helped. The artful Pontiff at once saw their motives; and, in order to add additional food to their meal of cogitation, he began to sing, *Te Deum Laudamus*, with a voice so clear and melodious, and withal so strong, that the spacious hall, and vaulted roof, re-echoed to the sound.

The recital of the life of this Pontiff, which abounds with entertaining passages, exhibits a character, which was rendered remarkable, by contrasting it with others in the same elevated station.

So strict was the impartiality of his adherence to justice, and so great his activity and energy of mind, that, while he purified the jurisprudence of the Holy See, he also established a well

regulated police, by which means, he wholly extirpated a most ferocious banditti, that had not only infested the state of the church, but had overspread Italy. On this occasion, the gratitude of the citizens of Rome induced them to commemorate the repose which they had enjoyed, by several inscriptions, in different parts of the city, by statues, and other tokens of their approbation and liberality.

One great source of the amusement of Sixtus the Fifth, was the perusing the Memoirs of his Life and Transactions, of which he had kept a regular journal, whilst he was the Friar Montalto, which was the name given to him in the convent. When he was one day deeply engaged looking over his manuscript, and while he was probably enjoying the contemplation of the occurrences of his early years, he came to a passage that strongly attracted his attention, as it stated nearly these words:—

"1540. Being at Macerata, and observing the miserable state of my shoes, the *soles* of which were on the very brink of perdition, owing, I fear, to the flinty-hearted and impeneable rocks and roads, over which we had journeyed together, I resolved to use my endeavours to *save them*—repaired to a shoe-maker's shop, that I fortunately discovered in the Market-place, to consult the shoe-maker, or *translator*, who kept it, respecting their *reformation*. The shoe-maker, who, for his sagacity with regard to the *cure of soles*, might have been a Cardinal, after examining these wretched and oppressed *soles*, whom I had so often trampled upon, declared that they were so *far gone*, it was out of the power of man to *amend them*; in fact, that they had been on their *last feet*, and had come once more to an *end*. He, therefore, added, that he would not advise me to allow them an *indulgence*, but would rather wish me to cast them entirely away, and try a *new pair*. This seemed *orthodox*; I, therefore, took his advice, kicked my old shoes, as they could no longer serve me, into the street, and installed myself in his chair. The shoe-maker brought a pair of *candidates* from his shelf; he lifted up my leg, placed my foot in his lap, but did not *kiss my toe*. He, however, fitted me in a moment, without putting me into what is called *purgatory*. But here a difficulty occurred, of greater magnitude than any of the mountains that I had passed. The shoe-maker demanded seven *giulios* (three shillings and six-pence), for the shoes, and I alas! had but six in my leather purse, which hung to my girdle, and in which my whole fortune was *suspended*. What was now to be done? I immediately emptied my purse, and discovered the state of my exchequer to the shoe-maker. This man, who had none of the heresy of John Crispin in his mind, in an instant believed what he saw (or rather, if a paradox were allowed in our system) what he did not see; so without seeming to notice my disqualifying bow, or the cause of my confusion, so apparent in the emptiness of my purse, he briskly said, "Haggling in this case would be to no purpose. It is true, I cannot afford to sell these shoes (look how well they are made) to less than seven *giulios*; but if you have taken but six out of your *strong box*, that's a fault as you are at a distance from home, that cannot easily be mended, therefore I will take the six on this condition, that you solemnly promise to pay me the other *giulio* when you come to be Pope. To this I readily agreed; we therefore laughed heartily, shook hands and parted."

When Sixtus read this passage, it recalled the circumstance strongly to his mind, and withal induced a desire to learn if the friendly shoemaker was living. He therefore immediately dispatched his Steward to Macerata, to enquire after him; and, if successful, to inform him he must attend the Pope directly upon business of the utmost importance to himself.

The shoe-maker was yet living; but the message he received from the Steward, who gave it its full force, almost frightened him to

death. He had heard the exaggerated accounts of the severity of the Pontiff that were circulated over Italy; and he had not the least doubt but he was to become the victim of his cruelty and the malice of his enemies. The rack or the stake were the slightest punishments that occurred to him: of those he felt all the horrors already. He, therefore, endeavoured to recollect what he had done to merit this severity of chastisement. His very best friends could not accuse him of heresy; or, if they had, there was an Inquisition up in the spot; but his life had been industrious and innocent, nor could he, even in the moments of his deepest depondence, force his conscience to reproach him. Slowly he journeyed on; and, the day after his arrival, trembling like a criminal going to execution, he, with the same reluctance, ascended the black marble staircase that led to the Pope's closet.

When introduced into his presence, Sixtus, for a moment, observed him with that keenness of penetration for which he was remarkable; and then, with a stern voice, said, "Have you ever seen me at Macerata?" "No-o-o," returned the prostrate and almost petrified shoemaker. "What! do you not remember, about forty years since, you sold me a pair of shoes?" "No!" said the poor fellow; "but I hope they wore well." "Not remember this circumstance?" said the Pope, who could hardly maintain his gravity:—"Well! what am I to think of this, but that my memory is better than yours? Rise, then, and learn from me, that I well remember the purchase I made at your shop; and also, that you gave me credit for a *giulio*, which I was to repay you when I came to be Pope. That time is now arrived. I therefore owe you a *giulio*: it is a debt of honour, and must be paid with interest. This I have calculated, and find that it amounts to three *giulios*; these my Steward will pay you, and you may depart in peace."

When the shoemaker left the closet of the Pope, how different were his sensations from those with which he entered. He seemed in Elysium. Dungeons, racks, and tortures, had vanished from his mind; or, if they for a moment recurred, it was only to induce him to wonder how he ever could have feared them. He received his three *giulios*, and returned to his inn; but, in this short walk, his sensations underwent another transition. When he reflected upon the slender remuneration he had received, he could not help considering Sixtus V. as the meanest of mortals. He therefore, while he told his story, murmured exceedingly, that he should bring him from his native place, so far distant, and only give him three *giulios* (eighteen-pence) to defray the expences of a journey which had cost him twenty crowns.

This discontent of the shoemaker, the spies who were purposely planted around him communicated to the Pontiff, who accordingly sent for him again, and asked him if he had not a son, who was a priest of the order of Servi? To this he answered in the affirmative.—"Then," said the Pope, "he is the very man I want; let him be immediately called to Rome."

The messenger that was sent, executed his commission with great expedition. The son arrived before the departure of the father. They both attended the Pontiff, who, after examining the young priest, promoted him to a Bishoprick in the Kingdom of Naples. In a few days, they returned to the Vatican to make their acknowledgments to his Holiness, who received them with great benignity; and, upon taking their leave, said to the father, "Here, my good friend! calculate the interest of your *giulio*, and see to what it has amounted, and how it has been disposed of. If I had given to you great riches and honours, they would have taken you out of a course of life you have been long used to; and, in all probability, by placing you in a more elevated sphere, have rendered you unhappy. The education of your

son has fitted him for his present station. I am pleased with his character, with which I am well acquainted, and have a good opinion of his talents. May he become, at once, an ornament and support of the church! He knows his duty too well not to consider himself as a steward to his father; and now he has largely the means to support your age, as you, my friend, from a very slender and precarious income, supported his youth."

NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper published in England, is dated July 28, 1588. It is called *The English Mercury*, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. Another private newspaper, entitled *The Weekly Courant*, was printed in London 1622, and in 1639 appeared one by Robert Baker, Newcastle. The next was called *Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament*, November 1641, this was succeeded by the *Mercuries*, which appear to have commenced with the *Mercurius Rusticus*; or, the Countries Complaint of the barbarous Outrages began in the year 1642, by the Secretaries of this once flourishing Kingdom, &c.—This journal of horrid outrages (the effects of violent revolutionists) was edited by Bruno Ryves, and is said to have been originally published in one, and sometimes two sheets quarto, commencing the 22d of August, 1642. It has since gone through four editions, the last published in 1723, with a curious frontispiece, representing a kind of Dutch Mercury in the centre, and ten other compartments, with fancied views of places where some of the diabolical scenes were acted.

The Mercurius Aulicus was published at Oxford by Berkenhead, in January, 1642. This was continued in a weekly quarto sheet, until about the end of 1645, after which time it only made an occasional appearance.

Some other papers of this kind were published with the following titles:—*Mercurius Britannicus*, communicating the affairs of Great Britain, for the better information of the people, by Marchmont Needham. *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, by the same pen. *Mercurius Politicus* appeared every Wednesday, in two sheets quarto, commencing on the 9th of June, 1649, and ended on the 6th of June, 1656, when the editor commenced with a new series of numbers, and continued until the middle of April, 1660. At this time an order from the Council of State prohibited the Paper, and Henry Muddiman and Giles were authorised to publish the news every Monday and Thursday, in the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* and *Mercurius Politicus*.—In 1663, Sir Roger L'Estrange commenced two political journals in behalf of the Crown, entitled, *The Public Intelligencer*, and *The News*. These were published twice a week in quarto sheets; the first commencing on the 31st of August, and the other on the 3d of September 1663. The *Gazette* seems to have superseded these, for L'Estrange discontinued his papers upon the appearance of *The Oxford Gazette*, November 7, 1665. It obtained this appellation in consequence of the English Parliament being then held at Oxford. The King and his Court returning to the metropolis, was accompanied by the official paper, which has retained the name of *The London Gazette*, from the 5th of February 1666 to the present time. The first daily paper after the Revolution was called *The Orange Intelligencer*.

The following curious instructions for a sign-board were sent to a painter in Shrewsbury, under date, August 13, 1802:—"You are to draw the Shrewsbury coach with 6 men on the roof and two on the box—and chaise with 2 horses after the coach—also my name—spirits, porter, and ale—also I intend entertain a man on a horse—also my buisness wch as follow—that is farring (farriery)—please to draw the flains and lancherts, & that I shall nick and crop—and water for horses—I beg you do it as you think proper your self—and do it as I mentioned above."

LINES.

ON THE EGYPTIAN LOTOS.

By the Rev. Mr. MAURICE, Author of *Indian Antiquities*.

Emblem sublime of that primordial pow'r,
That on the vast abyss of chaos mov'd;
What pen shall paint thy charms, majestic flow'r!
Mortals honour'd, and by gods belov'd.
From Ethiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
While Nile's proud stream thro' gladden'd Egypt pours;
In rapid descent thy praise was hymn'd of old,
And still resounds on Ganges faithful shores.
Within thy beauteous coral's full-blown bell
Long since th' Immortals plac'd their fond abode;
There, day's bright source, Osiris lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.
Hence, not unconscious to his orient beam,
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep th' effulgence of the solar stream,
And as he mounts, still brighter glories shed:
When at their noon-tide height, his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the God, and radiant with his fires!
To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
Till in the distant west his splendors fade;
Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.
What mystic treasures, in thy form conceal'd,
Perpetual transport to the sage supply,
Where Nature, in her secret plans reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye.
From thy prolific vase and fertile seeds
Are trac'd her grand regenerative pow'rs;
Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence breeds,
And lovelier germs shoot forth and brighter flow'rs.
Thus, from Arabia borne, on golden wing,
The Phoenix on the sun's bright altar dies;
But from his flaming bed refulgent springs,
And cleaves with bolder plume the sapphire skies.
Not food to th' enlighten'd mind alone,
Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd;
In famine's vulture fangs did Egypt groan,
From thy rich bounteous horn abundance flow'd.
Hence the immortal race in Thebes rever'd,
Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,
Thy image on an hundred columns rear'd,
And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade.
But far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
Thy honours flourish'd 'mid Thibetian snows,
Thy flowers the Lama's gilded shrine adorn,
And Brahme and Buddha on thy flow'rs repose.
Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,
We see thee graven on the glowing ore,
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblaz'd.
Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd
Thy Pharoahs moulder in their marble tombs;
Oblivion's wing the pyramids shall shade,
But thy fair family unfading blooms!
Still 'mid these ruin'd tow'rs, admir'd, rever'd,
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;
These vast, but crumbling piles, by men were rear'd,
But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand.
With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall fade,
With being's self thy beauteous tribe decline,
Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temples shade,
And decorate, when dead, my envid shrine.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE ON SCOTTISH SCENERY.

Fair art thou, Scotia! The swift mountain stream
Gushes, with deaf'ning roar and whit'ning spray,
From thy brown hills; where eagles seek their prey,
Or soar, undazzled, in the solar beam.
But, dearer far to me, be thou my theme,
My native Hampshire! Thy sweet vallies gay,
Trees, spires, and cots, that in the brilliant ray
Confusedly glitter, like a morning dream.
And thou, fair forest! lovely are thy shades,
Thy oaks majestic o'er the billows pale
High spreading their green arms: or the deep glades
Where the dark holly, arm'd in prickly mail,
Shelters the yellow fern, and tufted blades,
That wave responsive to the sighing gale.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HARE.

By Her Grace the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE.

HARK! 'twas the knell of death—what spirit fled,
And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear?
Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead
Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of HARE?
Shall not his genius life's short date prolong,
(Pure as the æther of its kindred sky;)
Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
Or beam, in vivid flashes, from his eye?
Oh no! that mind, for every purpose fit,
Has met, alas! the universal doom;
Unrival'd fancy, judgement, sense, and wit
Were his, and only left him at the tomb.
Rest, spirit! rest; for gentle was thy course,
Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew,
For still benevolence allay'd the force
Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.
Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
Nor o'er thy various talents drop the tear;
But weep to think I shall behold no more
A lost companion, and a friend sincere.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR GLASS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again;
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain,
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood,
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear—
And, when my husband died,
I've often watched thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountains rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props, as weak in wisdom's eyes;
Its cronic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days an years still flitting through,
And mingling joy and pain.
While thus I spin, and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing;
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When Earth her yellow Harvest yields,
Thou gett'st a Holiday.
Steady as truth on either end,
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flow'r;
"Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again."

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

BY THE CELEBRATED BURNS.

I gae'd a wae fu' gae yestreen,
A gae, I fear; I'll dearly rue:
I gat my death fra twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses, wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily white—
It was her een, sae bonnie blue.
She ta'k'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam fra her een, sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay me deead,
To her twa een, sae bonnie blue.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF THE SCOTTISH POET BURNS.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

REAR high thy bleak, majestic Hills—
Thy shelter'd Vallies proudly spread,
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills—
And wave thy Heaths with blossoms red!
But, ah, what Poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest Bard, is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?
As green thy tow'ring Pines may grow,
As clear thy Streams may speed along,
As bright thy Summer Suns may glow,
And wake again thy feath'ry throng:
But now, unheeded is the Song,
And dull and lifeless all around;
For his wild Harp lies all unstrung—
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound!
What tho' thy vig'rous offspring rise,
In Arts, in Arms, thy sons excel;
Tho' Beauty in thy daughters eyes,
And Health in every feature dwell;
Yet who shall now their praises tell
In strains impassion'd, fond, and free,
Since HE no more the song shall swell
To Love, and Liberty, and Thee?
With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless Youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due;
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In op'ning Youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy fav'ring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted Rhyme!
Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought;
And oft thy winding Dells he sought;
Where wild flow'rs pour'd their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the Summer's earliest bloom.
But, ah, no fond, maternal smile
His unprotected Youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried!
And more, to mark the gloomy void
As bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of Immortality!
Yet not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the Evening Sun to rest,
And met at Morn his earliest smile!
Wak'd by his rustic Pipe, meanwhile
The powers of Fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil
With native Wit and sprightly Song!
Ah Days of Bliss too swiftly fled,
When vig'rous Health from labour springs,
And bland Contentment smooths the bed,
And Sleep his ready opiate brings;
And, hov'ring round on airy wings,
Float the light forms of young Desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspired!
Now, Spells of mightier pow'r, prepare—
Bid brighter Phantoms round him dance:—
Let FLATTERY spread her viewless snare,
And FAME attract his vagrant glance;
Let sprightly PLEASURE too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
'Till lost in Love's delirious Trance,
He scorn the joys his Youth has known!
Let FRIENDSHIP pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the Bloom of Soul;
And Mirth concentric all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling Bowl;
And let the careless Moments roll
In social Pleasures unconfin'd;
And CONFIDENCE, that spurns controul,
Unlock the inmost springs of Mind!

And lead his steps those Bow'rs among
Where ELEGANCE with SPLENDOR vies,
Or Science bids her favour'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise!
Beyond the Peasants humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the Bliss to prize
That waits the Sons of Polish'd Life!
Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With ev'ry impulse of Delight,
Dash from his lips the Cup of Joy—
And shroud the scene in shades of Night!
Then let DESPAIR, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
Her specter'd ills and shapes of woe!
And shew beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head—
The Partner of his early Joys!
And let his Infants' tender cries
His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A Husband and a Father's name!
'Tis done—the pow'ful Charm succeeds
His high reluctant Spirit bends;
In bitterness of Soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his Fate contends!
An Ideot laugh the welkin rends
As Genius thus degraded lies,
'Till pitying Heav'n the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes!
Rear high thy bleak, majestic Hills—
Thy shelter'd Vallies proudly spread—
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy Heaths with blossoms red!
But never more shall Poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since HE, the sweetest Bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain!

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF EARLIER LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.—BY G. DYER.

— whom I met in earlier day,
Following, as SCIENCE led the way,
And warmly hail'd a gen'rous name
Glowing with FREEDOM's sacred flame,
What time, by Cam's flow-gliding stream,
I mus'd at ease the pensive theme;
Or, as in some Aonian Grove,
Where Bards ecstatic lov'd to rove,
I struck, at Fancy's call, the Classic Lyre,
And felt, or seem'd to feel, some Prophet's holy fire!
We saw no Alps in grandeur climb,
Nor Ocean rous'd to thought sublime,
No Mountain-torrents roll'd around,
Nor Rocks gave out the mystic sound:
Yet clear was Morning's earliest Light,
The Star of Evening mild and bright;
And, lofty on his mid-day throne,
The Sun, in beauty glorious, shone;
Sweet was the Gale that brush'd the wavy field,
And NATURE's simplest forms could charms unnumber'd yield
But now no more!—for time has sped,
And many a golden Day dream fled;
While backward as I turn my eye
Friends, now no more, awake the sigh;
And, ah, as swift the Rivers glide,
To lose themselves in Ocean's tide;
And, as the Birds forget to sing,
And Trees put off the dress of Spring,
So thou, my Friend, art hast'ning on to death,
And I shall cease from Song, and soon resign my breath!
But, rise from scenes of fresh delight—
Some vision'd bliss shall charm my sight;
And long as aught of life shall last,
Let some new Day-dream chase the past;
Still fire me, FREEDOM's ardent throng,
And fill me, soul enchanting Song;
Still, FRIENDSHIP, deign with me to rest,
And raise your altar in my Breast!
But, when the nobler Virtues cease to fire,
Oh, then, ye Visions, close, and Life itself expire!

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—ELLISTON'S first managerial essay was in the city of Wells, about 12 years ago. He had engaged several of the principal performers from Bath; and had incurred such considerable expense in the purchase of scenes, dresses, and decorations; that every body told him it would be a losing concern to a ruinous degree; but in spite of these friendly remonstrances, he proceeded in fitting up the Theatre, and announced "*Lovers' Vows*" as the first performance, to be preceded by an "*Occasional Address*." The eventful night arrived; but when the actors were all ready, and the Cathedral bell had struck the seventh hour, our Manager was embarrassed with an awkward circumstance—not a single individual had attended the invitation of the play-bills, either in the Box, Pit, or Gallery! In this dilemma he was strongly urged to pack up his paraphernalia, instantly leave Wells, and put up with the first loss. This, Elliston, with his characteristic ardour, rejected; and while they were holding debate, a poor ragged boy came to the door, and said, "Be this the play-house Zur?" "Yes, my Lad," said the elated Cash-receiver—a title, which was confirmed by the boy putting into his hands twelve-penny-worth of halfpence—he ascended the gallery stairs—the curtain immediately rose—and the undaunted Manager spoke his Address of congratulations, promises, and gratitude to this poor shoeless urchin! The first act of the Play also proceeded before this solitary auditor. A few stragglers then appeared in the other parts of the house—and when the curtain finally dropped, the receipts were nearly thirty shillings. But so correct and regular was the performance—so superior so any thing before seen in Wells, that the very next night they had upwards of £20 in the house; and so great was the subsequent attraction and popularity of the company, that in a short season of about six weeks, Elliston was not only reimbursed for all his expenses, but after paying his performers handsome salaries, he netted upwards of £200; and resumed his Bath engagement, full of gratitude to his kind friends at Wells—particularly to the lucky lad with the twelve pennyworth of Halfpence!

THE IMPORTANCE OF A COMMA is well and fatally exemplified in the tragical fate of the SECOND EDWARD, which is stated to have been caused by the following circumstance:—ISABELLA, his Queen, wishing, notwithstanding her imperious and cruel conduct towards him, to preserve his life, sent the following distich to LORD BERKELEY, in whose Castle the King was Prisoner:

"To spill King Edward's blood

"Refuse to fear I hold it good."

But omitting to place a comma after refuse, the message, was thus interpreted:—

"To spill King Edward's blood

"Refuse to fear—I hold it good."

which interpretation was acted upon, and led to the most barbarous murder that stains the page of English History.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—Forty-seven Clergymen of the Church of England were employed in the Translation of the Bible in the reign of James I.; thirty-two being appointed, in four divisions, for the Old Testament, and fifteen, in two divisions, for the New.

The Rules for conducting the Translation were as follow:—Every member of each division to take the chapters assigned for the whole company; and, after having gone through the version or corrections, all the division was to meet, examine their respective performances, and come to a resolution which parts of them should stand. When any division had finished a book in this manner, they were to transmit it to the rest to be further considered.—If any of the respective divisions should doubt or dissent upon the review of the book transmitted, they were to mark the places, and send back the reasons of their disagreement. If they happened to differ about the amendments, the dispute was to be referred to a neutral committee, consisting of the most distinguished persons drawn out of each division. However, the decision was not to be made till they had gone through the work.—When any place was found remarkably obscure, letters were to be directed by authority to the most learned persons in the universities, or country, for their judgment upon the text.—The directors in each company were to be the Deans of Westminster and Chester, and the King's Professors of Hebrew and Greek in each university.—The translations of Tindal, Matthews, Coverdale, Whitechurch, and Geneva, to be used, when they come closer to the original than the Bishops' Bible.—Lastly, Three or four of the most eminent divines in each university, though not of the number of the translators, were to be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, to consult with other heads of houses for reviewing the whole translation.

THE FIRST GENUINE ENGLISH NEWSPAPER was printed on the 23d July, 1558. It was suggested by the celebrated Lord Burleigh, under the approval and concurrence of Queen Elizabeth, during the time of the Spanish Armada; in order to prevent the circulation of false reports, or rather to counteract them by genuine information. The Paper was entitled "*The English Mercurie*," and a copy of the first number is preserved in the British Museum.

A PENETRATING EYE.—Garrick being the subject of conversation between an enthusiast of the Old School of acting, and a Thespian wit of the present day, the former exclaimed—"He had the finest eye that ever was seen; it would pierce through a block of wood." "Oh, I understand," rejoined Thespis—"he had a *gimblet eye*."

A FRIEND made Garrick a present of a case that contained a razor, a strap, and a shaving-box; and telling him that he would find some other pretty little things in it, "I hope, as I cannot shave myself," said Garrick, "that one of them will be a pretty little barber."

AN ENGLISHMAN, who does not talk French very fluently, was lately walking betwixt two coxcombical Frenchmen, who, as he made his occasional remarks, kept saying to each other with a supercilious air, "*il n'est pas sot*"—"cela n'est pas bête"—"Non," replied our countryman, tired of this affected superiority, "*Je ne suis ni sot, ni bête, mais je suis entre le deux!*"

THE NEWSPAPERS OF BRITAIN MAY BE RECKONED AMONG ITS NOBLEST SPECTACLES.—"A large British news paper," observes a modern writer, "its pages closely filled with commercial wants and supplies, with the arrangements of private convenience, the solicitations of distress, the acts of public societies, the declarations of popular meetings, the marriages and deaths, and accidents and offences that happen in the community,—the jokes of the day that are current, the arrival and departure of our fleets, the debates of our Houses of Parliament, the announcement of our numerous literary works, and ample intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, is perhaps the finest thing we have to show as a proof of our national greatness, and the most trust-worthy means of making it durable. What an immense mass of interests and connecting communications is here apparent, knitting the structure of our society together, and by its publication diffusing throughout the whole a spirit of general sympathy, as an animating mind to the well-compacted union of a commonwealth of rights and possessions."

AN ENGLISH COACHMAN AND A FRENCH POSTILION.—The same Writer thus pleasantly depicts the contrast between these two exalted Personages:—"An English coachman considers himself as a part of a regular establishment, called upon to fill only his own place, and discharge his own duties. He accordingly conducts himself with appropriate precision and self-confidence; he arranges his great coat, and handles his handsome whip, with the air of an official person, who has certain ways of doing certain things, which he deems as important as the things themselves; and if any serious accident happens to his harness or horses, he curses those of his brother functionaries in whose department the neglect has been committed. A French postilion is more universal in his capacities, in proportion as his administration is less defined, and his means less complete. He is off and on his horse's back twenty times in the course of one stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. As ropes are likely to break, he is not surprised or dismayed, if called upon to mend those by which his horses are tied rather than harnessed; and this he does with packthread, if he happen to have any in his pocket, and with his garters if he have not. If a passenger call, he dismounts, and pops his head into the window as he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own guidance; a freedom which they are accustomed to, and therefore seldom abuse."

Anecdote of Buchanan the Historian.—Buchanan, from his extensive learning, was supposed by the superstitious Scotch to be a wizard. An old woman, who kept an alehouse, consulting him, in hopes that through his art he might restore her custom, which was daily decreasing. He accordingly gave her the following advice—"Every time, Maggy," said he, "that you brew, go three times round the copper to the left, and at each round take out a ladle full of water in the d—l's name; then turn three times round to the right, and each time throw in a ladle full of malt in G—d's name; but be sure always to wear this charm constantly on your breast, and never during your life attempt to open it, if you do, the worst will happen to you." Maggy strictly followed the rules laid down, and her business increased astonishingly.—When she died her friends dared to open the charm, which was found to contain the following elegant couplet:

"If Maggy will brew good ale,

"Maggy will have good sale!"

CHRISTMAS-DAY.—The feast of the nativity was undoubtedly celebrated in the early part of Christianity; probably first about the time of the Emperor Commodus, in the second century: and it is certain that, during the persecution of Dioclesian, that tyrant finding a multitude of Christians assembled to celebrate Christmas at Nicomedia, where he kept his court, he commanded the church-door to be shut, and fire to be put to it; which reduced it and them to ashes. The custom of Christmas-boxes is said to have arisen from this:—the mass was called *Christ-mass*; the money then collected for masses said by the priests to forgive the people for the debaucheries of the season, was called the *Christmas-box*; and hence servants had liberty to get *box money*, that they too might be able to pay the priest for his masses. In the primitive church, Christmas-Day was always preceded by an Eve or Vigil. When the devotion of the Eve was completed, our forefathers used to light up immense candles, called *Christmas candles*, and lay on the fire a large piece of wood, called the *yule-log*; when the most extravagant mummeries were practised.

It was the Chevalier de Lorenzi, of absent memory, who occasioned the ruin of the unfortunate Admiral Byng, since it was through him the battle was lost. The Chevalier, groping about in the miserable hole, where he was lodged after the debarkation at Minorca, discovered, in an obscure corner, a book, which contained the signals of the English fleet. After having examined it, perceiving what it was, he carried it to the Prince de Beauveau, who remitted it to Marshal Richelieu. At first some trick was suspected, but when the sea-fight began, they soon perceived that the English obeyed these signals exactly; by this means, the French commanders were enabled to counteract all their manœuvres, so that they were compelled at length to retreat.

FUNERAL SERMONS.—Grainger, in his Biographical History of England, speaking of a Madam Creswell, who, it appears, had borne but a light character, says:—She desired by will to have a Sermon preached at her Funeral, for which the Preacher was to have ten pounds; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was with difficulty found, who undertook the task. He, after a sermon on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded with saying—"By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was well of her; all I can say of her, therefore, is this: she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

Dr Fuller, in his Appeal of injured Innocence, tells us—When one was to preach the funeral sermon of a most vicious and generally noted person, all wondered what he would say in his praise; the preacher's friends fearing, his foes hoping, that, for the sake of his fee, he would force his conscience to flattery. "For one thing," said the Minister, "this man is to be spoken well of by all; and for another thing he is to be spoken ill of by none:—the first is because God made him; the second because he is dead."

EASTERN IDOLATRY.—Among the many superstitions and absurd devotions of the Hindoos, their swinging is one of the most barbarous and remarkable; it is accomplished in the following manner:—The man who is to swing prostrates himself before the tree; and a person with his dirty fingers makes a mark where the hooks are to be put. Another person gives him a smart slap on his back, and pinches up the skin hard with his thumb and fingers; while another presses the hook through taking hold of about an inch of the skin; the other hook is then in like manner put through the other side of the back, and the man gets on his feet. As he is rising, some water is thrown in his face. He then mounts on a man's back, or is elevated in some other way, and the strings which are attached to the hooks in his back are tied to the rope at one end of the horizontal bamboo and the rope at the other end is held by several men, who, drawing it down, raise up the end on which the man swings, and by their running round with that rope the machine is turned. In swinging, the man describes a circle of about 30 feet diameter. Some swing only a few minutes, others half an hour, and some have been known to swing for four hours.

A French Lady being in company, a short time since, where the unseasonable Weather became the topic of conversation, smartly remarked, "It was only Winter come to spend the summer with us."

GENTEEL ECONOMY.—A certain lady, whose taste is equal to her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner; the following is the bill of fare, and the expence of each dish, which was found on the carpet:—

At top, two herrings,	1
Middle, one ounce and a half of butter melted,	0½
Bottom, three mutton-chops, cut thin,	2
One side, one pound of small potatoes,	0½
On the other side, pickled cabbage,	0½
Fish removed, two larks plenty of crumbs,	1½
Mutton removed, French roll boiled for pudding, ...	0½
Parsley for garnish,	0½

—7d

The dinner was served up on china, looked light, tasty, and pretty—the table small, and the dishes well-proportioned. We hope each newly married lady will keep this as a lesson; it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of a dish of fish, joint of mutton, couple of fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for sevenpence.—*Greece's Edinb. Fug. Pieces.*

A BLIND JOCKEY.—At a village in Scotland, there lived many years a horse-jockey, quite bereft of sight, since his second year, when he had the small pox. He knew the good properties or defects of a horse by feeling all over his frame, and gave a remarkable proof of acuteness, in discovering a fine horse was blind of one eye, a failing never suspected by his purchaser. The gentleman had bought the horse at Edinburgh, and on his way home put up at the inn kept by William M'Gillivray's father. He desired the sightless jockey to go out and examine his recent bargain, extolling the handsome figure, the mettle, and docility of the animal. M'Gillivray returned in half an hour, saying, "the horse was all that could be wished if he could see with both eyes." "How do you know he does not see?" said the gentleman. "I have passed my hand over and over that side of his head (said he) and his eyelids never flinch, but on the other side they close instantly." The horse was found to be really blind of one eye, and a blind man was

LEWIS THE HOLY, Landgrave of Thuringia, once attended the fair of Eisenach, where a dealer in small wares attracted his notice. "Canst thou gain a subsistence by the sale of such trifling commodities?" asked the Landgrave. "Ah, Sir!" replied the Pedlar, "I am ashamed to beg, and am not strong enough for a day-labourer; I could, however, earn a livelihood by the profession I follow, though my whole stock is not worth more than five pence, if I had but a safe-conduct from one town to another." Lewis ordered the sum which he had mentioned to be paid him, and directed a letter of safe-conduct to be made out for him, promising to be responsible for all losses; but on condition of sharing the profits of his trade. The pedlar joyfully pursued his peregrinations to distant parts, and returned every new-year's day to exhibit his stock to the Landgrave. The latter selected from it such articles as he pleased, and clothed the dealer in the dress worn by the attendants of his court. The pedlar's business soon increased so much, that he found it necessary to purchase an ass. At length he ventured to take a journey to Venice, then the emporium of the commerce of Europe. From that city he returned with many foreign curiosities, which he exhibited by the way at the fair of Wurzburg. The sight of these attractive trinkets excited in some of the Francians a violent desire to possess them, as they would be such charming presents for their wives and mistresses. As, however, they had not money sufficient to buy them, they adopted an expedient common enough in those days, and when the pedlar was about to continue his journey, they seized his goods and his ass into the bargain. The poor man hastened to Warburg, and complained to the Landgrave of his mishap; Lewis laughed, desired him to be of good cheer, convoked his counts, lords, knights, and vassals for an expedition, and, accompanied by the pedlar proceeded to Wurzburg in quest of the ass, laying waste all before him. The bishop of Wurzburg at last dispatched a messenger to inquire the reason of such conduct. "I am seeking my ass," replied the landgrave, "which some of his people have taken away." The goods and the ass were immediately restored.

THE TUNISINES have a curious custom of fattening up their young ladies for marriage. A girl after she is betrothed is cooped up in a small room—shackles of silver and gold are put upon her ankles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a wife, the shackles which the former wore are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is fed, till they are filled up to their proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter, particularly if the former wife was fat, and the present should be of slender form. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a d'called *drough*, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant; with seed, and their national dish *cucuse*, the bride is literally crammed, and many die under the spoon.

THE FIRST evidence which the late A. CHERRY gave of his partiality for the Stage was subsequently to his seeing Mossop perform *Zanga*. Being apprenticed to Mr. Potts, the Bookseller, of Dublin, he of course had access to a variety of plays, and the next morning he sought for a copy of the *Revenge*, which he read with great avidity, and committed nearly the whole to memory. In the course of the day, Mr. Potts seeing a window in his Printing-office broken, enquired of Cherry if he knew who was the cause of it; the boy throwing himself into Mossop's attitude, with the characteristic extravagance of that actor's voice and manner, exclaimed

"Born for your use, I live but to oblige you;

"Know then—I was I."

and notwithstanding the burst of laughter with which his astonished master answered this heroic declaration and the concluding reprimand, he continued to cherish that devotion to the profession which supported him through all the hardships that attended the commencement of his theatrical career.

WHEN THE Vendean Peasants sought LAROCHE JACQUELIN to entreat him to be their Leader against the Revolutionists, the heroic reply by which he assented to their request is, perhaps, the finest specimen of laconic eloquence recorded in ancient or modern history:—"Friends!" said he, "if my Father were here you would have confidence in him; I am only a boy, but by my courage I will shew myself worthy of commanding you. If I advance, follow me! If I give way, kill me! If I die, revenge me!"

HIGHLAND DRESS.—Dr. Thomson says that most of his readers will be surprised to be informed that the philibeg or short kilt, so commonly worn in the highlands of Scotland, was not the original dress of these people. They originally wore a kind of tartan pantaloons, called *trows*. Mr. E. Rawlinson, an Englishman, who began an iron manufactory in Inverness-shire, about the year 1724, was the person who first introduced this kilt. The dress was found so convenient, that it was very soon generally adopted. See Culloden Papers, p. 103, or the Edinburgh Magazine for 1785, where the fact is stated, in a letter from Evan Baillie, of Oheriachan.

Little has hitherto been known of the Court of Prussia before the accession of Frederick the Great. The short character which Voltaire has drawn of the father of that monarch, places him in such an unfavourable point of view, that in reading it we are tempted to believe he spread not a little of the *caloris* over it, by which the writings of that author are in general more distinguished than for their truth. In this case, however, it appears he has been guilty of no exaggeration. We may fairly say, and it is certainly saying a great deal, that the ungoverned brutality exemplified in the conduct of the Prussian monarch, has not been equalled, and certainly not surpassed by that of any European despot of modern times, not even excepting Peter the Great of Russia.

The account which the Margravine of Bareith has given us of the court of her father, and of several of the contemporary German Courts, is both amusing and instructive. These Courts were then making an evident progress towards the ostentatious luxury which they exhibited at the period of the French revolution; but still great remains of the pristine uncouthness and barbarity were distinctly visible. Of the Nobility in the present day it would sound rather strange to say, *la plupart étoient galeux*, or to mention the *vermine dans leurs perruques*. We are glad, however, that the Margravine has not thought it beneath her to mention these minute circumstances, which he who wishes to draw a comparison between human nature at different periods knows how to appreciate.

The brutal treatment which Frederick the Great experienced from his father, may in a great measure have contributed to form in him that active and energetic character which falls to the lot of so few princes. His infancy and youth displayed nothing remarkable. His sister says, "he learned every thing with great difficulty, and it was expected that when grown up he would be more distinguished for good sense than for great abilities." He at one time shewed a taste for foppery and pleasure, which, had it been allowed a free course, might have, in him, as well as some other princes, extended beyond the age at which it can alone be justifiable; but the repeated severities and cruelties of his father seem to have operated at length a complete change in his character.

The Margravine tells us, her father "forced Frederick and herself to eat and drink things which they had an aversion for, or which disagreed with their constitution." What follows may perhaps be as well given in the original language:—"Ce qui nous obligeoit quelque fois de rendre, en sa presence, tout ce que nous avions dans le corps." Their diet was sometimes a broth, consisting of salt and water only; and it appears the Prussian monarch at no time allowed his family the luxury of a bellyful. Whenever Frederick met his father, he was sure to receive a regular caning from him, "ses caresses accoutumées de canne et de poing," but this was nothing to his occasional excesses.—"As I was entering one morning," said Frederick to his sister, "the King's room, he seized me immediately by the hair, and threw me down, when, after exercising the strength of his arms on my poor body, he dragged me, notwithstanding all my resistance, to the nearest window. There he intended to execute the office of one of the mutes of the seraglio on me, for he took the cord of the curtain and fastened it round my neck. Before, however, he could accomplish his purpose, I laid hold of both his hands and began to cry, and a servant came and rescued me from him." Frederick at length attempted to escape, but his plan was badly concerted, and his accomplice Katt and himself were speedily taken. The melancholy fate of poor Katt is well known; but Frederick was also sentenced to be beheaded, by a court martial, and the sentence would have been carried into execution, had it not been for the powerful intercession of all the foreign powers, and particularly the Emperor and the States-General. When Frederick was apprehended, the King asked him, "Why did you desert?" "Because," said the other, "you have never treated me like your son, but as a vile slave." "You are nothing but a cowardly and dishonourable deserter," replied the King. "I am as honourable as yourself," said the Prince, "and I have done nothing more than what you have a hundred times

told me you would have done yourself had you been in my place." At these words the King drew his sword, and would have stabbed him on the spot, had not General Mosel run immediately between them, and prevented him."

Such was the conduct of this brutal German despot, in the eighteenth century, towards his own family. When Peter the Great executed his son, however much we may blame him for his cruelty, there is something like respect due to his motives. He had the welfare and civilization of his barbarous subjects strongly at heart; his son evinced no abilities, and was addicted to the lowest vices; and he was convinced, that if he succeeded to the crown, all his plans for the good of Russia would be defeated. The cruelty of the Prussian is therefore the greater of the two, though an accident prevented him from being his son's executioner, as it seems to have been without the smallest justifiable motive.

Yet were we to judge of this man from his behaviour when he died, we should be induced to entertain a very favourable opinion of him. We are tempted to transcribe the account of it at some length:—

"At seven in the morning he gave orders to be drawn in a chair to the Queen's apartments, who was then asleep, and unacquainted with the extent of his illness. "Rise," said he, "I have but a few hours to live, and I wish to have at least the satisfaction of dying in your arms." He then went round to all my brothers, of whom he took an affectionate leave, with the exception of the Prince Royal, whom he ordered to accompany him to his apartment. On reaching it, he sent for the two Prime Ministers, the Prince of Anhalt, and all the Generals and Colonels then at Potsdam. After thanking them for their past services, and exhorting them to preserve the same fidelity towards the Prince Royal which they had displayed to himself, he went through the ceremony of abdication, and bequeathed all his authority to his son, to whom he made a very noble exhortation on the duties of Princes towards their subjects, recommending to him, in a particular manner, the care of the army and of the officers then present. Then turning towards the Prince of Anhalt, he said, "You are my oldest General, and you ought to have the best of my horses;" which was accordingly immediately delivered to him. Seeing the Prince Royal affected, he said, "It is the lot of man; we must all pay the tribute to Nature." The Queen, who had entered in the mean time, was scarcely a quarter of an hour in the room before he fainted away. He was shortly after restored to his senses. Looking round, and perceiving his domestics in the new dress he had ordered for them, he exclaimed, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." He then asked his first physician if his end was near, and on being told that he had yet a half hour to live, he demanded a mirror, and looking at himself in it, he said, smiling, "I am very much changed; I shall exhibit a very hideous appearance when dying."—On reiterating the same question to the physicians, and being told that a quarter of an hour had already elapsed, and that his pulse was mounting, "So much the better," said he, "I shall immediately return to nothing." Two clergymen were introduced for the purpose of praying with him, but he told them, "that he knew all they could say to him, and that they might withdraw. He expired at twelve o'clock."

In 1769, when the Emperor Joseph II. visited Cardinal Albani at his celebrated villa, near the Porta Princiiani, the astonished Prince praised it so excessively, that the Cardinal could do no less than "beseech his Majesty to accept of the trifling tribute." The extravagance of Roman generosity at first embarrassed the titular King of the Romans; but recollecting himself, Joseph restored the princely donation with the Royal compliment, "That he was not rich enough to make a suitable return."

COTTON MATHERS, so highly celebrated among the old Puritans, in one of his Sermons, says:—"A proud man is the Devil's chair of state, and a lazy man his cushion."

PARLIAMENTARY INFLUENCE.

The following letters, written in the fifteenth century, with a view to the direction of influence at Elections for Members of Parliament, will be considered as curious instances of the similarity of human transactions and motives in distant periods. Those who think too much upon the *degeneracy* of modern times, may find some consolation in them. They are extracted from Fenn's Collection of Letters, written during the reigns of Henry VI. Edward IV. and Richard III. The originals, it is well known, were deposited, for some time, in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. In our extracts we have modernized the orthography.

"TO MY RIGHT TRUSTY FRIEND JOHN CARENTON,
BAILIFF OF MALDON.

"Right Trusty Friend, I commend me to you, praying you to call to your mind, that like as you and I communed of, it were necessary for my Lady* and you all, her servants and tenants; to have, this Parliament, as for one of the Burgeesses of the town of *Maldon*, such a man of worship and of wit as were towards (*devoted to*) my said Lady; and also such one as is in favour of the King and of the Lords of his Council nigh about his person; certifying you, that my said Lady, for her part and such as be of her Council, be most agreeable, that both ye and all such as be her farmers and tenants and well-willers, should give your voices to a worshipful Knight, and one of my Lady's Council; Sir John Paston; which stands greatly in favour with my Lord Chamberlain; and what my said Lord Chamberlain may do with the King and with all the Lords of England I trow it be not unknown to you most of any one man alive. Wherefore, by the means of the said Sir John Paston to my said Lord Chamberlain, both my Lady and ye of the town could not have a meetter man to be for you in the Parliament, to have your needs sped at all seasons. Wherefore I pray you labour all such as be my Lady's servants, tenants, and well-willers, to give their voices to the said Sir John Paston, and that ye fail not to speed my Lady's intent in this matter, as ye intend to do her as great a pleasure, as if ye gave her an 100l. And God have you in his keeping. Written at Eshly, the 20th day of September, 1472.

"JAMES ARBLASTER."†

"TO MY RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BROTHER, SIR
JOHN PASTON, KNIGHT.

"Right Worshipful Sir, I recommend me to you, letting you weet, that your desire, as for the Knight of the Shire, was an impossible (*thing*) to be brought about: for my Lord of Norfolk and my Lord of Suffolk were agreed, more than a fortnight ago, to have Sir Robert Wyngfield and Sir Richard Harcourt; and that knew I not till Friday last past. I had sent, ere I went to Framlingham, to warn as many of your friends to be at Norwich, as this Monday, to serve your intent, as I could; but when I came to Framlingham, and knew the appointment that was taken for the two knights, I sent warning again to as many as I might, to tarry at home; and yet there came to Norwich this day as many as their costs drew to 9s. 14d. paid and reckoned by Peacock and R. Capron; and yet they did but break their fasts and departed; and I thanked them in your name, and told them, that ye would have no voice (*voting*) as this day, for ye supposed (*expected*) not to be in England when the Parliament should be; and so they came not at the Shire House, for if they had, it was thought by such as be your friends here, that your adversaries would have reported, that ye had made labour to have been one, and that ye could not bring your purpose about.

"I sent to Yarmouth, and they have promised also to Doctor Aleyn and John Ruffe to be (*Burgeesses*) more than three weeks ago.

"James Arblaster hath written a letter to the Bailiff of Maldon, in Essex, to have you a *Burgeess* there."

* Elizabeth Duchess of Norfolk.

† A Gentleman of fortune in the county of Norfolk.

The writer afterwards tell his brother, that, if he fail of being burges for Maldon, there are a dozen other places where he may come in if he "be friended;" and concludes with desiring of him for all this service "a *goss-bacok*, if any of

my Lord Chamberlain's men or your's go to Calais, or if any be to get in London." It would, perhaps, puzzle many a modern intriguer to shew more management than this writer did at Norwich. Although his brother had, as appears, the utmost eagerness to come into Parliament for any place whatsoever, he prevented all conjecture of such a wish, at the election, where he saw it was not likely to be gratified, and saved the consequence of his principal, by silently withdrawing his voters from the place.

A publican at Black Rock, near Dublin, sent the following challenge to a slater, who had struck his wife:—

"1st September, 1807.

"SIR—Be at the proposed ground—2d—on the morrow morn. at—5. Your more improper conduct, in that of abusing my wife, makes me send you this my challenge, desiring if you are not the most abject coward—to meet me at the hour of 5 of the clock—at Old Merion Church-yard, then and there to fight or beg pardon at the my option on your refusal to horse whip you as a coward and scoundrel.

"LAWRENCE DUFFY."

In the memorable siege of Porto Bello, by Admiral VERNON, after a bombardment of some days on the Castle of Boca Chica, commanding one side of the entrance of the harbour, a small breach was made, when a body of seamen were ordered to mount the breach, who, as soon as they landed, began their march with their usual impetuosity, and without order; upon which the officer who commanded, ordered them to *halt*; when a seaman humourously replied, "D—n it, Captain, don't let us *halt* before we are *crippled*!"

While Sir W. PARSONS was sitting at Bow-street, on Tuesday evening, he received the following curious epistle, from a *notorious character*, who had long been celebrated for his *skill* and *dexterity* in conveying *watches* and *money* from one pocket into another!—The letter and orthography are literally copied from the original:—

"GENT.

"I beg leave to inform you, that I am (with my wife) going to the Theatre, Covent-garden. I take this step in order to prevent any ill-founded malicious construction.—Trusting I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever ensure me the protection of the Magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect and attention,

"Your most-obedient, very humble servant,

"March 3.

"JOHN MACKCOULL."

DONALDSON, the Constable who attends at the Theatre, therefore, treated the apologist with proper attention; and MACKCOULL retired with his *cara sposa*, without attempting to *mill a wipe*, *queer a fitt*, or *draw a tattler*.

The following is copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from the superscription of a letter, which was lately put into the Post-office at Knutsford:—
"For Charles Moores Wood-street lives below the public ous on the same side in a entry and Firs Corn-Pieces in that shop, shop at the bottom of the street on the write and Manchester with speed and care I pray."

The effect of habit is not less powerful with nations than individuals, and hence originates national character. A Tartar Prince, with his wife and children and dependants, once took refuge at the Court of the late Empress of Russia, for protection against the insults of some of his more powerful neighbours. To the surprise of the whole Court they could not taste the butcher's meat of St. Petersburg, but had a horse occasionally killed for their own use.

At a late contested election at Southson, between Mr. B. E. and Mr. G. R. a waggoner belonging to the former, accosted a servant of the latter, while driving an ox team into the town:—
"Well, JOHN, I dear ze them oxen be to be rosted for your pearty to-day, beant them?"—
"Oh, yes," answered JOHN, "and the waggon is a gwine to be steawed for yourn."

A DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS;

OR,

DUALITY OF PERSON IN THE SAME INDIVIDUAL.

The Medical Repository furnishes the following singular article, communicated by Dr. Mitchell to the Rev. Dr. Nott, dated Jan. 1816:—

Where I was employed early in December, 1815, with several other gentlemen, in doing the duty of a visitor to the United States Military Academy at West Point, a very extraordinary case of *double consciousness*, in a woman, was related to me by one of the Professors. Major Ellicott, who so worthily occupies the mathematical chair in that seminary, vouched for the correctness of the following narrative, the subject of which is related to him by blood, and an inhabitant of one of the Western counties of Pennsylvania:—

Miss R— possessed naturally a very good constitution, and arrived at adult age without having it impaired by disease. She possessed an excellent capacity, and enjoyed fair opportunities to acquire knowledge. Besides the domestic arts and social attainments, she had improved her mind by reading and conversation, and was well versed in penmanship. Her memory was capacious, and stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly, and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking, she was discovered to have lost every trait of acquired knowledge. Her memory was *tabula rasa*—all vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated and gone. It was found necessary for her to learn every thing again. She even acquired, by new efforts, the arts of spelling, reading, writing, and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency. But, after a few months, another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it she found herself restored to the state she was before the first paroxysm; but was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards. The former condition of her existence she now calls the *old state*, and the latter the *new state*; and she is as unconscious of her *double character*, as two distinct persons are of their respective natures. For example, in her old state she possesses all her original knowledge; in her new state only what she acquired since. If a Gentleman or Lady be introduced to her in the old state, and *vice versa*, and so of all other matters, to know them satisfactorily she must learn them in both states. In the old state she possesses fine powers of penmanship; while in the new, she writes a poor and awkward hand, having not had time or means to become expert. During four years and upwards she has undergone periodical transitions from one of these states to the other. The alterations are always consequent upon a long and sound sleep. Both the lady and her family are now capable of conducting the affair without embarrassment. By simply knowing whether she is in the old or new state, they regulate the intercourse, and govern themselves accordingly. A history of her curious case is drawing up by the Rev. Timothy Aldin, of Meadville.—(*New York Paper.*)

LITERARY NECESSITY.—The Author of *Tristram Shandy*, told the following story of himself:—"I happened (said he) to be acquainted with a young man from Yorkshire, who rented a window in one of the paved alleys near Cornhill, London, for the sale of Stationary. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement with wafers:—

"Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms, Monograms, Epitaphs, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Epilogues, Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions, Memorials on every occasion, Essays on all subjects, Pamphlets for and against Ministers, with Sermons upon any Text, or for any Sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by
A. B. PHILOLOGER."

The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications, and at night I used privately to glide into the office to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which was directed always to be left with the memorandums, the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subject. Sterne soon became disgusted with this employment, and the moment he had realized a small sum of money, closed the scene.

HOAX.

The present inconvenient duty on jaunting cars has brought that mode of conveyance into general disrepute, and substituted a prudent taste for pedestrianism, which is daily becoming more and more fashionable. We may soon expect to see revived among our fair countrywomen, the good old comfortable pillion, so long exploded, and on which Queen Elizabeth was so often wont to recreate her royal person. A hearth collector, as we are informed, lately doing supervisor's duty in a large town in the south of Ireland, looked somewhat agnast to find that every car (of which 120 paid the preceding year) had disappeared, was put *hors de combat*, or disposed of in some way to escape the tax. The collector, who, it appears, had a dash of the wag about him, concerted a little plan to try the honesty of so many respectable persons denying their liability to the duty. In a newspaper printed in the town he published an advertisement to the following effect:—"Wanted immediately, a second-hand jaunting-car, with harness complete, and a strong steady horse, to suit a travelling family." Directions were added where to apply, and a fit person, properly instructed in the secret, was placed the following morning in a convenient apartment. The scheme succeeded to a miracle. Before ten o'clock the knocker was almost beaten through the door by successive crowds of visitors, every one of whom had an excellent car, very little run, which he had no particular objection to dispose of just now, on reasonable terms, the season was so unfavourable, and indeed his family was growing so much less, &c. &c.—The applicants were admitted one by one, and the pretended purchaser, after some preliminary civilities and inquiries, begged leave to take down their names and residences, promising to wait upon each in the course of the day to close the bargain, which he punctually did, bringing the supervisor, moreover, along with him, and introducing him to the disconcerted and astonished parties as the gentleman that advertised for the accommodation. This, as may well be conceived, produced a *dénouement* of the most risible description. The effect was altogether theatrical, and a scene of consternation and embarrassment ensued, to do justice to which would require the broad farcical delineation of a Foote, or the exquisite comic colouring of a Hogarth!—(*Erne Packet.*)

PLAYING CARDS.—Cards are mentioned as the diversion of the Scottish Court in 1501, before ours had an idea of them. They were called *quartes*, four sided things, in French, *cartes*. Charles the Sixth was the first we read of in Europe who made his amusement consist in arranging and disposing the four suits originally devised to represent the four classes or description of men, *hommes de choir*, viz. choir men, choir men, clergy, now called hearts. *Carreaux*, or piques or spades for the soldiery, and trefle, or trefoil, clubs for the agriculturists. These are green still in some packs of cards on the Continent, and as to the suit of diamonds, they have in Italy now, when playing taracco, the representation of a coin upon them. The king of hearts had a chorister's gown on his back, A. D. 1783, at Seville and Barcelona; but *l'as de picq*, as a good soldier, conquers in every game. The nine of diamonds had a reference to nine luckless merchants, combined for some discovering enterprize, about the time when all eyes were turned westward; it is called the curse of Scotland, from their failure. It is a well known vulgarity in England to say, "Come, Sir, will you have a stroke at the history of the four kings?" meaning, will you play a game at cards. Yet has this phrase a deep and rational meaning. These four kings represent the four great monarchies—

	Jews,	Greeks,	Romans,	Franks.
Under	David,	Alexander	Cæsar,	Charlemagne.
They lead the	Hearts,	Spades,	Clubs,	Diamonds.
four suits				
The Queens are	Esther,	Angine,	Pallas,	Judith.

The above names are yet on the packs of cards in France. Knaves are valets. Servetus Burn tells us, that in Saxon, *knafa*, or *knapha**, signifies a servant. The Spaniards, notwithstanding the trefle, call that suit bastos. Accordingly, we find the ace of clubs at ombre and quadrille, called basto. We, translating, thence say clubs; and the thing we call spades, is evidently a pike's head; but we do not mean a gardener's spade, we mean a sword, from the Spanish espado.

* It also signifies a youth.

Two travellers, ready to die with hunger and thirst, came to a churlish farmer's, begging some little matter to satisfy their stomachs. The mistress of the house, some servants and children, only were at home. "Good people," said the dame (who was as churlish as her husband), "it is but six miles to the next town, where you may get every thing you want, and we have neither bread nor victuals in the house." Said one of the travellers, "As for your bread and victuals, we want neither; can you only oblige us with a tolerable large flint stone?"—"What for?"—"To make us some soup."—"Oh, if that be all," said the ill-natured Jezebel, "there are flints enough in the yard; but who the dence told you that soup was made out of stones?"—"If you will have patience," said the traveller, "and only assist us with a little water, you shall see."—"How much water do you want?"—"About a gallon." The maid was immediately ordered to put it on the fire. The traveller then went into the yard, and having with great seeming circumspection picked up a stone, washed it as clear as possible, and as soon as the water boiled, soured it into the pot. After it had lain about a quarter of an hour he gets a spoon, and tasting it, calls the landlady.—"Here, Ma'am, only take a drop, has it not a most excellent flavour?"—"A flavour!" cries she, "the water is just as it was before." The other traveller now put in his word, "you have forgot to put in the pot-herbs."—"Faith, so I did," cried his comrade, "I thought it wanted something."—"Pr'ythee, good Dame, let us have a few pot-herbs out of the garden (and as the maid was going for them), bring also," added he, "a cabbage, some onions, and two or three carrots; I know I never failed of making soup out of a stone in my life."—"I'll be shot," says the farmer's wife, "if you'll make it now."—"You shall see. Come, let me have a little salt and pepper." He now seasoned the water, and after the garden stuff had boiled some time, he tasted the soup again, handing the spoon a second time to the farmer's wife, with, "How is it at present?"—"Why," said she, "it is something better; but you'll never make soup of it."—"Faith!" says he, smacking his lips, "I think it is excellent already: have you ever a bit of beef in the house?"—"I don't know but there is," said she, "about two or three pounds of a neck."—"Nothing better—let me have it directly, with half a dozen burnt crusts of bread." These ingredients were allowed like the rest. After a proper time he declared the soup was ready, and calling for a dish poured it out, the stone appearing in the middle. Every one tasted, and declared it was excellent. "Heaven bless you!" cried the farmer's wife, "let me have a receipt—my good man will be so pleased."—"Give me a piece of paper," said the traveller, "and I'll write it down for you;" which he did as follows:—

A Receipt to make Stone Soup—Take a large stone, put it into a sufficient quantity of boiling water; properly season it with pepper and salt; add three or four pounds of good beef, a handful of pot-herbs, some onions, a cabbage, and three or four carrots: when the soup is made, the stone may be thrown away.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—It has often been said that the Members of this Society are possessed from their youth of more than their share of acuteness. The following fact may serve in proof of this assertion:—Some time ago, Mr. ———, a most respectable iron-founder, of Birmingham, discovered that his son, a boy of five years of age, was accustomed to ask those Gentlemen who came to his house to give him money, and immediately extorted a promise from him, under a threat of correction, that he would not do so any more. The next day Mr. ———, his father's partner, called, and the boy evaded a breach of his promise by saying, "Friend F. do thee know any one who would lend me a penny, and not require it of me again?"

COPY OF A NOTE SENT TO THE CLERK OF A PARISH CHURCH IN GLOUCESTER.—"Mister my wief is ded, and wants to be berrid, dig a g-iefe for her, and she shall come and be berrid to morrer at wonner clock. You knows were to dig it, close by my urther wief; but let it be dip."

The following is the composition of Col. Crowe, a veteran Officer, who served under the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards retired to his estate in Ireland:—

Whereas I, Colonel Thomas Crowe, have been well and truly informed, that several vile, atrocious, night-walking, garden-robbling (1), premature peach-stealing, poaching rascals, all the spawn of whores, thieves, and cubs of hell, do frequently, villainously, diabolically, surreptitiously, and burglariously assemble themselves in and upon my boats (2) in the river Tullamore, therein boating, piping, plunging, fighting, cursing, swearing, blaspheming, sabbath-breaking, fornicating, whoremongering, cat and bowl, duck-hunting, with many other shameless enormities and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen cannot express:

This is, therefore, to give you all notice, reptiles, rogues, ruffians, raggamuffins, poltroons, whoremongers, adulterers, spindleshank, lank-jawed, herring-gutted plebeians, that if you, or any of you, dare to set foot in my boats, or any part of my property whatsoever, I will send my myrmidons (3) like Tritons, who shall assail you in the deep, and plunge you into the great abyss called Hell's-hole; then will I consign you to *Charon*, who shall ferry you over *Styx*, and deliver you to the Arch-devil *Lucifer*, at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be roasted with the bitumen of *Vesuvius*, to be drudged with the sulphur of *Caucasus*, and to be roasted eternally before the ever-burning embers of *Ætna*:

Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! *Darians* (4), *Delacarians*, *Cappercarians*, and *Tullamorians*, base-born, scoundrel rascals, of whatsoever nation ye be, return me my bogsticks (5), or, by the gods, the immortal gods, I swear, I will send my man *Jacob* (6) to *Babylon* for blood-hounds fiercer than tigers; with them, when I am mounted on my famous horse *Rat-tail* (7), I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, until I centre you in my *Newfoundland* (8), where the Devil himself shall not find you; then will I mount my *Gazebo* (9), and, in the height of my wrath, to the gods I shall declare what rascals ye have been.

(1) He had a fine garden, walled with peach-trees, which were frequently stolen by the school-boys, and others of the town of Tullamore,

(2) These were boats he had on the river for conveying turf from a distant part of the country; these boats were generally moored in a broad part of the river, where a man named *Hull* had been drowned when bathing, from whence it was called *Hull's-hole*.

(3) Old soldiers, which he retained about his person, often walking before him with halberts, and other implements of war.

(4) *Darians* is derived from a neighbouring village called *Durrow*; *Delacarians* from another, *Dallylough*, through which the boats passed up the river; *Cappercarians*, from a place called *Capponcur*.

(5) There are very large pieces of timber found in the bottom of the pits, out of which the turf has been dug, at the distance of eighteen feet deep. This timber is often from 9 to 12 feet in circumference, and 60 feet in length.

(6) *Jacob* was his old and faithful servant, who had been wounded with his master in the German wars.

(7) *Rat-tail* was the name he gave to his military charger (whose tail was without hairs). On this horse he was generally mounted upon market-days, parading the streets with his halbert-men preceding him, to the terror of the timorous country people.

(8) *Newfoundland* was an island of five or six acres, on which he built a temple, decorated with statues, &c. &c. and paved with horses' teeth.

(9) The *Gazebo* was a large glass turret, which he had erected upon the top of his house commanding a view of the entire town—from this place he often harangued the populace.

ACADEMIC WIT.—A young *Freshman*, at Cambridge, was informed by some of his acquaintance, that his tutor had said, "Nature herself detested him." This so operated upon his mind that he wrote home to his father, to beg he might be removed from College: on which his father addressed the tutor on the subject, and the young gentleman who had used the expression was desired to say what he meant by it, and why he charged his tutor with such an expression. "Sir," replied the student, "I only used your own words: you said, 'Nature abhorred a vacuum,' and I thought you must mean Mr. ———."

BON MOR.—A Country Gentleman, of the name of *Pepper*, having informed a Noble and Learned Amateur, in the sports of the field, that he had a very hot and lively horse, which had *flung* him in the course of a chase, on the preceding day, a conversation ensued on the qualities of the animal. In reply to a question from the venerable Judge as to the name of the horse, the Gentleman stated, that he had not yet given it any name, and was at a loss to select one for him. "A name, a name!" said Lord N. "why, Sir, you should call him, '*Pepper-Caster*'!"

A N E C D O T E S.

[From Sir John Hawkins's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.]

Of Lord Chesterfield.

HIS dissimulation, deep and refined as it was, did not lead him to profess any sincere regard to virtue or religion; the grosser immoralities he affects to speak of with abhorrence; but such as might be practised without the loss of health and reputation he seemed to think there was no law against. He was, therefore, if secret, vain in his amours; and though, setting aside his mien, his person had little to recommend it, for he was low of stature, had coarse features, and a cadaverous complexion*, his confidence in the prosecution of them was such as exposed him to greater risks of personal safety than most men would choose to run, and of this I shall now produce an instance.

A lady of high quality, and a relation of one who had the story from her own mouth, and told it me, having been married some few years, but never having bore her lord a child, was surprised one morning by a visit from Lord Chesterfield, whom she had frequently seen and conversed with at Court. After the usual compliments had passed, his Lordship in that easy, gay style, which he so strongly recommends to his son, gave her to understand, that he should be happy to form such a connection with her ladyship as it was more than probable might give being to an heir to the honours and possessions of that noble family into which she had matched. I will not attempt to describe the indignation which the lady felt at such an unexampled instance of impudence as the proposal indicated. She rose from her chair, and with all the dignity of insulted modesty, commanded this well-bred lover, this minion of the Graces, to quit her house, with this menace: "Think yourself well off, my Lord, that for this affront I do not order my servants to push you headlong out of doors."

Of Goldsmith, Sir John H. relates some pleasant stories.

Goldsmith would frequently preface a story thus: "I'll now tell you a story of myself, which some people laugh at, and some do not."

At the breaking up of an evening at a tavern, he entreated the company to sit down, and told them if they would call for another bottle, they should hear one of his *bon mots*—they agreed, and he began thus;—"I was once told that Sheridan the player, in order to improve himself in stage gestures, had looking-glasses to the number of ten, hung about his room, and that he practised before them; upon which I said, then there were ten ugly fellows together."—The company were all silent; he asked them why they did not laugh? which they not doing, he, without tasting the wine, left the room in anger.

He once complained to a friend in these words: "Mr. Martinelli is a rude man: I said, in his hearing, that were no good writers among the Italians, and he said to one that sat near him, that I was very ignorant." Mr. Martinelli is an Italian.

"People," said he, "are greatly mistaken in me; a notion goes about, that when I am silent, I mean to be impudent; but I assure you, gentlemen, my silence arises from bashfulness."

While I was writing my History of Music, he, at the club, communicated to me some curious matter: I desired he would reduce it to writing; he promised me he would, and desired to see me at his chambers; I called on him there; he stepped into a closet, and *tore out of a printed book six leaves*, that contained what he had mentioned to me.

As Goldsmith wrote for the booksellers, the literary club looked on him as a mere drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original, and still less of poetical composition: he had, nevertheless, unknown to them, written and addressed to the Countess, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland, one of the finest Poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boast of; the Ballad "Turn gentle Hermit of the Dale;" and surprised them with "The Traveller," a Poem that contains some particulars of his own history. Johnson was supposed to have assisted

* He was also long visaged, and long necked, but from the shoulders to the waist very short; which a Wit once observing, said, he was a Giant cut down, alluding to the practice of cutting down ships of war—*under* them more active.

him in it; but he contributed to the perfection of it only four lines; his opinion of it was, that it was the best written poem since the time of Pope. The favourable reception which this Essay of his poetical talent met with, soon after tempted Goldsmith to the publication of his "Deserted Village," the merits whereof, consisting in local particularities and beautiful descriptions of rural manners, are sufficiently known.

His poems are replete with fine moral sentiments and bespeak a great dignity of mind; yet he had no sense of the shame, nor dread of the evils of poverty. In the latter, he was at one time so involved, that for the clamours of a woman, to whom he was indebted for lodging, and for bailiffs that waited to arrest him, he was equally unable, till he had made himself drunk, to stay within doors, or go abroad to hawk among the booksellers his "Vicar of Wakefield." In this distress he sent for Johnson, who immediately went to one of them, and brought back money for his relief.

In his dealings with the booksellers, he is said to have acted very dishonestly, never fulfilling his engagements. In one year he got of them, and by his plays, the sum of 1800l. which he dissipated by gaming and extravagance, and died poor in 1774.

There are certain memoirs of him extant, from which we learn, that his inclinations, co-operating with his fortunes which were but scanty, led him into a course of life little differing from vagrancy, that deprived him of the benefits of regular study; it however gratified his humour, stored his mind with ideas and some knowledge, which, when he became settled, he improved by various reading; yet, to all the graces of urbanity he was a stranger.—With the greatest pretensions to polished manners, he was rude, and, when he most meant the contrary, absurd. He affected Johnson's style and manner of conversation, and, when he had uttered, as he often would, a laboured sentence, so timid as to be scarce intelligible, would ask if that was not truly Johnsonian; yet he loved not Johnson, but rather envied him for his parts; and once entreated a friend to desist from praising him, "for in doing so (said he), you harrow up my very soul." He had some wit, but no humour, and never told a story but he spoiled it.

He was used to say he could play on the German flute as well as most men; at other times, as well as any man living—but, in truth, he understood not the character in which music is written, and played on that instrument, as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and minding to put a trick on him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as, also, that himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and scored thereon a few five-lined staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces, as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who looking over it with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.

He was buried in the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, and the inscription on his monument was written by Johnson. This, Sir John says, he is able to assert with certainty, as Johnson showed it to him in manuscript.

Of George II.—I recollect a saying of his, which, for the elegance of it, deserves to be remembered. In the rebellion in 1745, Mr. Thornton, a Yorkshire gentleman, raised at his own expence a body of horse; and, though but newly married to a beautiful young woman, headed it, and joined the King's army. After the defeat at Culloden, he with his wife went to Court, where being seen by the King, who had noticed Mrs. Thornton, he was thus accosted by the Monarch: "Mr. Thornton, I have been told of the services you have rendered to your country, and your attachment to me and my family, and have held myself obliged to you for both; but I was never able to estimate the degree of the obligation, till now that I see the lady whom you left behind you."

Sir John confirms the account of the interview between his present Majesty and Johnson at the library in the Queen's house; when the King asked Johnson, if he intended to give the world any more of his compositions? Johnson answered, he believed he should not, for that he thought he had written enough: "I should have thought so too," replied his Majesty, "if you had not written so well."

A *congé d'elire*, said a gentleman, has not the force of a positive command, but implies only a strong recommendation, Yes, replied Johnson, who overheard him, just such a recommendation, as if I should throw you out of a three pair of stairs window, and recommend you to fall to the ground.

When Bolingbroke died, and bequeathed the publication of his works to Mallet, Johnson observed—His Lordship has loaded a blunderbuss against religion, and has left a scoundrel to pull the trigger.

Of a Member of Parliament, who, after having harangued for some hours in the House of Commons, came into a company where Johnson was, and endeavoured to talk him down; he said, This man has a pulse in his tongue.

Johnson thought very well of Lord Kaim's Elements of Criticism; of other of his writings he thought very indifferently, and laughed much at his opinion, that war was a good thing occasionally, as so much valour and virtue were exhibited in it. A fire, says Johnson, might as well be thought a good thing; there is the bravery and address of the firemen in extinguishing it; there is much humanity exerted in saving the lives and properties of the poor sufferers; yet, says he, after all this, who can say that fire is a good thing?

To one who wished him to drink some wine and be jolly, adding,—you know, Sir, *in vino veritas*; Sir, answered Johnson, this is a good recommendation to a man who is apt to lie when sober.

A Scotsman, upon his introduction to Johnson, said,—I am afraid, Sir, you will not like me, I have the misfortune to come from Scotland.—Sir, answered he, that is a misfortune; but such a one as you, and the rest of your countrymen, cannot help.

He thought the happiest life was that of a man of business, with some literary pursuits for his amusements; and that, in general, no one could be virtuous or happy, that was not completely engaged.

He advised Mrs. Siddons to play the part of Queen Catharine in Henry VIII. and said of her, that she appeared to him to be one of the few persons that the two great corrupters of mankind, MONEY and REPUTATION, had not spoiled.

Johnson thought Cato the best model of tragedy we had; yet he used to say, of all things, the most ridiculous would be to see a girl cry at the representation of it.

He used to say, that a man who rode out for an appetite, consulted but little the dignity of human nature.

The Duke of —, once said to Johnson, that every religion had a certain degree of morality in it: aye, my Lord, answered he, but the Christian religion alone puts it upon its proper basis.

Sir John Hawkins having occasion to mention what Garrick said of Dr. Johnson's criticisms on Shakespeare—"All that Johnson writes comes from his head; Shakespeare, when he sat down to write, dipped his pen into his own heart"—adds the following anecdote in a note:

The recollection of this just and forcible expression which Garrick uttered to me, induces me to relate a transaction, that may serve to prove, how deeply Shakespeare was skilled in the science of human nature, and that his imagination could suggest sentiments and language suitable to character and situations, with which he could not be supposed ever to have been conversant. No one thinks that he had ever been a witness to such a scene as that in Macbeth, where the lady, who had excited her husband to the murder of the King, is herself restrained from the perpetration of it by the sole reflection, that in his sleep he resembled her father; yet, see how wonderfully his representation of it accords with the workings of nature:

A few years since, and while I was Chairman of the quarter sessions for the county of Middlesex, an indictment came before me for trial at Hicks's-hall, the ground whereof was the following case:—A vessel, moored by a

hawser, or cable rope, was lying in the Thames near Wapping, at a time when a barge was driving up the River with so strong a tide, that the men on board her were in great danger of running, as they called it, athwart the hawser, and of oversetting. To prevent this mischief a young active man, who guided the barge, leaped into the vessel, a liberty in such cases always allowed, and loosening the end of the hawser from what it was tied to, let it drop. The man on board the vessel, ignorant perhaps of the usage, opposed the young man in his attempt, and a fray ensued, in which, provoked to resistance, he seized a handspike, and with it knocked one of the sailors down. The noise of this scuffle drew up the master, a person advanced in years, who all the while was under deck, and he being told what passed, asked the stranger what he meant by knocking his man down—"I did it," answered he, "in my own defence; and if you had been in his place, and your old grey locks had not put me in mind of my own father, I would have knocked you down too."—The very sentiment that restrained Lady Macbeth from the murder of Duncan.

—"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't."

ANECDOTES.

[From Sir John Hawkins's Life of Dr. Johnson.]

A VERY sagacious and experienced citizen, Mr. Selwin, who formerly was a candidate for the office of Chamberlain, and missed it only by seven votes out of near 7000, told me the following story:—He was once requested by a man under sentence of death in Newgate, to come and see him in his cell, and, in pure humanity, he made him a visit. The man briefly informed him, that he had been tried and convicted of felony, and was in daily expectation of the arrival of the warrant for his execution; but, said he, I have 200l. and you are a man of character, and had the Court-interest when you stood for Chamberlain; I should therefore hope it is in your power to get me off. Mr. Selwin was struck with so strange an application; and, to account for it, asked if there were any alleviating circumstances in his case? The man peevishly answered, No; but that he had enquired into the history of the place where he was, and could not find that any one who had 200l. was ever hanged. Mr. Selwin told him, it was out of his power to help him, and bade him farewell,—which, (added he) he did; for he found means to escape punishment.

The following is Sir John Hawkins's opinion of the celebrated Sterne and his writings:

"Laurence Sterne, a Clergyman, and a Dignitary of the Cathedral Church of York, was remarkable for a wild and eccentric genius, resembling, in many respects, that of Rabelais. The work that made him first known as a writer was, 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy,' a whimsical rhapsody, but abounding in wit and humour of the licentious kind. He too was a Sentimentalist, and wrote Sentimental Journeys, and Sentimental Letters in abundance, by which both he and the booksellers got considerably. Of the Writers of this class or sect it may be observed, that being in general men of loose principles, bad economists, living without foresight, it is their endeavour to commute for their failings by professions of greater love to mankind, more tender affections, and finer feelings, than they will allow men of more regular lives, whom they deem formalists, to possess. Their generous notions supersede all obligation; they are a law to themselves, and having good hearts, and abounding in the milk of human kindness, are above those considerations that bind men to that rule of conduct which is founded in a sense of duty."

Anecdote.—A lady of fashion lately complimenting the King of Prussia in such high terms, that his Prussian Majesty was rather disgusted at it, and saying, among other things, that he was covered with glory, was the peace-maker of Europe, and, in short, the greatest monarch and man on earth. "Madam, replied the King, you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable; in short, you possess all the amiable quantities—but you paint."

PARODY OF A CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION PAPER.

[The following *jeu d'Esprit* is written with perfect good-humour, and we have no doubt will excite nothing but corresponding good-humour even in the persons against whom it is principally levelled. Every Cambridge man, who has undergone the ordeal of an examination for an university scholarship, will, we think, find amusement in reading this Parody of the usual style of the Papers of Questions.]

UTOPIA UNIVERSITY, UNDECEMBER 9657.

1. Give a comparative sketch of the principal English Theatres, with the dates of their erection, and the names of the most eminent Candle-snuffers at each? What were the Stage-boxes? What were the Offices of Prompter—Ballet-master—and Scene-shifter? In what part of the Theatre was the one-shilling Gallery? Distinguish accurately between Operas and Puppet-shews.

2. Where was Downing-street? Who was Prime Minister when Crib defeated Molineux—and where did the battle take place? Explain the terms milling—fibbing—cross buttock—neck and crop—bang up—and—prime.

3. Give the dates of all the Parliaments from their first institution to the period of the hard frost on the Thames. In what month of what year was Mr. Abbot elected Speaker? Why was he called "*the little man in the wig*"? When the Speaker was out of the chair, where was the mace put?

4. Enumerate the principal houses of call in and about London, marking those of the Taylors, Bricklayers, and Shoemakers, and stating from what Brewery each house was supplied with Brown Stout. Who was the tutelary Saint of the Shoemakers? At what time was his feast celebrated? Who was Saint Swithin? Do you remember any remarkable English proverb respecting him?

5. Give a ground plan of Gilead House. Mention the leading topics of the Guide to Health, with some account of the Anti-Impetigines—Daffy's Elixir—Blaine's Distemper Powders, Ching's Worm Lozenges—and Hooper's Female Pills.

6. Give characters of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Sir Francis Burdett. Did the latter return from the Tower by water or land? On what occasion did Mr. Lethbridge's "*hair stand on ind*"? Correct the solecism, and give the reason of your alteration.

7. Enumerate the roads on which double toll was taken on Sundays. Did this custom extend to Christmas Day and Good Friday? Who was toll-taker at Tyburn, when Mrs. Brownrigg was executed?

8. Distinguish accurately between Sculls and Oars—Boat, and Punt—Jack-ass, and Donkey—Gauger, Exciseman, and Supervisor—Pantaloon, Trowsers, Gaiters, and Over-alls—At what place of education were any of these forbidden? Which? and Why?

9. Express the following words in the Lancashire, Derbyshire, London, and Exmoor dialects—Bacon—Poker—Yon—I—Doctor—and Turnpike-gate.

10. Mention the principal Coach Inns in London, with a correct list of the Coaches which set out from the Bolt-in-Tun. Where were the chief stands of Hackney Coaches?—and what was the No. of that in which the Princess Charlotte drove to Connaught House? To what stand do you suppose this removed after it set her down?

11. Give a succinct account, with dates, of the following persons—Belcher—Mr. Waithman—Major Cartwright—Martin Van Butchell—and Edmund Henry Barker.

12. Draw a Map of the Thames with the surrounding country, marking particularly Wapping, Blackwall, Richmond, and the Isle of Dogs. Distinguish between Newcastle on Tyne, and Newcastle under Line—Gloucester and Double Gloucester—and the two Richmonds. What celebrated Teacher flourished at one of them?—and who were his most eminent Disciples?

13. What were the various sorts of paper in use amongst the English? To what purpose was *whited-brown* chiefly applied? What was size? Distinguish between this and College Sizings, and state the ordinary expense of papering a room.

14. "For every one knows little *Matt's* an M. P." Frag. Com. Inc. ap. Morn. Chron. vol. 59, p. 1624.

What reasons can you assign for the general knowledge of this fact? Detail, at length, the ceremony of chairing a Member. What were the *Hurstings*? Who paid for them? Explain the abbreviations—*Matt.*—*M. P.*—*Tom.*—*Dick.*—*F. R. S.*—*L. L. D.*—and *A. S. S.*

15. What was the distinguishing title of the Mayors of London? Did any other city share the honour? Give a list of the Mayors of London from Sir Richard Whittington to Sir William Curtis, with an account of the Cat of the first, and the Weight of the last. What is meant by Lord Mayor's day? Describe the *Apothecaries' Barge*, and give some account of Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

16. When was Spyring and Marsden's Lemon Acid invented? Distinguish between this and Essential Salt of Lemons. Enumerate the principal Patentees, especially those of Liquid Blacking.

17. Scan the following Lines—

But for-shaving and tooth-drawing,

Bleeding, cabbaging and sawing,

Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man!

What is known of the character and history of Dicky Gossip?

Previous to the restoration of Charles II. no woman was admitted on the stage, but the female characters were disgustingly performed by young men of the *Corps Dramatique*, in female costume, which a youthful actor, whose name was Kynaston, is said, in the theatrical records, then to have worn with the greatest *eclat*. The following anecdote, related by Colley Cibber, will give a tolerable idea of the ridiculous distress which occasionally arose from the absence of the now most attractive ornaments of the Theatre.—"The King coming to the House rather before the usual time, found the *Dramatis Personæ* not ready to appear, when his Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent one of his attendants to learn the cause of the delay. The manager, (then termed Master) knowing that the best excuse he could make to the merry Monarch, would be the truth, went to the Royal Box, and plainly told his Majesty, that "*the Queen was not yet shaved*!"—Charles graciously accepted the apology, and laughed heartily, until the male Queen was *effeminated*, and the curtain drew up.

Many years ago, at Lord LYTTLETON's seat, at Hagley, there was a point of civility mooted betwixt a *Musician* and a *Dancing-master*, which should first go down to dinner, on which Captain O'BEIRNE said to another Gentleman, "Do you kick one of them down stairs, and I'll kick the other; but, that we may not affront them, let us kick them together."

To the following circumstance is England indebted for that useful institution of the Coroner's Inquest, and probably its recital may prove gratifying to our numerous readers, at a time when Coroner's verdicts are become so frequent:—

A Gentlewoman in London, after having buried six husbands, found a Gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual, a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their drunkenness and infidelity. With a view of knowing the real character of his mate, the Gentleman began frequently to absent himself, and return at late hours, apparently intoxicated. At first reproaches, but afterwards menaces were the consequences of this conduct. The Gentleman persisted, and seemed to become every day more and more addicted to his bottle. One evening when she imagined him quite drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and having melted it, approached her husband (who pretended to be asleep), in order to pour it into his ear, with a tobacco-pipe. Convinced of her wickedness, the Gentleman started up and seized her; when, having procured assistance, he secured her until morning, and conducted her before a Magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and as the marks of violence was still discernible upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed.

CATALOGUE

OF THE SCARCE AND VALUABLE BOOKS OF THE
LIBRARY OF THE LATE COMTE DE M'CARTHY
REAGH.*

(Extracted from the *Journal des Debats* of the 3d of
December, 1815.)

NEW Works are more willingly perused by a
lover of Books, than a Catalogue of Books—in it
he always learns something new, on a subject he is fond
of: he meets again, with pleasure, what he knew before:
he is filled with admiration and wonder at the sight of
this prodigious number of useful, important, sublime or
singular, strange and ridiculous, objects upon which the
human mind has exercised itself—he has, no doubt,
himself a Library, more or less extensive. Should some
of those rare and precious Books mentioned in the Cata-
logue be found in his own Cabinet, he is delighted: he
hopes, even that his copy may be finer, in better preser-
vation, and may have wider margins; and this is a real en-
joyment. On the other hand, should his eye glance on the
title of a scarce and curious Book he has not yet the hap-
piness of knowing, he resolves to look for it, to buy it, if
possible, or, if his means and fortune are inadequate to the
high price at which it sells, to obtain the reading, or at least
a sight of it; for it is already no small advantage to have
seen and handled a rare and valuable Book.—Besides, a
good Catalogue gives, of itself, a superficial, and often a
sufficient knowledge of most of those Books, which, on ac-
count of their enormous price, and extreme scarcity, are
often beyond the reach of the wealthiest Amateurs. Such a
Catalogue describes them exactly as to their size and shape;
gives an abridged statement of the most singular and im-
portant things they contain; teaches us their revolutions,
their vicissitudes, their movements; through what hands
they have passed, and at what price they were acquired:
details appertaining to Literary and Bibliographical History.
It is not then an idle curiosity that is gratified by purchas-
ing a Catalogue—real instruction is obtained: but in order
to secure this double object, two conditions are necessary—
1st. That it be the Catalogue of a large and rich Library—
2d. That it be composed by a skilful Bibliographer—both
which conditions are perfectly united in the Catalogue of the
magnificent Library of the late Comte de M'Carthy, edited by
Messieurs Debare.

In the last century there sprung up in France a noble
emulation, as to who should bring together the rarest and
most precious collection of Manuscripts and Book, between
some Noblemen of high rank, some wealthy Commoners, and
even some literary individuals, who sought to enrich them-
selves by that means, and made of it a sort of speculation.
In this manner were founded several Libraries, which be-
came famous, not only in France but in Europe; five
or six were distinguished amongst the rest, but above all,
two unrivalled ones rose with uncontested superiority, those
of the Duc de la Valliere, and of the Comte de M'Carthy,
the first more extensive, the second containing perhaps more
of those scarce articles, which constitute the principal riches
of the richest Libraries. This fine and noble emulation is
very ancient amongst the Amateurs of Books. We read in
Ancient History, that it took place formerly between the
founders of the oldest Libraries, of which any records are
preserved. The Ptolomai had formed a splendid Library at
Alexandria. Eumenes and Attalus, Kings of Bithynia, en-
deavoured to rival them, by enriching Pergames with an
institution no less magnificent. The Kings of Egypt, unit-
ing to that laudable passion for Books and Literature that

jealousy which seems almost inseparable from it, and that
exclusive taste which makes a man happy, not in what he
possesses, but in what he possesses alone, resolved to im-
pede the generous designs of the Kings of Bithynia; they
prohibited the exportation of paper, and of the papyrus of
which it was manufactured, and which grew in their domi-
nions. Deprived of this means of getting Manuscripts cop-
ied and multiplied, the inventors of the parchment long called *pergamenum*, from its place
its origin. Precious invention! to which we are indebted
for the preservation of so many manuscripts, of so many
masterpieces of Antiquity, which, on a perishable paper
could not have withstood so many transigrations and re-
movals, the injury of time, the ravages of ages. Soon after-
wards, a new discovery added much to the beauty of manu-
scripts, and the splendour of Libraries, it is that of *vellum*,
or vellum skin, which no one should confound with *vellum*
paper.

At the origin of the Art of Printing, and even since, the
greatest magnificence has been to print upon that kind of
vellum; and the principal richness of a Library consists in
containing a number of Manuscripts, a number of Books,
written, or printed, upon those beautiful skins, so thin, so
smooth, and so durable.—There is no private Library in
Europe that possesses so large a number of them as that of
the late Comte M'Carthy. We find, by the Catalogue, that
it contains no less than *six hundred and two* Works, mak-
ing up *eight hundred and twenty-six* volumes, printed upon
this scarce and valuable material. Numerous and rich as it
was, the Library of the Duc de la Valliere was far from
possessing so many. Another magnificence of the most
celebrated Literary Cabinets, is to contain a great number
of those Editions which came out of the presses of the first
Inventors of the Art of Printing, or of their imitators and
successors, known by the name of *Editions Principes*, of
those beautiful Works of Antiquity to which the first Printers
hastened to apply the new wonder of their art, at Mantz, at
Venice, at Rome, at Florence, and at Paris. In this respect,
it is not only over the finest private collections that Comte
M'Carthy's Library had the superiority, but over the richest
Libraries in Europe, our own King's Library alone excepted.

All the branches that constitute the richest and most com-
plete Libraries; that is to say, all the objects upon which
the human mind has been exercised; Theology, Jurispru-
dence, Medicine, Philosophy, Sciences, Arts, Antiquities,
Belles Lettres, Ancient, Modern, French, and Foreign Lite-
rature; Sacred and Profane, National and Foreign History,
Natural History, &c. are found united in the Cabinet of the
late Comte de M'Carthy, at least in whatever they offer as
most curious and exquisite. Whatever renders a Book
curious and valuable—the importance of the Contents—the
great name of the Author—its extreme scarcity—the
antiquity or beauty of the Edition—the great size of the
Paper and the Margins—the richness of the ornaments
in gold, or colours, with which the most famous Transcriber
and the most celebrated Printers embellished the Manu-
scripts and the Books printed on Vellum, was the constant
object of the researches of Comte M'Carthy, and very
seldom escaped him. He was desirous that his Books
should, to all those advantages, join that of perfect pre-
servation, so difficult, after the many ages numbers of them
must have passed through. He has been known to purchase,
at an enormous price, two copies of an old Edition, in order
to take out of one a few leaves, well preserved, to put in
the place of the corresponding leaves that were damaged in
the other. In this way, of a copy already very scarce, he
formed one truly matchless; the splendour of the bindings
answered to the magnificence of the Books. He kept con-
stantly residing in his hotel at Toulouse, a skilful English
Binder, and employed, notwithstanding, the cleverest Book-
binders of Paris. It was by this refinement of elegance
that the Bible, known by the name of the *Polyptot* of Car-
dinal Ximenes, acquired an additional value since he pos-
sessed it, and yet it had cost him no less than 12,000 francs
before receiving these new embellishments.

Such is the splendid Literary Cabinet, which Comte
M'Carthy's Sons, capable as they are of appreciating both
its value and its loss, find themselves obliged to dispose
of; they announce the Sale of it to Europe at large, for all
Learned Europe is interested in it. Shall the public and
private misfortunes of France cause this precious collection
to be taken away from us, and transported to foreign coun-
tries? The loss, indeed, would be irreparable—but if it
must be so, it would, at least, be very desirable that the
whole should be purchased by some Sovereign, some Corpora-
tion, or some individual, if any can be found with wealth
and taste enough for such an acquisition. Our first wish is,
that it may remain in France; our next, that it may not be
scattered. It is true it would then suffice to enrich a num-
ber of public and private Libraries; but one feels how much
it acquires of interest, importance, and value, by being
kept entire. Let those who would not be sufficiently sen-
sible of the evil of dispersing this magnificent assemblage
of Books, read the bitter regrets of Bayle, at seeing the
Library of the Minister Ancillon, sold, plundered, and
scattered; and yet, what a difference between the Library of
Comte de M'Carthy had formed at Toulouse, with a con-
siderable fortune, and a true and constant passion for Books,
and that collected at Mentz by the Minister Ancillon, with
a limited income, and at a time when Bibliographical Science
was so far from the perfection and increase it has acquired in
our days.

—This circum-
stance reminds us of a story often referred to by the
late Lord ALVANLEY. A Juror stood in a similar
position of obstinacy with the individual alluded to,
and, after a *fasting contest*, obtained his point. In
this person, the Judge recognised a man whom he
had repeatedly seen upon the same duty at different
assizes in the same court—and who had uniformly
hatted his own stomach, against his fellow jurors,
in support of his own opinion. His Lordship took
occasion, therefore, to ask the man how it happened
that when he was on the Jury, there had always
been such a delay in returning the verdict?
“Why, please your Lordship,” said the juror, “it
has always been my misfortune to have to serve
with eleven most obstinate fellows.”

The first time that Lord North paid a visit to Oxford,
after his election as Chancellor of that University, the Rev.
Mr. J. preached before him at Christ Church from the 6th
verse of the 75th Psalm—“*Promotion cometh neither from
the East, nor the West, nor from the South.*”

At the late Sessions for Kells, in Ireland, four pri-
soners were tried for a riot and assault on Bernard
Trainor, when the following singular examination of the
prosecutor by the prisoners' Counsel took place—

Q. Pray Sir, is this your first appearance on this stage?—
A. No, Sir.
Q. How often have you been in a Court of Justice before?—
A. About four times.
Q. How many Juries gave credit to your testimony?—A. They
generally leaned to the side of mercy.
Q. That is, they acquitted the prisoners?—A. Exactly so.
Q. Pray, Sir, were you ever tried?—A. For a trifle, nothing
worth mentioning.
Q. Did the Jury, in your case, lean to the side of mercy?—
—A. No, the reverse; they condemned me to death, 'twas very
foolish.
Q. Why so?—A. Because I afterwards got my pardon.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes, although of an ancient date, have lately been published, for the first time, in a French work, from which we have translated them.

During the reign of Louis XIV. a rich financier's wife occupied a bench in a church on which a duchess thought proper to take a seat. Unable, however, to bear such a *low* neighbour, she ordered one of the King's guards, who was present, to turn her out. Her commands were obeyed, but the triumph of pride was of short duration. The financier complained of the insulting manner in which his wife had been treated to the State Minister, to whose office he belonged, and the complaint soon reached the Monarch.

Louis XIV. ordered the Duchess's husband to be brought before him, and after commanding his wife to beg the injured Lady's forgiveness, added these remarkable words, fraught with sense, reason, and dignity: "Reflect, that a single word from me can make a *Duke*, but that all my power cannot create as useful a servant of the State as the man whose wife has been insulted."

It is not astonishing that so many great men should have sprung up under the reign of such a Monarch. For it is thus that the chief of a great nation, always attentive to the claims of merit, learns the usual method of inspiring his subjects with emulation, and supplies talent and genius with favourable opportunities of displaying themselves to his view.

His successor, Louis XV. proved himself, on the following occasion, worthy of filling the same throne, and possessing the same authority as his great predecessor. Passing once through his apartments, he perceived a lady in tears, and on enquiring into their cause, was informed that they had been occasioned by harsh language on the part of the Dauphin. The Monarch instantly fought his son, made him feel how unjust harshness is in those who are vested with superior power, and concluded his energetic remonstrance with the following expressive sentence:—*Recollect, my son, that the reproaches of the great kill their object.*

What an excellent lesson for those armed with sovereign authority! May this example be followed for the happiness of nations, and the security of the great themselves. Benefits may be forgotten; but an injury seldom is.

The following anecdote, though not founded on the sayings or actions of Monarchs, will not be found destitute either of interest or information:—

When M. De Choiseul was Minister in France, it happened that one day, as he was employed in some accounts with his first clerk, in his closet, he was visited by a general officer, who had a request to make. The Minister led him to the other end of the room, and listened patiently to his representations. These turned chiefly on the inadequacy of Officers' pay during peace. "However," said the petitioner, "I have only twelve thousand livres a year, whilst you give eighteen thousand to yonder clerk!" "*It is true,*" answered the Minister, "*but only do what he does, and you shall have double his pay.*" How mistaken many are with respect to their own talents!

ANECDOTE.—Taylor, the stock-jobber, who died worth one hundred thousand pounds consols, was so penurious that he scarcely allowed himself the common necessities of life. A few days before his decease, he sent for the officers of the parish in which he resided, in the Borough; they found the miserable old man on a wretched bed in a garret, making his dinner on a thin rasher of bacon and a potatoe, of which he asked them to partake. One of them accepted the offer; upon which the miser desired his poverty-struck cook to broil him another; but finding the larder was totally empty, he harshly rebuked her for not having it well supplied with a *quarter of a pound*, to cut out in rashers whenever it was wanted for company. He then informed the overseers of the poor that he had left by his will 1000*l.* sterling for their relief, and eagerly inquired if they would not allow him *discount for prompt payment*; this being assented to, apparently much delighted, he immediately gave them a cheque on his banker for 950*l.* and soon after breathed his last.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

The following dialogue occurred a few days ago, at the Cornwall Assizes, in the cross-examination of a witness in a cause, Wright v. Rawlins, Knight, and others.—The cause of action was the refusal of the Managers of the Eagle Insurance Company to pay the plaintiff the sum of 400*l.* which he had insured on the life of a Mr. Rundle, who died at St. Neots, in Cornwall, in July, 1811. The plea set up by the defendants was, that the certificate procured by the plaintiff respecting Rundle's health was false, and that he was in the practice of habits that tend to shorten life. Several witnesses were called in support of the action, and amongst others, Mr. Rosvear, who said he knew John Rundle for thirty years; that he lived very near him, and he considered him as the *picture of health*; he considered his life to be better than his (the witness's) own. Rundle would, it was true, drink a *cup* freely, but he toiled a great deal. The witness was cross-examined by Mr. Jekyll.

Coun. Well, Sir, you said this man's life was better than your own?

Witness. I did.

Coun. Pray, Sir, how long have you been dead?

Witness. Dead! I am alive yet.

Coun. I thought the dead man's life was better than your's.

Witness. When he was alive I thought so.

Coun. Pray, did you ever see him drunk?

Witness. I can't say but I did.

Coun. You have helped him home, I suppose?

Witness. Yes, we have helped each other home.

Coun. Will you be so obliging as to tell us what sort of thing the *picture of health* is—had this picture red bloated cheeks?

Witness. Yes, his cheeks were red.

Coun. And his nose red?

Witness. Aye, redder than your's.

Coun. Don't be impertinent, Sir.

Witness. No, if you do not set the example.

DAVID'S SOW—ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE.—A few years ago, one David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs; and the circumstance, being publicly known, great numbers of all descriptions resorted to the house. It happened that David had a wife, who was much addicted to drunkenness, and for which he used frequently to bestow on her a very severe drubbing. One day in particular, having taken a second extra cup, which operated in a very powerful manner, and dreading the usual consequences, she went into the yard, opened the sty door, let out the sow, and lay down in its place, hoping that a short unmolested nap would sufficiently dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, however, a company arrived to see the much talked of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, ushered them to the sty, exclaiming, "Did any of you ever see so uncommon a creature before?" "Indeed, Davy," said one of the farmers, "I never before observed a sow so very drunk in all my life!" Hence the term *drunk as David's sow*.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—From *The Ulster Gazette*:—"Wants a place—As Butler, in the family of any Nobleman or Gentleman of fortune, a dashing young fellow, aged twenty-five years, six feet high, and otherwise well proportioned. He must have free access to the wine cellar, and he must never be reprehended or found fault with. He is of a pleasant, jovial, convivial disposition, and so fond of riding and all other genteel exercises, that the groom must be particularly directed to furnish him, when required, one of the best horses in the stud. No person will be treated with who does not pledge his honour to humour him, at all times, in all his propensities; and, moreover, it is requisite that whoever wishes to engage him should procure a certificate of his good temper and other amiable qualities from his last butler. The advertiser can be well recommended by half a dozen of butlers of the first families. A line directed for B. W. N. O. (post paid), at the Printer's, will be duly attended to."

ANECDOTES of Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

The reason Kneller gave for not painting historical subjects was this:—"The painters of history make the dead live, but do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. On the contrary, I paint the living, and they make me live."

It is very well known that Sir Godfrey Kneller and Jervas were rivals in the art of portrait painting; at least Sir Godfrey was weak enough to look on Jervas with a jealous eye, for Jervas kept his carriage and four horses, and lived in a higher style than Kneller. One day, at a dinner party, some person saw Jervas passing along the road, and informed Kneller of it, as also of the pomp which accompanied him. "Ah! ah!" says Sir Godfrey, "by Cod, if his horses draw him no better than he draw himself, he will never get to his journey's end."

The town residence of Sir Godfrey Kneller was in Bow-street, Covent-garden, and he had, for his next door neighbour, the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe. Kneller was fond of flowers, of which he had a beautiful variety, and the Doctor having the same taste, obtained leave to open a door into the painter's garden. The physician's household being badly governed, his servants took unbecoming liberties on the premises of Kneller, who made many fruitless complaints to their master. The evil still continuing, in spite of every remonstrance, Sir Godfrey sent his man one day to let Radcliffe know that he should be obliged to brick up the passage; to which the cynic replied, with his accustomed asperity—"Let him do what he will with the door, except painting it!" The servant was at first unwilling to communicate the exact language of the answer, but Kneller insisted on knowing it, and retorted—"Did my good friend say so?—Den go back and tell him from me, I will take any ting from him but physic."

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.—Mr. GUY, the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in Southwark, was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table-cloth. It is recorded of him, that he was one winter-evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half lighted embers confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to inquire for him, was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing-candle, which lay ready on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the Gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous VULTURE HOPKINS, immortalised by POPE in the lines—

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, that living, sav'd a candle's end, &c."

"I have been told, (said HOPKINS) that you, Sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of *saving*, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you come about?" (said GUY) why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark," so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing-candle. Struck with this instance of economy, HOPKINS acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

Wonderful increase in Commercial and Literary Intercourse.—In 1728, the London post arrived one day at Edinburgh, with only one sixpenny London letter, and that was addressed to the Postmaster-General on office business. The arrival of the post was then only once a fortnight, now it is six times a week. The post then employed ten days in travelling from London to Edinburgh, now it employs only three. Then the mails produced no revenue or net profit to Government, but was rather a continued charge; but the revenue of the post-office in Scotland, for the year ending in April, 1802, was 85,791l. 11s. 5d.

ANCIENT CIVIC FEAST.

A copy of the original Bill of Fare of an extraordinary feast given by William Mingay, Esq. on his being elected a second time Mayor of Norwich, in the fourth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1561, who, upon that occasion, entertained the Duke of Norfolk, the Lords, Knights, and Gentry of the county. Also the Speech of Mr. Johnny Martyn, a wealthy citizen, at the dinner, after grace was said:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
8 stone beef, 14lb. to the stone	5	4	18 loaves wheaten ditto	0	9
4 collars brawn, at 4d.	1	4	3 — maslin ditto	0	3
4 geese, at 4d.	1	4	1 barrel strong beer	2	6
8 pints butter	1	6	1 — small ditto	1	0
A fore-quarter veal	0	10	1 quarter wood	2	2
A hind-quarter ditto	1	0	Nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and greens	0	3
2 legs mutton, at 3d.	0	6	4lb. Barbary and sugar	1	6
Loyn of mutton	0	6	Fruits and almonds	0	7
Shoulder veal	0	6	12 dozen oranges, at 3d.	3	0
Breast and coast mutton	0	7	Sweet water and perfumes	0	4
6 plovers, at 2d.	1	0	2 gallons white wine	1	0
14 brace partridges	7	0	2 ditto claret	1	0
12 couple rabbits	2	0	1 gallon sack	3	0
2 guinea-pigs	1	8	1 ditto malmsey	1	8
8 fowles, at 3d.	2	0	1 ditto Bustard ditto	1	0
12 mallards, at 3d.	3	0	1 ditto Muscadine	1	0
3 doz. eggs, at 4d.	1	0			
2 bushels flower, at 9d.	1	6			
16 loaves white bread	0	4	Total	£2	13 11

"Maister Mayor, and may it please your Worship, you have feasted us this day like a King. God bless the Queen's grace. We have fed plentifully, and now whillom (whilst) I can speak plain English, I heartly thank you, Maister Mayor, and so do we all, answer boys answer, bravo, bravo. Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners. And so huzza for the Queen's Majesty's grace, and all her bonny browed dames of honour. Huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good dame Mayoress; huzza for his noble grace of Norfolk, there he sits, God save him; huzza for all this jolly company, and all our friends round the county, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their bellies, to keep out Spanish Dons and Papists with their faggots to burn our whiskers. Handle your jugs, shove it about, trout your caps, and huzza for Measter Mayor, his brethren, their worships, and all this jolly company."

DURHAM MUSTARD.—There are probably but few individuals now living acquainted with the history of the manufacture of Durham Mustard. Prior to 1720 there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form, at our tables. At that time, the seed was only coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year we have mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of CLEMENTS, resident at Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the meal through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself, and in the period of her exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis, with this article; and GEORGE the First stamped it with fashion, by his approval. Mrs. CLEMENTS as regularly twice a year travelled to London, and to the principal towns throughout England, for orders, as any tradesman's rider of the present day; and the old lady contrived to pick up not only a decent pittance, but what was then thought a tolerable competency. From this woman's residing at Durham, it acquired the name of Durham mustard.

CURIOUS ACCUMULATION OF MONEY AT COMPOUND INTEREST.—It has been calculated that a single penny put out at 5 per cent. compound interest, at the birth of our Saviour, would have produced, in the year 1786, the enormous sum of 290,991,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 pounds sterling, which would make a bulk of solid gold of 110 million times the magnitude of the whole earth; whilst, at simple interest, the same sum, in the same space of time, would only have produced seven shillings and sixpence.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

(Supposed to have been written by the Vicar, on the first page of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity.")

AND is our country's father* fled,
His car of fire can none recall?
Be—here his sacred spirit shed;
Here—may his prophet-mantle fall.
Fain would I fill the vacant breach,
Stand where he stood the plague to stay?
In his prophetic spirit preach,
And in his hallow'd accents pray.
It is not that, on seraph's wing,
I hope to soar where he has soar'd;
This, this the lowly claim I bring;
I love his church, I love his Lord.
I love the altar of my Sires,
Old as my country's rocks of steel;
And as I feel its sacred fires,
The present Deity I feel.

I love to know, that not alone
I meet the battle's angry tide;
That sainted myriads from their throne
Descend to combat at my side.
Mine is no solitary choice,
See here the zeal of saints impress'd;
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast.

I love the ivy-mantled tower,
Rock'd by the storms of thousand years;
The grave whose melancholy flower
Was nourish'd by a martyr's tears.
The sacred yew, so fear'd in war,
Which, like the sword to David given,
Inflicted not a human scar,
But lent to man the arms of Heaven.

I love the organ's joyous swell,
Sweet echo of the heavenly ode!
I love the cheerful village bell,
Faint emblem of the call of God,
Waked by the sound, I bend my feet,
I bid my swelling sorrows cease,
I do but touch the mercy-seat,
And hear the still small voice of peace.

And, as the ray of evening fades,
I love amidst the dead to stand;
Where, in the altar's deepening shades,
I seem to meet the ghostly band.
One comes—Oh! mark his sparkling eye,
I knew his faith, his strong endeavour;
Another—Ah! I hear him sigh,
Alas, and is he lost for ever?

Another treads the shadowy aisle,
I know him—'tis my sainted Sire—
I know his piteous angel smile,
His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire;
His ashes rest in yonder urn,
I saw his death, I clos'd his eye;
Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn,
That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our Father's temple ours,
Woe to the hand by which it falls;
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls.
And be their shield by us possess'd,—
Lord, rear around thy bless'd abode
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God.

* Hooker.

ALE.

By the late Professor Porson.

WHEN the Stormy Petterel from the North
Sea comes,
Driven by the wintry blast,
And little Robin Redbreast begs for my crumbs,
By the Chimney corner you'll find me fast
Before me a Can of good Ale.

I do not like the narrow-hearted selfish man's ways,
I good Ale take and give—
I speak ill of no man; where I can I give praise,
And contentedly, cheerfully live,
Enjoying my Beer and my Friend.

In love with all the World, the young men are my brothers,
The grey-beards my fathers, forsooth;
The Virgins, my Sisters; the Matrons, my Mothers,
When good Ale moistens my mouth—
Here's to thee my friend!

Often have we triumph'd o'er the cares of this life
And put them all to flight—
Courage, my boy! fear not thy frowning wife—
We even will do so to-night,
With jugs of foaming Ale.

Shall the proud or the great dash the Cup from our mouth,
Destroying our Banquet of joy?—
Dissevering such friends—never by my troth—
Give me thy hand my boy,
Long may'st thou drink good Ale!

Yet the time, alas! must come, when our heads will lie low,
And good Ale have lost its charm—
Our clay will be cold—then 'tis wisdom for us now,
To moisten it while 'tis warm,
With drops of nut-brown Ale.

THE MISSIONARY;

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

THE first Edition of this admirable production appeared without the name of the Author: a second was soon required; and to render it still more worthy the approbation which had been bestowed upon it, Mr. B. availed himself of the remarks and improvements suggested by some noble, learned, and liberal Friends and Criticks, and has completed a Poem, which for glowing descriptions, profound morality, pathetic incidents, and flights of imagination, can hardly be surpassed by any Bard of the present age. To justify this encomium we present our readers with a picture of

The Missionary's Cell.

FRONTING the ocean, but beyond the ken
Of public view, and sounds of murmuring men,—
Of hewn roots composed, and knarled wood,
A small and rustic Oratory stood:
Upon its roof of reeds appeared a cross,
The porch within was lined with mantling moss;
A crucifix and hour-glass, on each side—
ONE to admonish seemed, and ONE to guide;
This to impress how soon life's race is o'er,
And that to lift our hopes where time shall be no more.
O'er the rude porch, with wild and gadding stray,
The clust'ring copse weaved its trellis gay:
Two mossy pines, high bending, interwove
Their aged and fantastic arms above.
In front, amid the gay, surrounding flow'rs,
A dial counted the departing hours,
On which the sweetest light of summer shone;—
A rude and brief inscription marked the stone:—
"To count, with passing shade, the hours,
"I placed the dial mid the flow'rs;
"That, one by one, came forth, and died,
"Blooming, and with'ring, round its side.
"Mortal, let the sight impart
"Its pensive moral to thy heart!"

Just heard to trickle through a covert near,
And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,
A fount, like rain-drops, filtered through the stone,—
And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.
Intent his fairy pastime to pursue,
And, gem-like, hov'ring o'er the violets blue,
The humming-bird here its unceasing song
Heedlessly murmured, all the summer long,
And when the winter came, retired to rest,
And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.
No sounds of a conflicting world were near;
The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,
That seemed, as sunk to rest the noon-tide blast,
But dying sounds of passions that were past,
Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire
The less'ning echoes of the distant choir.
Here, every human sorrow hushed to rest,
His pale hands meekly crossed upon his breast,
ANSELMO sat: the sun, with west'ring ray,
Just touched his temples and his locks of grey.
There was no worldly feeling in his eye,—
The world to him "was as a thing gone by."

Now, all his features lit, he raised his look,
Then bent it thoughtful, and unclasped the book;
And whilst the hour-glass shed its silent sand,
A tame * opossum licked his withered hand.
That sweetest light of slow-declining day,
Which through the trellis poured its slanting ray,
Resting a moment on his few grey hairs,
Seemed light from heav'n sent down to bless his prayers.
When the trump echoed to the quiet spot,
He thought upon the world—but mourned it not;
Enough if his meek wisdom could controul,
And bend to mercy, one proud soldier's soul;
Enough if, while these distant scenes he trod,
He led one erring Indian to his God.

* A small and beautiful species, which is domesticated.

THE WHEEL-BARROW.

BY THE LATE HENRY DUNHURY, ESQ.

WITH a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy frightful as sin,
With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that;
Doctor Bos, riding out on his fierce Rosinante,
(In hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty.)
Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones.
"Hill friend," roar'd the doctor, with no little force,
"Prithce set down your barrow, 'twill frighten my horse."
Hodge as quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,
"You're a d—d deal more likely to frighten my barrow."

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS THAAHUP, OF COPENHAGEN.

Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose;
Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmix'd with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripp'd beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love!
Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures,
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And even the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier step his haunts of glee.

Through east, through west, where'er creation
Glow with the cheerful hum of men,
Clear, bright, it burns, to earth's last nation,
The ardour of the citizen!
The son of Greenland's white expansion
Contemns green corn and laughing vine;
The cot is his embattled mansion,
The rugged rock his Palestine.

Such was the beacon-light, that guided
Our earliest chiefs through war and woe;
Ev'n love itself in fame subsided,
Though love was all their good below:
Thus young HIALTE rush'd to glory,
And left his mourning maid behind;
He fell—and Honour round his story,
Dropping with tears, her wreath entwined.

Such flame, oh Pastor-chief! impell'd thee
To quit the crosier for the blade;
Not ev'n the heaven-lov'd cloister held thee,
When Denmark call'd thee to her aid:
No storms could chill, no darkness blind thee,
ANKONA saw her thousands bend,
Yet when her suppliant arms entwined thee,
She found a man in Denmark's friend.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's vallies,
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land.

Thou monument of truth unfailing!
Sublime, unshaken FREDERICKSHALL!
In vain, with peal on peal assailing,
CHARLES thunder'd at thy fatal wall;
Beneath thy cliff, in flames ascending,
A sacrifice to virtue blaz'd,
When patriot bands, serene, unbending,
Consum'd the domes their fathers rais'd.

O royal town! in memory hallow'd
To Denmark's last and darkest day!
The prize that Sweden's hunter follow'd
Behind thy feeble ramparts lay:
But faith, the strength of towers supplying,
Bade VASA tremble for his name;
While round the rescued HAFNIA lying
Expired stern Sweden's flower and fame.

Long, long shall Danish maidens sigh
For those who in their battle fell;
And mothers long, with beaming eye,
Of FREDERICKSHALE and HAFNIA tell!
The child that learns to lisp his mother,
Shall learn to lisp his country's name;
Shall learn to call her son a brother,
And guard her rights with heart of flame.

Burn high, burn clear, thou spark unfading,
From Holstein's oaks to Dofra's base;
Till each, in war his country aiding,
Remain in peace her strength and grace!
The sons of wisdom shall approve us,
The God of patriots smile from high,
While we, and all the hearts that love us,
Breathe but for Denmark's liberty.

THE LAUREATE'S RETURN

FROM HIS

"Pilgrimage to Waterloo."

ONCE more I see thee, SKIDDAW! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favoured plain,
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene—
Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest!
Once more, O Derwent! to thy awful shores
I come, insatiate of the accustomed sight,
And listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drunk in with eye and ear a fresh delight;
For I have wandered far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.
Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief day,)
Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.
Heaven hath with worldly increase blest me here,
Where childless and oppressed, with grief I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere.
Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess,—what more should I require?
Books, children, leisure,—all my heart's desire.
O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, 'They come, they come!
And hope's impatience quicken'd every eye!
Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
More glad return, more happy hour than this.
Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
My boy* stood, shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger groupe, his sisters came;
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.
Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer deeper happiness.
The young companion of our weary way
Found here the end desired of all her ills;
She who in sickness pining many a day,
Hungred and thirsted for her native hills,
Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

* On the 17th of April, Mr. Sautley lost this interesting boy, HERBERT, his only son, at the age of nine; having at this early period obtained, in a great degree, a proficiency in English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and German.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH,

On finding the Heel of a Shoe:

FROM THE 3D VOL. OF COWPER'S POEMS, JUST PUBLISHED.

FORTUNE! I thank thee: gentle Goddess, thanks!
Not that my Muse, tho' bashful, shall deny
She would have thanked thee rather, hadst thou cast
A treasure in her way; for neither need
Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes,
Nor bowel-racking pains of emptiness,
Nor noontide feast, nor evening's cool repast,
Hopes she from this—presumptuous, tho' perhaps
The cobbler, leather-carving artist! might.
Nathless, she thanks thee; and accepts thy boon,
Whatever; not as erst the fabled cock,
Vain-glorious fool! unknowing what he found,
Spurned the rich gem thou gav'st him. Wherefore, ah!
Why not on me that favour, (worthier sure!)
Confer'dst thou, Goddess! thou art blind thou say'st:
Enough,—thy blindness shall excuse the deed.
Nor does my Muse no benefit exhale
From this thy scant indulgence! even here
Hints worthy sage Philosophy are found;
Illustrious hints, to moralise my song!
This ponderous heel of perforated hide
Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks),
The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown
Upbore: on this supported, oft he stretched
With unceasing strides along the furrowed glebe,
Flatt'ning the stubborn clod, till cruel time
(What will not cruel time) on a wry step,
Severed the strict cohesion; when, alas!
He who could erst with even, equal pace,
Pursue his destined way with symmetry,
And some proportion formed, now on one side
Curtail'd and maimed, the sport of vagrant boys,
Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop!
With toilsome steps and difficult, moves on:
Thus fares it oft with other than the feet
Of humble villager—the statesman thus,
Up the steep road where proud ambition leads
Aspiring, first uninterrupted winds
His prosperous way; nor fears miscarriage foul
While policy prevails, and friends prove true:
But that support soon failing, by him left
On whom he most depended, basely left,
Betrayed, deserted; from his airy height
Headlong he falls; and thro' the rest of life
Drags the dull load of disappointment on.

EXTEMPORE ON A LATE CONVICTION AT THE OLD BAILEY.

Old JOHN was wed led to a crooked wife,
And thence was apprehensive for his life,
Because his brother GEORGE was forc'd to fly,
Convicted of the heinous crime of bigamy;—
"Alas!" quoth JOHN, "I may have equal trouble,
For tho' I've but one wife—God knows she's double."

OF THE MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH,

WRITTEN IN 1742, BY A FRENCHMAN.

Vide Causes Célèbres, Tom. 18, 8vo. Hague Edition.

A Swiss author says, that England is the land of liberty and impunity, and that this liberty contributes not a little to the good sense found amongst them, and that so generally as to make some difference between this nation and most others. The people pay no great deference to their superiors. Noblemen will say that we cannot be arrested for debt, but at the same time we do not find any credit; we are never required to take an oath, but swear upon honour only, but very few believe us; there is a law which forbids the speaking ill of us, but it happens to us as to others, to be sometimes beaten in the streets.

The English succeed in the sciences, and in all sorts of subjects. There are good writers among them, who have a great deal of learning and of a superior kind. It is true that they think deeply, but commonly want delicacy and liveliness. The Clergy are idle, but distinguish themselves by sensible and judicious sermons. The Ecclesiastics are mixed in the coffee-houses among the gay world.

The merchants live at a great expense; they disdain small profits. English artificers are excellent. The English peasant is less clownish and less ignorant than those of other nations. The English women are all fair and white. They have fine faces, which nothing animate. Amongst an hundred women there are not ten you can call handsome. They have much modesty, and an engaging timidity, which makes them blush at trifles, and look down continually. They strike by their shape—they are tall and slender, and have a noble air. They do not take care of their teeth. They are deficient in a small degree both in their hips and shoulders. They like to cover their faces with patches, and the old women put them on. They are mild, candid, and artless; reserved, but soon familiarising themselves; have strong passions, are lazy, and accustomed to do nothing.

The English have great virtues and great faults. Their good sense is intermixed with whims; their imagination, like their sea-coal, has more strength than light; they speak little, and all they say is sentiment. A mixture of sloth and good sense form their characters. In the bad, as in the good, they are in extremes. Every Englishman has a religion after his own mode. The number of libertines, by profession, is very great in England.—Avarice is not the vice of the English. They expend a great deal on their tables and their mistresses; they prefer Comus, the god of the table, to Venus, the goddess of love. They have the character of being inconstant. They make many unequal marriages; one sees rich girls, who make a vow to marry the first man they meet in the street, and actually do so.

They partake of the different nations that have conquered them: they drink like the Saxons; they love hunting like the Danes; the Normans have left them chicanery and false testimony; they retain from the Romans bloody spectacles, and a contempt of death; they are charitable and inhuman; they despise strangers too much, and sometimes admire them too much. Mankind are not always consistent in their actions, but in England man acts in a greater degree of contradiction to his own sentiments than anywhere else.

The usual pleasures of the English are wine, women, gambling; and debauch. In one word, they like to join women and wine; that is, common women. They are charmed when they find any that can drink with them. They continue for a long time in their debauches. There have been some so extravagant as to make a vow to kill the first man they met in the streets, and have actually done so.

The English women give themselves up easily to love. They do not conceal it. They are capable of great resolution in favour of a lover. They have much softness and no art. They are easy in their conversation; they are not spoiled by the flattery of the men, who do not idolise them.

The men, lazy even in love, prefer easy pleasures. With them an intrigue must be attended with little trouble. The brunettes among the women are preferred to the fair, which are very common. Sometimes the English become furious in their amours, and then they lose either their life or their reason.

English women easily reconcile themselves to the mistresses of their husbands, and even associate with them. The men, and even the women, readily destroy themselves for subjects of chagrin, which are not without remedy; of which there have been many examples.

The English are naturally given to taciturnity in conversation, because they are unwilling to say any thing that is useless.

The laws of England are explained so literally, that a man having married three wives, maintains that he has not broke the law, which precisely forbids his marrying two; it is necessary to make a new law to comprise three wives and more.

Women adjudged to be criminals avoid their condemnation by alleging that they are big with child; and they easily find in prison gallants who offer their assistance to put them in that condition; if not, the gaoler and his servants takes this trouble. Women unmarried are believed, when they name a father to their child.

The proofs of adultery in a woman are very difficult. The husband must prove that he has (as Madame Pemells says in the *Tartuffe*) seen with his own eyes; otherwise he is not listened to. The question, and tortures are abolished in England; they are there regarded as an invention to destroy an innocent person of delicate nerves, and save a robust criminal.

They have very little sun-shine in London: a Spanish Ambassador to Queen Anne, dispatching a Courier to Madrid, desired him to present his compliments to the Sun, as it was six months since he had had the pleasure of seeing him.

The English have banished from conversation all long compliments where the heart has no part: in one word, a certain civility familiar with us, is not in use with them. Misanthropy is their prevailing character. The rude sincerity of the English has no bounds. They slander one another in London without any discretion, and censure the follies of people of the first character. Nothing ridiculous has the privilege of appearing with impunity.

The people seriously act the greatest follies. Susceptible of contrary passions, they applaud in the morning the man who they would conduct to the scaffold in the evening. One is not surprised at the change of Ministers, nor of the decay of the best established fortunes; their duration would be more surprising. They wish every one to appear successively on the great theatre. The same spectacle cannot please them long.

The taste which the English have had for the most bloody revolutions, appears in their pleasures. A combat of animals, which tear each other to pieces, or two gladiators ready to cut one another's throats, are spectacles to which they run in crowds. They proportion this applause to the cruel bravery of the combatants, their wounds rejoice them, and the blood with which they are covered diverts them.

Their tragedies are void of manners, or character; they consist of a history of thirty or forty years: a history more fabulous than the old romances.—The heroines of the piece are mad or foolish, and almost all the heroes kill themselves: add to that, some apparitions, a funeral procession, the recital of a battle, and you have an English tragedy, which, if treated with art, will be applauded without bounds.

The English Comedies are more supportable. They have a great variety of shining characters; but they are mixed with low pleasantry and gross expressions, which charm the lower order of the people. It seems that the English would be sorry that a delicate sentiment should make them perceive the ridicule of what they wish to be played at the Theatre.

The English pass their lives in coffee-houses. There are such houses for all ranks and conditions. They there find the daily newspapers, destined solely to announce the new absurdities which appear in the world. Nothing escapes of this kind these novelists of civil society; and the silliness and foppery of the town are the next day exposed to public laughter. Reason revenged, sees with pleasure the fools unmasked, and given up to the railery of people of sense.

The religion of the Quakers permits the women to preach. Nothing is more common than to see an amiable woman utter a sermon: but her deportment, tone of voice, and postures are comic and burlesque. She appears animated and agitated, then with an hypocritical air, exalting her voice and rolling her eyes, addresses Heaven with furious

Fanaticism flourishes in England in a greater degree than in other countries. Persons low-lived, ignorant, without sense or reading, or any true idea, think themselves inspired, and make other people believe it, who listen to and admire them, and think their extravagancies sensible and their nonsense reasonable.

There is no history more fertile in Revolutions than that of England. How many changes have been seen on the Throne? The families of York and Lancaster reigned first one, then the other.— Their long possession had no effect in fixing them in the hearts of the people. A new Prince who appeared; a new war which he undertook; in one word, novelty itself had powerful charms with them; which made the ancient titles sink under it, and caused the kingdom to be a prey to a bloody war, and to an infinity of battles. In the wars of Charles the First and the Parliament, party rage increased daily—how many battles were caused by it?

About the time when the naked fashions first came up, a fat pirsy lady, with her shoulders pinioned back, took her station in the pit of the Opera-house. The attention of Lord W——, who sat at a short distance behind, was strongly attracted by the strange appearance of her back, and after viewing it attentively for some time, he took out his opera-glass for a more accurate examination. Unable to satisfy his doubts, he applied to a companion, who informed him that the object of attraction was the back of the dashing Mrs. B——. “And pray, Sir,” said his Lordship, “is she on her heels or on her head?”—“Why,” replied the companion, “she is sitting in the usual way.”—“Upon my honour,” rejoined his Lordship, “I mistook it for quite another *feature*.”—

At the last Assizes in Durham an Irish woman was convicted of stealing to the value of ten-pence. The Clerk of the Crown called out, “Mary Jones, you are found guilty of stealing several articles to the amount of ten-pence.”—“Very well,” answered the Prisoner, putting her hand in her pocket, “here’s a *shilling*, give me *change*.”

Some few years ago an old farmer in the country was complaining to his landlord, that “He began to think his wife was a little too gay for him.”—“Why, JOHN,” said his landlord, “you are doing very well upon your farm, in these times; and you know it is an observation throughout the country, that *up corn: up horn!*”

When Queen ELIZABETH once entered the City, on some grand procession, accompanied by the Spanish Ambassador, the Representative of His Catholic Majesty looked out at the coach window, and, with some surprize, said to the Queen, “Madam, where are your Majesty’s Guards?” the Queen, with a smile, pointed to the populace who were running and huzzing by the side of the carriage, and replied, “These are my Guards, my Lord!”

As the late Lord A——y was one morning hurrying into the Common Pleas, a lawyer’s clerk being asked who that “*short gentleman*” was? answered—“One of the *long robe*.”

The Rev. CALEB COLTON, nephew of the late Sir GEORGE STAUNTON, has related the following anecdote, which, although it may have appeared before in print, has never until now received the stamp of authenticity:—

“My late uncle, Sir G. STAUNTON, related to me a curious anecdote of old KIEN LONG, Emperor of China. He was inquiring of Sir GEORGE the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, his Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed—“Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now, I will inform you,” said he, “how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, that salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses

The Library of John Horne Tooke, Esq. by King and Lochee, consisting of 805 lots, sold for 1251l. 14s. 6d. among the articles we select the following, which were enriched by his notes:—

Burke on the French Revolution	1.8	12	0
Godwin’s Enquirer, 1797	3	15	0
Hardy’s Trial, 4 vols.	5	5	0
Tooke’s ditto	6	15	0
Harris Hermes	16	0	0
Johnson’s Dictionary, purchased by Major James	200	0	0
Locke on the Understanding, 2 vols.	13	0	0
Locke’s Works, folio	18	0	0
Loroth’s Grammar	5	10	0
Another Copy	4	1	0
Lye, Dict-Saxonicum	34	0	0
Monboddo on Language	5	7	6
Oswald on Common Sense	4	3	0
Piccoli’s Synonymy	4	13	0
Ritson’s Remarks on Shakespeare	7	2	6
Skinner’s Etymologicon Lexicon	7	17	6
Spelman’s Glossary	3	17	0
Vossii Opera	12	12	0

Rare articles without his notes:

191 A Lytel Treatise, called the Disputacyon, or Complaint of the Ilerte, printed by Winkin de Worde	30	0	0
194 Dives and Pauper, by ditto	16	16	0
499 Nychodemus’ Gospel	26	5	0
570 A Booke on Purgature	17	0	0
759 Virgil by Stainghurst, 1583	15	0	0

Upwards of a thousand persons attended the sale, and the books were divided among a hundred purchasers.

A silly talkative fellow, who had one evening, at the Mitre, pestered Dr. Johnson with his senseless babble, suddenly exclaimed, “I sometimes fear I shall go mad:”—“Sir,” replied the Doctor, “you have no reason to fear that.”

A Frenchman, who pretended he had very acute sight, said to a friend, as he was walking upon the Boulevards at Paris; “Look, don’t you see that mouse that is running along upon the top of Montmartre, about *two miles* off?” “No,” said his friend, “I can’t see it—but hark! I hear it *scratching*: cannot you?”

A person asked a farmer what he must give him to take his horses to grass. “Why,” said the farmer, for long-tailed horses four shillings, and for bob-tails six, per week.” The person wondered at the difference of the charge, which the farmer at his desire explained. “The reason is this: In the hot weather the long-tails are so busy in switching the flies, that they have not time to eat so much as the others; but the bob-tails have nothing else to do.”

A gentleman was thrown from a very restive horse in Hyde Park, and had the misfortune to break one of his legs. A crowd instantly collected around him, in which were a riding-master, a painter, a mathematician, a lawyer, and a clergyman. “If this unfortunate man,” said the riding-master, “had taken a *few lessons in my school*, that accident would not have happened.” “How finely the figure was *fore-shortened* in falling!” said the painter. “He made a *parabolic curve*,” said the mathematician. “It is a hundred to one,” said the lawyer, “if he has *made his will*.” “Run for a surgeon,” said the clergyman, “and let us assist the poor fellow home.”

An address of the Quakers to James II. on his accession, preserved in Wanley’s Common-place Book, is highly characteristic of that sect. “We come to condole the death of our friend Charles; and we are glad that thou art come to be our Ruler. We hear that thou art a *dissenter* from the Church of England, and so are we. We beg that thou wouldst grant us the same *liberty* that thou takest thyself, and so we wish thee well. Farewell.”

Among the addresses presented to James I. on his accession to the English throne, was one from the town of Shrewsbury, in which the loyal inhabitants expressed a wish, that his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. “Faith, raon,” said the king to the person who presented it, “if I do reign so long, my son must reign by *candle light*.”

When at the late Special Commission, in Ireland, Lord N——y was attacked with a violent fit of the gout, he sent to the S——n G——l, to request the loan of a pair of large *Slippers*.—“Take them,” said the S——n to the servant. “with my respects, and I hope to be soon in his Lordship’s *Shoes*.”

We copy the following curious entry verbatim, from the Overseer’s account-book of a neighbouring parish:—
“Paid Jno Hurling for entailing part of the fat Sheep that was Rosted on the Joyfull Oration that Bonewarte was Dis-throned from the Crown of France By Order of a Vestory 2s. 6d.”
—[Bristol Journal.]

The following Anecdotes of JOHNSON and GOLDSMITH are related in a Collection of entertaining Essays, just published, under the Title of *Gleanings or Fugitive Pieces*, by the Rev. J. Moir, A. M.

LONG before Dr. Johnson broached the idea of his Dictionary, or any other work which chiefly contributed to raise and establish his literary reputation, he was much with a bookseller of eminence, who frequently consulted him about manuscripts offered for sale, or books newly published; but whenever Johnson's opinion happened to differ from his, he would stare Johnson full in the face, and remark, with much gravity and arrogance, *I wish you could write as well.* This Johnson thought was literally telling a professional man that he was an impostor, or that he assumed a character to which he was not equal; he therefore heard the gross imputation once or twice, with sullen contempt. One day, however, in the presence of several gentlemen who knew them both, this bookseller very incautiously threw out the same illiberal opinion. Johnson could suppress his indignation no longer. "Sir," said he, "you are not competent to decide a question which you do not understand. If your allegations be true, you have the brutality to insult me with what is not my fault, but my misfortune. If your allegation be not true, your impudent speech only shews how much more detestable a liar is than a brute."

The strong conclusive aspect and ferocity of manner which accompanied the utterance of these words, from a poor author to a puffed-up bookseller, made a deep impression in Johnson's favour, and secured him perhaps more respect and civility in his subsequent intercourse with the trade, than any other transaction in his life.

Goldsmith, who hated the prudery of Johnson's morals, and affected to ridicule the foppishness of Hawkefworth's manners, yet warmly admired the genius of both, used to say, among his acquaintance, that Johnson would have made a *decent monk*, and Hawkefworth a *good dancing master*.

Johnson often took his revenge. He laid sarcasms at will for all persons and all places. One evening these two wits were in company with a lady, whom they were both in the habit of visiting, and a large assemblage of fine women. Goldsmith, who was the most awkward creature imaginable in such a situation, overturned the tea things as the servant presented him with his dish. He was speechless; and the ladies, after staring at each other, burst into a fit of laughter. Johnson only continued grave; and, turning to the lady next him, "Madam," said he, "can you tell how a man, who shocks so much in company, can give so many charms to his writings?"

Anecdote of Dr. JOHNSON.—When the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went with some other gentlemen to laugh an hour at Bartholomew Fair. At one of the booths was an amazing large bear, which the shewman assured them was "*cotched in the undiscovered parts of the remotest Russia.*" The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very furly and ill-tempered. Of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and shewed every mark of awkward kindness. "How is it (said one of the company) that this animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "Because (replied Mallet) he knows that Buffon could have classed them together, as *two animals of one species.*"—The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the OCTAVO Dictionary, under the word ALIAS.

Original Anecdote of Lord Mansfield.—The Bishop of Exeter having just established a poor-house for twenty-five old women, in conversation with Lord Mansfield, asked him for an *inscription*; upon which his Lordship immediately took out his pencil, and on a slip of paper wrote as follows:

Under this roof
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter
Keeps
Twenty-five women.

A NECDOTE.

A Shoe-maker of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoe-maker; "I hate disappointments," said the Dean, "nor would have you disappoint others; set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your Reverence," (said Bamerick) for that was his name, "I desire no longer time than Saturday se'nnight, when you will be sure to have them without fail." They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but through the hurry of business Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendations of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Axeheson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day." "Indeed, and deed, Sir (said Bamerick), the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick answered, "No, Sir; but I have seen some very fine gardens in England."—"Come (said the Dean, in a good humoured tone), I will shew you what improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the Dean started, as if recollecting something, "I must step in (said he), stay here till I come back;" then he run out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose; he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The Deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. "Robert (said he) I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broke in, give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders." Then the Dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. "Arm yourselves (said he) and follow me. He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, "There's the robber, shoot him, shoot him." Saunders presented, and Mr. Bamerick terrified to death fell on his knees, and begged his life. The Dean held the lanthorn up to the man's face, and gravely said, "Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord, Sir (said Bamerick), don't you remember you left me here in the evening?" "Ah! friend (said the Dean) I forgot it, as you did the boots:" then turning round to Robert (who was his butler) he said, "give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

This anecdote was received from Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen, and who worked for him at the same time.

Curious historical fact.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in search of a place, as a servant maid; but, not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those, then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and, after a while, married her; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

ANECDOTES of the KING of PRUSSIA.

The magistrate of a little village in the marquisate of Brandenburg committed a burgher to prison, who was charged with having blasphemed God, the King, and the Magistrate. The Burgomaster reported the same to the King, in order to know what punishment such a criminal deserved. The following sentence was written by his Majesty in the margin:

"That the prisoner has blasphemed God is a sure proof he does not know him; that he has blasphemed me I willingly forgive; but for his blaspheming the magistrate he shall be punished in an exemplary manner, and committed to Spandau * for half an hour. FREDERIC."

In a church of one of the Roman Catholic cities in Silesia, it was frequently observed, that, of the offerings brought to the Virgin Mary several were missing. After many endeavours to find out the thief, the clerk noticed a soldier, who was generally the first and the last person in the church. He was therefore stopped, and some things offered found upon him. Notwithstanding this, he denied the theft, and boldly asserted, that the Virgin Mary, to whom he always applied when in want, had, in the night-time, brought these pieces of silver to his lodgings. This subterfuge was not listened to; but a court-martial adjudged him to a severe punishment. When the sentence was laid before the King for confirmation, he ordered enquiry to be made, of some of the Catholic ecclesiastics, whether, according to the doctrines of their church, such a case was to be allowed possible? The answer was unanimous—"Miracles, though they happened but seldom, are not impossible." Whereupon the King wrote under the sentence: "The pretended criminal is absolved from punishment while he persists in denying the theft; as, according to the declaration of theologists of their own persuasion, such a miracle is not deemed impossible. But, for the future, I forbid him, on pain of severe punishment, ever to accept any thing, either from the Virgin Mary, or from any other saint whatever. FREDERICK."

* This is a famous fortification, where state prisoners and criminals are usually incarcerated.

Anecdote of the late Dr. Monsey.—The Doctor lived so long in his office of Physician at Chelsea Hospital, that during many changes in Administration, the reversion of the place had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different Paymasters of the Forces. The Doctor looking out of his window one day, and seeing a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who, he knew, had just got a reversion of the place, came out to him, and accosted him thus:—"Well, Sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that are to be, and, I will assure you, they are both very pleasant, and very convenient; but I must tell you one circumstance:—you are the fifth man that has got the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more (says the Doctor, looking very scientifically at him), there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too." The event justified the Doctor's predictions, as the gentleman died some years after; and what was still more extraordinary, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, there was no person that had the promise of a reversion.

ANECDOTE.—The Emperor some time since travelling before his retinue, attended only by a single Aid-de-Camp, arrived very late at a public-house kept by an Englishman in the Austrian Netherlands: the house being very full of guests, it was with some difficulty that a bed could be procured for the Emperor, who after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest; his attendant, from necessity, sitting by the kitchen fire during the night. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and sixpence English money, and rode off. A few hours after several of his suite came to enquire after him. The publican, understanding whom he had had for his guest, seemed very uneasy. "Psha, man, never mind this affair," said one of his attendants; "the Emperor is used to such adventures, and will think no more about it."—"Aye, that may be," replied the landlord, "but by G—d I shall never forget the circumstance of having an Emperor in my house, and letting him off for three and sixpence."

HINTS to COLLECTORS of PICTURES.

IF you possess a portrait in a Vandyke habit, no matter how ill it is drawn or coloured, swear that Vandyke was the Painter, and that the dress proves it. To this you may add, that you know the family who possessed it a few years since, and that it is the portrait of one of their whiskered progenitors. If any one should suggest that the gentleman you allude to was not born until after the Painter died—say it was his grandfather.

If you have a large gaudy picture with lascivious looking satyrs, fat women, sea horses, and river gods, baptize it Rubens; and should it be said it is ill-coloured, and obscurely conceived, tell the critic it is an allegory, and until he is deeper read in Heathen Mythology, you do not wonder at his not understanding it.

If you lay hold of a little pannel, plaistered over with a dirty compound, the colour of chalk and charcoal, without it being possible to discover a form, or guess what the artist intended, call it a Rembrandt.

If you have a parcel of boors sitting upon casks, and smoking their pipes, there can be no doubt but it is a Teniers.

And should you have a dirty landscape, with trees like fried parsley, and a dock or two in the corner—a Wynants without doubt?

If you possess a little picture with figures in hunting dresses, and there is a man with a hawk upon his fist, and a white horse, it must certainly be a bit of Wouvermans.

Should you become possessed of a series of pictures, on the same subject, and with the same number of figures as Hogarth is known to have painted, without question *they must be originals*! If any one dares to doubt, and suggests that as they have not the drawing, colouring, or character of the master, they may *possibly* be copies, swear that they have been in one family for upwards of half a century, and as they have been painted so long a time, they *must* be the work of the artist whose name they bear, that the worms have proved their authenticity by having perforated the frames, and that they are mentioned in the history of the county they came from. Should it be hinted that the original series on this subject was burnt, the artist may have painted it more than once; and should it be said that *any* of his other works are so superior, that it is not possible to conceive he could have painted in so different a style—say, what no one dare deny, that he might have improved in the latter part of his life.

To these general hints many more might be added; and if, after all, there should be any that doubt, they must be infidels, and the proper way to deal with them may be gathered from the following little story, told by the late Mr. Richardson:

"Some years since, a very honest gentleman came to me, and amongst other discourse, with abundance of civility, invited me to his house, 'I have, says he, a picture of Rubens, it is a rare good one: there is little Howard t'other day came to see it, and says it is a copy: G—d d—n him, if any one dares to say that picture is a copy, *I will break his head*! Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come and give me your real opinion of it?"

Anecdotes of the late Dr. Franklin.—In discoursing with a foreign Prince upon the advantage derivable from conquests, the Doctor threw upon the ground an ox's hide tanned and dried, and putting his foot upon the edge of it, by pressing down one part, he raised up all the rest; then going all round it did the same, after which, he placed himself in the middle, when they were all equally kept down! "This," said he, "will serve to shew Kings that they ought not to amuse themselves in conquering distant countries, but reside in the centre of their own dominions, by which means they would keep the surrounding provinces from rising, and all their subjects in equal subjection."

Some years ago the Doctor had a dispute with a French gentleman, more distinguished for his birth than his genius. The Frenchman was so offended at a sententious remark that fell from the philosopher, that he thought proper to send him a challenge; to which the Doctor returned the following laconic answer—"Sir, we are not upon an equal footing: a pistol ball would kill me, but can have no effect upon you; for *laaz* will assimilate with your brain."

In deathless verse let great FITZGERALD tell,
How WELLESLEY triumph'd, and NAPOLEON fell;
To meek themes my humble muse shall flee,
And weave my * PHYSCON a fond wreath for thee—
To thee shall bear, with rev'rent homage big,
A votive Chaplet in the place of † wig,
And lost in raptures Smithfield never knew,
In gaping awe thy every point review.
Thy comely chin so pendulous and sleek,
The mild humility that puffs thy cheek,
Thy portly paunch, thy love-commanding eye,
“Where fifty Cupids as in ambush lie;”
Whose glances erst mid GRANTA's tender dames,
Tir'd many a breast, and spread resistless flames.
And tho' (false friend of CYTHEREA's band)
From thy lov'd arms ‡ by HENIUS' fatal hand,
Hath swept, alas! with § moonshine's mighty aid,
Unnumber'd HELENS to the Stygian shade;
Tho' from thy dear embrace for ever torn,
O'er distant seas by cruel breezes borne,
Thy nimble finger'd loves have wing'd their way,
Where New South Wales expands the mournful bay,
A chosen few, from exile, dram, and pill,
Escap'd in safety chaunt thy prowess still,
Darnwellian Sybils still record thy fame,
And Castle-hill is wanton at thy name.
Auspicious Hill! along whose hallowed side
A double road to glory PHYSCON tried—
There PALLAS first, and love's sweet mother shed
Their two-fold lustre o'er his ample head;
There first his genius shot its farthing ray,
There round his brow first twin'd the Paphian bay,
Then, when the myrtle garland seem'd to fade,
A brazen mitre glisten'd through the shade.
Ne'er be the hour engulf'd in Lethe's flood,
When nimbly sprouting from its native mud,
With magic growth, thy greatness, PHYSCON soon
Brush'd like MUNCHAUSEN's bear the wondering moon.
When to that Hill, whose brow in elder time,
With other cares had PHYSCON learn'd to climb—
(That gentle hill, fair nurse of softer flame,)
Contending crowds in jarring tumult came;
When the MACELLUS of our darker day,
England's best hope, ah! swept how soon away—
In honest zeal, and patriot fervour bold,
Unwelcome truths to scared corruption told;
Then sprang my PHYSCON to the mother's aid,
And the strong tide of sense and virtue stay'd;
There, cloth'd with thunder, like great Jove he stood,
And from the Naiads of Cam's sable flood
Cull'd wrathful tropes, which mingling with his own,
Stamp'd with new grace, and right Hortensian tone,
Roll'd on majestic—all the shrill-voic'd train
Of piscatory Nymphs charm'd with the strain,
In their own arts confess'd themselves outdone,
And learn'd to stoop to mortal mother's son.
Preferment now throws wide her golden road,
And honours cluster round the Saint's abode.
Lo well fed Science greets him as her Lord!
“And bids two puddings smoke upon the board,”
Where late a solitary dampling lay,
And seem'd to weep its mate of yesterday;
And he, whose fate, all pregnant with alarms,
Chac'd † fat ADONIS from his fair one's arms,
Views unexpected virtues hourly dawn,
And veils their blushes in right reverend lawn.
Joy to great PHYSCON! May thy fortunes shine
Till fatter sees and fuller sleeves be thine—
Till wriggling onward some thrice honour'd day,
Sees thee to York “find out thy uncouth way.”
There lead, as wont, CALLIOPE along
In quaint conundrum or in amorous song,
One blessed Primate give mankind to hail,
Matchless in puns, and great in Cyprian tale.
A second tribute then thy hand shall bring,
And dare once more thy motley worth to sing:
These happy times may righteous fate decree!
PHYSCON, till then, “Farewell—remember me.”

* An Egyptian worthy memorable for pride and corpulence.

† When PHYSCON went to kiss hands on his promotion, he was found wanting in this outward and visible sign of modern righteousness; and was given to understand, that though the Court would dispense with the qualifications insisted on by St. Paul, he was expected at least to make broad his phylactery.

‡ “Thousands have been mercurialized out of their existence,” &c. &c.—Vide Dr. Cooper's Addresses passim.

§ After Geneva.

|| Alluding to the haste with which a certain lusty Gentleman evacuated M———square, on learning the assassination of Mr. Perceval.

CORRECT COPY OF THE
EPIGRAM ON SCOTT'S WATERLOO.

How prostrate lie the heaps of slain
On Waterloo's immortal plain!
But none, by sabre or by shot,
Fell half so flat as WALTER SCOTT.—
Yet who with magic spear or shield
E'er fought like him on Flodden Field?

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE LATE SEASON-
ABLE THANKSGIVING.

Of late, when England saw with wild dismay,
Imperial Glory gild the Eagle's way,
Saw her hir'd Despots at NAPOLEON's frown,
Now sacrifice a Daughter—now a Crown—
Her * lying Prophet to his reck'ning go,
And leave no trace but infamy and woe;
Her hour of golden promise long pass'd by,
She sneak'd for comfort to Chronology,
And † fifty years of shame and folly past,
Through Sorrow's shade, could cheer her at the last.
Once more her smile—for O, resplendent day!
The BOURBON Parker smites the Lion NEY!
For ‡ this shall cannons roar, and steeples ring,
And Tax-Collectors shout “God save the King!”
For this our Bishops shall a Prayer compose,
“In all the proud parade of pulpit prose;”
And the prim Parson prate his palate dry,
In preaching thankfulness—he knows not why—
Availe it him, while tithes and dues decrease,
That Louis roasts his Protestants in peace?
Tho' sweet to Kings, the thought to him how vain,
That pure Begitimacy thrives in Spain!
And while his loyal tongue would fain record
The deeds of WELLINGTON's immortal sword,
His moody flock sigh o'er the varnish'd tale,
And inly ponder on th' impending jail.
On low and great—on cottages and halls—
The sweeping blast of hungry ruin falls!
Lo, § where the idle plough, the abandon'd loom,
Unfold the first dark signs of England's doom!
In these dark signs her recompence behold—
The righteous meed of all her blood and gold!
B-hold the palms achiev'd, the trophies won,
By all her sons have nobly borne or done!
From War—no fruit but unsubstantial fame;—
From Peace—no blessing but the empty name—
A Court in smiles—a Realm in sackcloth clad—
And all, save Brighton, hopeless, poor, and sad!

* PITT.

† The Jubilee of 1809 is not yet forgotten. When with assinine glee we celebrated a disgraceful period that had lost us America, and involved us in a needless war with all Europe, the effects of which we are now beginning to appreciate.

‡ It was natural that the ignominious death of the “bravest of the brave,” inflicted by the most feeble of thorough-bred Potentates, should be a matter of satisfaction to all legitimate Governments; but it is disgusting to observe, that our own seems to be intoxicated with delight, beyond the bounds of reason and decency—since it cannot help betraying, even in its very prayers, the unmanly spirit of savage exultation, which such an event is calculated to awaken in little minds.

§ Vide the lists of broken farmers in all the provincial newspapers, and the Report of the last Quarter Sessions at Manchester, in *The Courier*. To judge from this Report, it would appear that the farmers are grumbling without reason—inasmuch as they enjoy (at present) the inestimable privilege of leaving off their trade when it will no longer maintain them—luxury, which *The Courier* tells us, is too great for a manufacturer.
January 28, 1816.

THE WAGER.

The Bucks had dined, and deep in council sat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat,
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! “a race, a race,” in rapture cries.
“Where?” quoth Sir JOHN—“Why see two drops of rain
“Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
“A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest force
“Performs its current down the slippery course.”
The bets were fix'd, in dire suspense they wait
For victory pendent on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like tears from CHLOE's eyes.
But, ah! the glittering joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
So thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws;
Each curst his fate, that thus their project crost:
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

In PAUL'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK, ascribed to Walter Scott, is the following pleasing translation of some stanzas, which, with many others of a similar nature, he picked up in the field of Waterloo.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for his wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of pleasure.

The unfortunate termination of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China, reminds us of Mr. Jekyll's Verses on that of Lord Macartney, which were printed in *The Morning Chronicle* many years ago, and perhaps the similarity of the two catastrophes may apologize to our readers for a re-publication.

FREE TRANSLATION OF THE POEM

WRITTEN BY THE EMPEROR OF CHINA,

And presented by his Imperial Majesty to Lord MACARTNEY on his Lordship's *Audience of Leave* at the Court of Peking, only *three days* after his arrival there, in quality of Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the Court of Great Britain.

When a King or a Queen
Send a great Mandarin,
And our footstool he humbly approaches,
He must come with PROSTRATION,
Or taste flagellation,
And must give us some whiskies and coaches.

This etiquette settled,
We're very much nettled
If he does not produce some repeaters,
Magic lanterns, and clocks,
And in tiffany smocks,
Ten ladies of exquisite features.

Mandarin, you bowed low,
As Ambassadors do,
And you made us some excellent speeches—
So great Mandarin,
We have sent you Nankeen,
And, for *novelty*—made into breeches.

Now the sage CHINKA-TI
Has look'd in the sky,
And he thinks 'twill be very wet weather;
So my friends and good fellows,
As you brought no umbrellas,
You'd best get home dry all together.

If, Great Mandarin,
You got wet to the skin
As you look very sallow and sickly,
Our physician, CHIT QUONG,
Thinks you would not live long,
So advises a change of air quickly.

These are hints we confess
We had rather suppress,
As strictly they're not diplomatic—
But then you'll remember
Your month called "December,"
Which we call "Hum-Jang,"—is rheumatic.

The request of your traders,
Those scurvy invaders,
Was impudent—and we refuse it—
To the King of the Isles
We dismiss you with smiles,
And as for the hoax—he'll excuse it.—

The above was Latinized in Sapphic Verse by the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Grenville and Mr. Canning; of the Version we never could procure more than that of the fourth stanza, and that perhaps imperfectly.

CHINKA-TI Cæli speculatur Imbres,
"Vos inumbrellæ video, O Cavetè
"Dum licet sicci, atque iterate magnum
"Protinus Æquor!"

The following lines are the juvenile production of the great Statesman Mr. Canning, and were written on the occasion of his aunt presenting him with a piece of plush for small-clothes in the distribution of presents to her relations on the anniversary of her marriage. As these lines have never appeared in print, we trust they will be acceptable to our poetical readers.

Whilst all on this auspicious day,
Well pleas'd, their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile and softly say
A thousand civil speeches:
My muse shall strike her trembling strings,
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Though humble be the theme she sings,
A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have fashioned them in every part,
And made them spruce and tight and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches:
Mark then the moral of my song,
Oh may your love but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long
As these my shooting breeches.

And when to ease the load of life
Of private care, and public strife,
My lot shall grant to me a wife,
I ask not rank or riches:
For worth like thine alone I'll pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
And form like thine, to give away,
—Not wear herself the breeches.

ODE TO THE GOUT.

"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way."

PARADISE LOST.

Oh curs'd, confounded, execrable Gout!
What's this, you scoundrel, you have been about?
Have you been treading on the R——T's toes?
Driving the "balmy sleep" from R——y?
My cheeks are wet with tears of loyalty;—
I wish I had you, rascal, by the nose.

With Belzebub himself for your postillion;
Nothing would serve but "drive to the Pavilion!"
I wonder what the Mandarins were doing,
That could not spy the mischief you were brewing,
Or that the Dragons let you enter there*.

Monster! you should to *St. Helena* go,
And torture *Europe's* unrelenting foe;
Not wreak your vengeance upon *Europe's* pride:—
Or go to Godlike FERDINAND of Spain,
And, letting him taste of *Inquisition* pain,
Tell him "the Church alone should be his pride†."

A pretty fellow you are to affect
A Courtier's manners, homage, or respect!
Because you have been with the old King of FRANCE,
And swathed his legs with fifty yards of flannel,
You must embark at Calais—cross the channel—
And then to Brighton your dismal front advance.

You'll go, I fancy, next to ALEXANDER,
Whom some would call a great affected gander,
But whom I call an Emperor and a fighter;
'Sblood! he will send you packing home again,
Like Brother Bony†, o'er the frozen plain,
And make your bloated carcase twelve stone lighter.

He who would rather forfeit half a crown
Than stretch his body on a bed of down;
Who takes his healthy, hardy, sound repose
Within his tent—or on the decks of ships,
On leathern bags cramm'd full of straw or chips,
Nor care a fig how stiff a gale it blows.

"Woe be to them who gorge, or drink strong liquors,"
Princes or Dukes, or Aldermen or Vicars—
Bishops or Deans, they'll have enough to do
To keep their joints from your infernal screws,||
Which for the Papists only you should use,
To save the souls of that ungodly crew.

* The dragons.—Query: Are these the famous Dragons that guarded the apples of the Hesperides? For an account of Mandarins, &c. see sketch of a booth erected at Brighton at an immense expense, in a Ministerial paper.

† The holy man-milliner is going to take a wife to assist him in the shop. A Roman Catholic tailor who was asked by me once his reasons for refusing the priests' wives, said—"a priest of the Church (says St. Paul), should be the husband of one wife;" therefore, as a good priest is wedded to the Church, if he marries another wife, she must be—or else the Church must be—a strumpet!—This was the tailor's opinion. Now, though I do not hold tailor's very high in estimation, yet as a wise man (for example Ferdinand) may make clothes for the Virgin, a maker of clothes may be a wise man, and make apologies for virginity. One would hardly have thought that such a Father of the Church as Ferdinand would thus scandalize her!

‡ Once Alexander's brother, vi et armis.

§ This Imperial personage is very anxious to be thought a soldier—and is he not one?—Aye, that he is, witness his battles, his victories (when the very elements conspired to join with him), witness his charger, his cocked hat—but above all, his Orders of Knighthood.

|| You see I am not a friend to popery—no, not I, for as a fine old rich gentleman said to me the other night, "I know these here Catholics wish us all murdered, and to prove it, I tell you that if it was not for the law, they would stab us in the streets." Why does not Lord E——n bring in a bill to prohibit the Gout from mauling the toes of Protestant Bishops and other great toes, and work a cure for the souls of the Catholics with the assistance of the awful personage who is addressed in this Ode? Gout is almost as good as thumb-screws—it ought exclusively to gnaw Catholics.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* was written when WILKES, at a Meeting of his Ward in St. Andrew's Church (where he failed in carrying the point he had in view) declared that St. Andrew had always been inauspicious to him.—It was never published.

UNGRATEFUL JOHN! full well you know
To good St. Andrew all you owe—
The well-stor'd Cellar, splendid Board,
The secret Luxuries of a Lord,
You well know where.

Yet now, the Saint you laugh to scorn,
Treat him as whilom you did HORN,
Or Liberty, your darling Doxie,
Who had, you swore, made you her Proxy,
The Lord knows where or where.

Friend JOHN! you've run a swinging score—
At last, at death, if not before,
Will come the dreadful settling day,
When you the long Arrear must pay—
We all know where.

* Wilkes owed his fortune, and that species of reputation which he acquired, to his abuse of Lord Bute and the Scotch.

COFFEE.

THE introduction of this delightful beverage into the civilized part of the world is comparatively of modern date. It was unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and is not mentioned by any of the European writers who were engaged in the crusades. Mr. Bruce, however, tells us, that the Galla, a wandering African tribe, have long known the qualities of the berry; and use it in their predatory excursions, mixed with butter, and rolled into balls, which they keep in leathern bags. One of these, about the size of a billiard ball, keeps them, they say, in strength and spirits during a whole day's fatigue, better than a loaf of bread, or a meal of meat. Coffee was first imported into Europe from Arabia; where it is traditionally reported, that it was first brought into use by a mollah (priest), who took it to relieve himself from a drowsiness which interfered with the due performance of his devotions. By his example it became common amongst the dervises, and was soon adopted as an article of luxury throughout the East. Public coffee-houses were opened in the 15th century in Persia, and, from the first, assumed their present character—affording a lounge to the idle, and relaxation to the busy. There the politician retailed the news; the poet recited his compositions; and the mollahs delivered their sermons. At Grand Cairo and Constantinople this bewitching potation was received with equal avidity; but was at first opposed on religious grounds; nor was its use established in the former capital, till after some violent struggles, and even commotions, excited by the mystics. At Constantinople, the introduction of coffee-houses was forbidden by the jealousy of the government; but the use of the infusion is so universal, that a refusal to supply a wife with coffee is said to be enumerated among the legal causes of a divorce. Two English travellers, viz. Biddulph and Finch, notice this drink in 1603 and 1607; and the Venetian, Pietro della Valle, promises to bring some to a friend, in 1615. It was first introduced into France in 1644, by some gentlemen who returned from Constantinople to Marseilles; and the first coffee-house in this latter place was opened in 1671. It had in the interim been introduced at Paris by the celebrated traveller Thevenor. In England, its use was established earlier; for in 1652, Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, named Pasqua, who understood the method of roasting and making it. This man was the first who publicly sold coffee, in a house kept for the purpose in George-yard, Lombard-street; and in 1660, a duty of 4d. on every gallon made and sold appears in our statute book: in 1663, all coffee-houses were ordered to be licensed; and so rapid was the extension of the practice, that in 1688, Ray, in his History of Plants, supposes, that there were as many coffee-houses in London as in Grand Cairo itself.

It was not till 1715, however, that this plant began to be cultivated in the European colonies; though the Dutch had planted some trees in 1690 at Batavia. In 1718, coffee was planted at Surinam; and shortly after in Cayenne. At present the quantity imported of Mocha coffee bears a very small proportion to the aggregate consumption. In 1775, the quantity of Arabian coffee sent to Europe did not exceed 2,000,000lbs. Whereas the quantity raised in 1791, in St. Dominigo alone, was 71,663,187lbs. In Jamaica, the cultivation has been comparatively of recent date.

It is well known that the Arabian coffee is better in quality than that of the Colonies. This is supposed to arise partly from the difference of climate and soil; that district of Arabia where the coffee tree is cultivated being rocky, dry, and hot; whereas in the West-Indian islands the atmosphere, though hot, is moist; and in Batavia and Surinam particularly, the soil is rich and deep. The fruit too is gathered before it is perfectly ripe; whereas in Arabia the berries are not gathered till they readily fall on shaking the trees, when they are received on linen sheets spread for the purpose, and are then removed and spread on mats in the shade till perfectly dry. In the West-Indies this cannot be effected, for it is always so damp, that coffee could not be dried in the shade sufficiently for exportation to Europe. West-India coffee likewise is apt to contract a flavour from the rum, raw sugar, pimento, &c. which are sent home in the same vessel. The French are more careful in this respect; and hence their coffee is generally better flavoured when brought from their colonies.

The Turks and Arabs drink their coffee very hot, without sugar, and strong. Persons of the best condition use chiefly what is called Sultana coffee, made of the dried pulp of the berry. The experienced French naturalist du Tour gives the following as the best recipe for making coffee, and with this we shall close our account:—"Put two ounces and a half of fresh-ground coffee to two pints of boiling water; stir the mixture with a wooden spoon, and let the coffee-pot be soon taken off the fire, but suffered to remain closely shut for at least two hours on the warm ashes.* During the infusion the liquor should be several times stirred, and finally left for about a quarter of an hour to settle. Coffee thus prepared," he adds, "is perfect."

* This appears to be the wood-fires of the continent; but a hot hearth, or a grating raised a little above the fire, will do as well, so as not to make it boil.

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.—A Shoe-black, who used to take his station before the entrance of the Hotel de Nivernois, at Paris, possessed a large black Poodle, which had the extraordinary talent of procuring custom for his master. This animal would dip his large woolly paw into the kennel, and put it upon every foot that came near him. The shoe-black, of course, was ever ready to offer his stool, with an invitation to the person bedaubed, to take a seat upon it, and have the filth wiped off their shoes; as long as the dog saw his master employed, he would lay quietly by his side, seeming to know that he could not clean two pair of shoes at a time, but as soon as he saw his master unoccupied, he went on with his business. The sagacity of this extraordinary animal became the conversation of the servants in the hotel, and from the kitchen his fame soon mounted into the drawing-room. A wealthy Englishman who happened to be on a visit at the hotel, was so delighted with the wonderful abilities of the Poodle, that he offered the shoe-black ten guineas for him, but the master loved the dog and would not take the money offered. The Englishman doubled the sum; this was too great a temptation—he dropt a tear over his dog, took the money, and gave up his faithful companion. The dog was immediately taken to London by his new master. Fourteen days after, when the poor shoe-black has passed a very melancholy day, not having had a single shoe to clean, which of course made him doubly regret the loss of his dear dog, the poor animal came bounding to his old master, licking his face and hands, and howling out his joy. The satisfaction of the shoe-black cannot be expressed—"My dear fellow workman," said he rapturously kissing his dog, "we'll part no more; the Englishman may take his twenty guineas again, I would not now part with thee for a hundred times that sum." It was ascertained, that this poor dog, having got into the same packet that conveyed him to Dover, had travelled from London to Paris in six days; and it is supposed, from his appearance, that he scarcely had any food during that period.

Provincial Glossary,

EXPRESSIVE OF THE DIFFERENT DEGREES OF INTOXICATION:

Gayly	Splashed	Hold you by th'
Joyous	Cocked	wall.
Lightome	Fresh	Up set
Blythsome	Cogy	Knoeked up
Canty	Muzzy	Quite gone
Mellow	Flushed	Intoxicated
Absent	Been i'th' sunshine	Inebriated
A drop too much	The sun has been	Drunk
A cup too much	too hot to-day	Drunk as a Lord
Wet within	In liquor	Staring drunk
So so	Cranky	Staggering drunk
How come you so	Over the line	Reeling drunk
A little gone	Half seas over	Drunk as a piper
Overseen	Muddled	Drunk as a pig
Overtaken	Groggy	Drunk as a swine
Overcome	Tipsy	Drunk as David's
Over done	Fuddled	sow
Done over	Top-heavy	Beastly drunk
Disguised	Over-loaded	Dead drunk

In *Fuller's Worthies* it is related, that "John Lep-ton, esq; of York, servant to King James, undertook for a wager to ride six days together betwixt York London, being seven score and ten miles, *stylo vetere*, as I may say; and performed it accordingly, to the greater praise of his strength in acting, than his discretion in undertaking it. He first set forth from Aldersgate, May 20th, being Monday, anno Domini 1606, and accomplished his journey every day before it was dark." On the performance of this feat, the following just remark is added: that it was "a thing rather memorable than commendable; many maintaining that able and active bodies are not to vent themselves in such vain (though gainful) ostentation; and that it is no better than tempting Divine Providence to lavish their strength, and venture their lives, except solemnly summoned thereunto by just necessity."

REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING CASE OF MURDER.

[The following extraordinary case should operate most forcibly with Juries, in admitting circumstantial evidence on life, character, and property.]

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford. He bore an unexceptionable character: Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He then joined company with two Gentlemen, with whom he supped, and, in conversation, unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers, the Gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the Gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awakened his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying, they both instantly rose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans, and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room. They entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood on the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves; but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt. The Gentlemen soon discovered it was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intention as themselves, for that on hearing a noise which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entering the room before them. These assertions were of little avail, he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring Justice of the Peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless with such apparent indication of guilt, that the Justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing out his mittimus,—"Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again in every company. In the midst of all this pre-determination came on the assizes at Oxford, Bradford was brought to trial, and pleaded Not Guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed—Bradford at the side of the body, with a light and a knife; that knife, and the hand that held it, bloody. That on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few minutes preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased. Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the Justice—he heard a noise—he struck a light—he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself, and the terror he discovered, was merely the terror of humanity, the natural effects of innocence, as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene! This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him—never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need left of comment from the Judge summing up the evidence; no room appeared for extenuation, and the Jury brought in the prisoner Guilty, without ever going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all. Yet were those assertions not untrue. The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman, who im-

of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room, which could have been, from the after circumstances scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owe this knowledge to a remorse of conscience, eighteen months after the execution of Bradford, on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim. It is much to be wished that this account could close here, but it cannot! Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was nevertheless the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intention as the servant—he was struck with amazement—he could not believe his senses, and in turning back the bed clothes to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and his knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

Anecdote of CROMWELL.—Previous to the battle of Marston Moor, anno 1644, Lieutenant General Cromwell had sent out spies to reconnoitre the King's forces under the command of Prince Rupert. Not confiding in their report of the disposition of the enemy, and determined to gain personal information, unknown to any of his officers, he procured the habit of a farmer; with which having equipped himself, he mounted a cart horse, takes a circuit from the camp, and reconnoitres the King's forces from every convenient point of view; but being observed by some sentinels, troopers were sent out to take him prisoner. On coming suddenly upon him, they accosted him roughly: Oliver, pretending deafness, asked, with the greatest tranquillity, "For what purpose those brave men were armed?" On being informed that they were the King's, and the opposite troops belonged to the Parliament, "What, says Oliver, have they differed then?" The simplicity of the question excited laughter among the troopers, and Oliver was permitted to proceed to his camp without further molestation.

Anecdote.—By the death of Richard Cromwell's only son, without issue, his daughters, forgetting their duty, and even humanity, commenced a suit to obtain immediate possession, upon the presumption, that it became invested in them, though their father was then living. The venerable old man was obliged, for this reason, to appear personally in Court, at the time Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England was the first Commissioner, and sat as such in the High Court of Chancery. The worthy Chief, struck with the sad reverse of fortune, and still more difficult to be borne, the unfeeling behaviour of Cromwell's daughters, in a manner that did honour to him both as Magistrate and a Gentleman, desired Cromwell to sit on the Bench, and insisted, on account of his very advanced age, that he should keep his hat on; when, after speaking with a becoming severity on the shameful treatment of his daughters, he made a decree in his favour, observing, that they might have permitted an aged parent to enjoy his rights in peace for the small remainder of his life. This act of humanity drew upon the Lord Commissioner the censure of some persons; but he was highly commended for it by Queen Anne, when his Lordship related the fact to her Majesty in the public Drawing-room.

A methodist preacher, near Bunhill-fields, in haranguing his flock a few days ago, frequently mentioned the word *suicide*; remarking at the same time, that it was a most *heinous* *crime*. When service was over, he was asked by the widow of a grocer, to whom he had paid his addresses ever since the death of her husband, "the signification of this word?"—when he very gravely told her, "*It was the abominable sin of continuing in a state of widowhood more than one month.*" The thought whereof had instantly such an effect upon her *nervous system*, that she immediately presented him her *yielding* hand, and they were married on Saturday last.

On the site of the antient *Aornus*, on the coast of Chaornia, stands the Chapel of St. Theodore, at the foot of a perpendicular rock. The walls are covered with inscriptions, some of them belonging to tombs hollowed into the solid rock. Among these the traveller may notice one that relates a singular anecdote. A Captain of a merchant-vessel, belonging to the Greek Islands of the Archipelago, caused his remains to be brought to one of the tombs which he had previously prepared. The sepulchral inscription, engraved under his own eyes in the Greek language, but in Syriac characters, contained this notice,—“that any one sufficiently versed in languages to read the present inscription, was to remove the stone, when, in the tomb, he would find two hundred sequins destined for him.” The inscription had remained long unnoticed or unintelligible; when, about twenty years ago, a young Greek from the Morea, returning from Vienna, where he had studied, touched at the port of St. Theodore, and having decyphered the inscription, dug out the sum. He then engraved the translation of the original notice below it, and affixed his name, his country, and a declaration of his having fulfilled the conditions imposed; all which is still extant.”—Our readers will call to mind the licentiate's epitaph in *Gil Blas*.

From the same source we have copied the following narrative of the horrible fact first referred to by Lord Byron in his ‘*Giaour*.’—“Ali Pacha is extremely careful to keep the Greeks at a distance from his children, and to prevent them from gaining any ascendancy over their minds. His eldest son Mouktar, a noble character, sober, frugal, brave, generous, and upright, appears to incline towards them; and the roughness of his natural manners had received a considerable polish from his attachment to an unfortunate female. Euphrosyna, the lovely object of his passion, was the most interesting woman of Joannina, as well by her personal beauty, as by the qualities of her mind. Mouktar was every day at her house, where the most distinguished Greeks assembled, together with their wives. This excited the jealousy of Ali, who feared that the conversation and principles of the Greeks, coming from the lips of so accomplished a female, might make too strong an impression on the mind of his son. In an underhand manner, he excited the wives of Mouktar, and particularly her who was daughter of the Vizir of Berat, to complain, and even to demand a divorce. Ibrahim Pacha upheld the complaints of his daughter. Ali then turned the matter into an affair of state; and in his divan it was decided that Euphrosyna, and the other females of her society to the number of fifteen, should be drowned; being declared guilty of having seduced Mouktar, and thereby exposed Ali to the danger of a war with his neighbour.” The unhappy victims were arrested in the night, and drowned in the lake.

This same singular monster, Ali Pacha, has a summary way of exacting obedience. “Let my orders be executed, or may the black serpent devour thine eye,” are the words of the charm which he employs; non-compliance is followed by the inevitable and immediate execution of the defaulter. Sometimes he employs this talisman in a way that would not be very palatable to many of the peculators in certain more civilized countries, of which an instance will suffice. Amongst his popular and productive taxes, is one which he calls by the name of “Restitutions,” and which he imposes on those who have had the management of his monies. One day his son Mouktar demanded 100 bags (about 4000*l.*), as an advance on his own revenue, from his father's Jew intendant. Now, though Mouktar was a perfectly exact and honourable man, yet the Jew alleged he had no money, and refused the advance. Mouktar complained to his father; who called the intendant to his presence, and, after reproaching him for such a want of confidence towards his son, said to him, “Listen: it is now twenty years that thou hast served me; and according to the calculation of my revenue, thou must have stolen from me at the rate of five bags per year; thou shalt therefore instantly pay me 100 bags:” to this command he added his ordinary saying, above recorded, which failed not to impose on the unhappy Israelite a ready obedience.—

THE Convent of Vallombrosa, near Florence, was founded in the tenth century by Giovanni Gualberto, of the noble family of Bisdolini. The occasion was sudden and extraordinary. His only brother, Ugone, had been assassinated. Giovanni accidentally meeting the murderer shortly after, and drawing his sword to revenge the death of a relative whom he had dearly loved, the repentant sinner, embracing his knees, begged for mercy, ‘in the name of Him who suffered for us on the cross:’ it was Good-Friday. Giovanni, struck with the appeal, stopped his hand, and considering for a moment his prostrate enemy, suppliant and defenceless, raised him from the earth, embraced him, and forgave him. “Go,” said he, “in peace; and may that God who on this day suffered for us on the cross, ratify our reconciliation in heaven!” With his mind greatly agitated by the scene, he entered a neighbouring church; and, as he prayed, with an enthusiastic ardour, he fancied that the image on the crucifix smiled upon him. From that moment he determined to devote himself to religious seclusion; and founded the convent of Vallombrosa, in a situation then exceedingly wild and savage, on the summit of the Appenines; but which the labour and taste, and the opulence, of successive generations of Benedictines, have now rendered one of the pleasantest spots in Tuscany.”

THE following fact in Natural History is not perhaps generally known: it is perfectly authenticated, and is in the highest degree curious and interesting. All animals exert themselves to provide for their young; and many of them unite for mutual defence and protection. Yet when any of the number is wounded or disabled, and unable to provide for itself, it is usually abandoned by its companions, and left to its fate. An instance to the contrary occurs, however, in the isles of Mazatlan, on the northern shores of America. A bird is here found, called an *alcatraz*, and resembling a goose in size and appearance. When, by any accident, one of these birds is unable to go in quest of its food, which consists chiefly of a small fish, like a sprat, called a *sardine*, its compassionate associates bring supplies to him from time to time in great abundance. And so constant are they in their attention, that the Indians take advantage of their kindness, and are at great pains to catch an *alcatraz*, and tether it to a tree or stake, in order that they may share in the supplies of sardines, with which his table is constantly furnished.—“In the island of St. Roque,” says a Spanish navigator, “we found one of these *alcatraz*'s attached with a cord to the branch of a tree, and a great heap of sardines close to it.”

Lightning.—Professor Willdenow, the celebrated naturalist, in his Principles of Botany, makes the following remark on the capricious effects of lightning on trees:—“It is remarkable that lightning runs along every species of trees almost always in a different manner. The birch (*betula alba*) is in this respect different from all other trees, that the lightning never runs along its stem, but only beats off the top boughs almost in a circular direction.”

Comforts abroad!—Extract from an Italian Traveller:—“Comfort, my good sir, is unknown in this country. What we English call by that name is not, I believe, understood in any other country, nor to be expressed in any other language. It is rest of the body, it is repose of the mind, without business, without bustle, and with every thing convenient and pleasant about you:—it is often lost in a palace, and found in a cottage: it is in itself a trifle; a trifle gives it, a trifle takes it away. It is a cheerful room—a good fire—a dish of tea: but not, as I am now drinking it, with a chimney that smokes, a door that I can't shut, and a window that is broken. It would be difficult to relate all I have here endured. I never pass'd such a night! I slept in my clothes: the bed was full of bugs: the house full of people: and, to mend the matter, my good neighbours from above — upon me* through the flooring. I dreamt I was drowning, and fancied I was in the sea.”

* The beds in this country have no testers.

HOW TO BREAK ILL NEWS.

A DIALOGUE.—Scene. The rooms of Mr. G—, at Oxford. Enter to him his father's steward

Mr. G. Ha! Jervas how are you, my boy? how do things go on at home?—Steward. Bad enough, your honour. The magpie's dead.—Mr. G. Poor Mag! so he is gone. How came he to die?—Steward. Over-ate himself, Sir.—Mr. G. Did he faith! a greedy dog! Why what did he get he liked so well?—Steward. Horse flesh, Sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.—Mr. G. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?—Steward. All your father's horses, Sir.—Mr. G. What! are they dead too?—Steward.—Aye, Sir, they died of over-work.—Mr. G. And why were they over-worked, pray?—Steward. To carry water, Sir.—Mr. G. To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?—Steward. Sure, Sir; to put out the fire.—Mr. G. Fire! what fire?—Steward. Oh, Sir, your father's house is burnt down to the ground.—Mr. G. My father's house burnt down! and how came it set on fire?—Steward, I think, Sir, it must have been the torches....—Mr. G. Torches! what torches?—Steward. At your mother's funeral.—Mr. G. My mother dead!—Steward. Ah! poor lady! she never looked up after it.—Mr. G. After what?—Steward. The loss of your father.—Mr. G. My father gone too!—Steward. Yes, poor gentleman; he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.—Mr. G. Heard of what?—Steward. The bad news, Sir, and please your honour.—Mr. G. What! more miseries! more bad news!—Steward. Yes, Sir, your banker has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world—I made bold, Sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.—*Literary Gazette.*

MUSICAL CURIOSITY.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nearly the same instrument which is now called a *Piano Forte*, was termed a *Virginal*. Her Majesty had one, on which she occasionally amused herself. This instrument, in the course of time, came into the possession of the late Marquis of Donnegal, was afterwards purchased at Lord Spencer Chichester's sale at Fisherwick, about fourteen years ago. The case, which is made of cedar, is covered with rich crimson Genoa velvet, upon which there are three ancient gilt locks, finely engraved; the inside is lined with thick yellow tabby silk; the instrument is made of sandal wood, five feet in length, 16 inches wide, and seven inches deep; the royal arms of Elizabeth are at one end, most exquisitely emblazoned: at the other end is a dove rising, crowned, holding in his right foot a sceptre, and standing upon an oak tree, cooped and irradiated; the painting is executed upon the gold with carmine, lake, and fine ultramarine, and the ornaments are minutely engraved upon the gold. There are upwards of six thousand seven hundred pieces of silver, ivory, and different kinds of costly wood, in the twenty keys, and the others are tipped with gold.

Archbishop Usher.—Thos. Smith, in his "Lives of Illustrious Men," relates, that this learned and illustrious prelate was accustomed to mention in his private circle, that he had been taught to read by two aunts, who were blind from their cradles. These good ladies, as is indeed usual to persons afflicted with a similar calamity, were possessed of most retentive memories, so that they could repeat, without fault or error of any kind, a great number of chapters in the Bible from the beginning to the end.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.—The saying of "the Devil and Dr. Faustus," originates in the peculiar circumstances under which the Bible appeared from the press of John Faustus, who was the first printer. When he had printed a great number, he began to sell them in Paris. These copies appeared as if written, and he found considerable profit in selling them as such: but when he was able to sell his Bibles for 15 crowns, while the copyists asked 500, it excited general astonishment, and more especially as the impressions were delivered as soon as they were wanted; and the similarity of the copies increased the astonishment. In consequence, the police were ordered to treat him as a sorcerer: his house was examined, and a great quantity of type was found and seized upon. Faustus's red paint, used for decorating the initial letters of the chapters, which was particularly beautiful, was supposed to be his blood, and it was solemnly declared that he had entered into a compact with the Devil. To save himself from being burnt, he explained his art to the Parisian parliament; which immediately, in consideration of the utility of his invention, declared him free from all farther prosecution.

A genuine copy of a Handbill circulated by a person in authority, in a town not far remote from that seat of Classic lore, Cambridge; recommending a Subscription for a Fire-engine.

"WHEREAS a multiplicity of damages are lately occurred by damages of outrageous accidents by Fire. We whose names are undersigned have thought proper, that the necessity of an engine ought by us, for the better extinguishing of which by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen, to gather benevolence for the better propagating such good work"

Secret Poisons.—In the year 1659, during the reign of Pope Alexander VII. it was observed at Rome that many young married women were left widows, and that many husbands died when they became disagreeable to their wives. Suspicion fell on a society of young women under the direction of an old lady who pretended to foretell future events, and who had often predicted the death of certain persons to those who were interested in such an event. By means of a crafty female their artifices were detected; the whole society were arrested and put to the torture; and the hag, whose name was Spara, and four others, hanged.

Perhaps less is here to be ascribed to the poison than to the effect of debauchery among a depraved people living under a debilitating climate. There can be no doubt, however, that the infamous art of preparing and secretly administering various kinds of poison was very extensively practised about the middle of the seventeenth century in Rome and Naples. In France, but more especially in Paris, that nursery of every vice, it prevailed, if possible, to a much greater degree. About the year 1670, a woman of fashion, Margaret D'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvillier, began to make a distinguished figure among the votaries of vice and infamy. Her husband possessed a yearly income of 30,000 livres, and she brought him an additional fortune of 200,000 livres. A needy adventurer, of the name of Godin de St. Croix, who, as captain of dragoons, had formed an acquaintance with the Marquis during their campaign in the Netherlands, became, in Paris, a constant visitor at his house, where in a short time he found means to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Marchioness. It was not long before the Marquis died; not, however till their joint fortune was pretty nearly dissipated. Her conduct in openly carrying on this amour induced her father to have St. Croix arrested, and sent to the Bastille. Here he got acquainted with an Italian of the name of Exilé, from whom he learnt the art of preparing poisons. After a year's imprisonment, Sainte Croix was released, when he flew to the Marchioness, and instructed her in the diabolical art, which she undertook to practise, in order to better their circumstances. She assumed the appearance of a nun, distributed food to the poor, nursed the sick in the Hôtel-Dieu, and tried the strength of her poisons, undetected, on these helpless wretches. She bribed one Chaussée, Sainte Croix's servant, to poison her own father, after introducing him into his service, and also his brother, and endeavoured to poison her sister: a suspicion having arisen that they had been poisoned, the bodies were opened, but for that time the parties escaped detection. Their villainous practices were brought to light in the following manner:

"Sainte Croix, when preparing poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but as this happened once to drop off by accident, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory. Government caused the effects of this man, who had no family, to be examined, and a list of them to be made out. On searching them, there was found a small box, to which Sainte Croix had affixed a written request, that, after his death, it might be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or in case she should not be living, that it might be burnt. This request was as follows: "I humbly beg that those into whose hands this box may fall will do me the favour to deliver it into the hands only of the Marchioness de Brinvillier, who resides in the Street Neuve St. Paul, as every thing it contains concerns her, and belongs to her alone; and as, besides, there is nothing in it that can be of use to any person except her: and, in case she shall be dead before me, to burn it, and every

thing it contains, without opening or altering any thing: and, in order that no one may plead ignorance, I swear by the God whom I adore, and by all that is most sacred, that I advance nothing but what is true. And if my intentions, just and reasonable as they are, be thwarted in this point, I charge their consciences with it, both in this world and the next, in order that I may unload mine, protesting that this is my last will. Done at Paris this 25th. May, in the afternoon, 1672. *De Sainte Croix.*" Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened than this singular petition; and that being done, there was found in it a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels, on which their effects, proved by their experiments on animals, were marked. When the Marchioness heard of the death of her lover and instructor, she was desirous to have the casket, and endeavoured to get possession of it by bribing the officers of justice; but as she failed in this, she quitted the kingdom. La Chaussée, however, remained at Paris, laid claim to the property of Sainte Croix, was seized and imprisoned, confessed more acts of villainy than were suspected; and was, in consequence, broken alive on the wheel in 1673."

The Marchioness fled to England, and from thence to Liege, where she took refuge in a convent. Desgrais, an officer of justice, was dispatched in pursuit of her; and, having assumed the dress of an abbé, contrived to entice her from the privileged place, which, as Professor Beckman very justly observes, "folly had consecrated for the protection of vice." Among her effects was found a confession, and a complete catalogue of all her crimes in her own handwriting: she was taken to Paris, convicted, and on the 16th July, 1676, publicly beheaded, and afterwards burnt.—*Bickman's Hist. of Inventions.*

Extracted from unpublished Memoirs, by Sir
N. IV———l.

Johnson told me that Boswell was left-handed, which he ascertained one evening as he was snuffing the candles; he also mentioned that in a violent attack of the itch, Boswell declined using the ointment generally applied, and substituted the cane brimstone, reduced to a very fine powder, each particle having a spearlike termination, and absolutely transfixing the little insect which burrows under the skin—one of these animalculæ was exhibited to Johnson in a microscope; and being highly magnified, he saw it distinctly, and assured me, laughing heartily at the same time, that it was of genuine *Scotch* extraction, having *red hair and high cheek bones*.

I have before mentioned his endowment with the second sight, which was remarkably illustrated by the following burst of eloquence, predictive of the recent introduction of *gas light* as a substitute for oil, which flowed from him on contemplating a lamp lighter at his usual evening occupation in Bolt Court.

"It is possible that a period may arrive, when the fuliginous matter which is now dispersed through the atmosphere, may be converted by the ingenuity of mankind into light; and adopted for the purposes of domestic convenience; as a succedaneum for candles, and for the furtherance of national utility, as a substitute for that oleaginous material expressed from the flesh of whales, and impregnating wicks of cotton, which equally serves to guide the industrious and the profligate, the artificer, towards his home after his meritorious labours, and the hailot prowling through the avenues of the Metropolis, to stimulate the lascivious; to allure the untidy, and to plunder the inebriated.

"That a pecuniary saving may accrue from this substitute I am not prepared to deny, but this without dread of contradiction I am ready to affirm, that the mischiefs will far overbalance any imaginary advantage. The smoke of London is essential to the salvation of the Empire; it is a medium through which every object is magnified to those enlarged dimensions which suit the vision of the inferior classes, and once removed, they would discern the consequences of long wars and oppressive taxes, of paper money, and of sinecure places, of loans that engender bankruptcy, and of extents that defeat fair claims of declamation, mistaken for eloquence, and sarcasm for wit, exemplified in the circumlocutoriness of C——h, and effrontery of C——r, and of a peace which by a paradoxical magic connects plenty with penury, embittering the increase and multiplication of the earth, by the tears of the husbandman, the dismay of the landholder, and the murmur of the artisan.

"Another, and though a remote, by no means a trifling exacerbation of the exchange of oleaginous, for fuliginous illumination, will be the inevitable hardship of the mutation on the community of whales—their numbers have been hitherto arrested in their accumulation by the agency of the harpoon, and vice and misery have not yet tainted their association—the inhabitants of the northern deep, have been hitherto kept within their boundaries by the irresistible efficacy of national tranquillity and local attachment; but a redundant population will be created, and the youthful, buoyant with hope and emulation of enterprize, will depart on the fins of emigration, in search of unincumbered oceans, where they may disport in safety, and spout in unrestrained felicity. What may occur in their peregrinations, of misfortune to mankind, it is impracticable precisely to ascertain; tho' the surprise of the Pope may be conceived at the apparition of Leviathan, in the Tiber, and the astonishment of the Regent imagined, should an adventurer of the cetaceous tribe explore the waves which wash the threshold of his glistening Pavilion.

"Behold the flaming Minister, who, by a series of lignean gradations, has raised himself to a level with that lamp-post; he will die, of reiterated potations of gin, but his son will survive him, and is destined to follow the trade of his progenitor. In addition, he will have the honour of trimming the lamps hung round a Chinese Pagoda in the Park, the future glittering but evanescent emblem of a peace, whose duration will be equally momentary, and is fated to the glory of igniting the Catherine wheels, the Roman candles, and the crackers, which are to blaze round this gingerbread temple. He will suffer from the introduction of gas light—for when the lamps of the Metropolis shall have passed away, he whose occupation it was to free their globular enclosures from the encrustations of filth, and to call their burners into luminous energy, by the application of fire, must, of necessity, resort to other pursuits, and cultivate the sources of productive industry; his fate it is not within my ability precisely to ascertain, but the preponderation of my mind inclines me to conjecture that he will rise to the dignity of shaving the Prime Minister, nay peradventure, arrange the august toupee and whiskers of a still more exalted Personage."

Literal Copy of an Advertisement in a Provincial Paper:—"Wanted a Classical Assistant at an Academy in the country. N. B. If he can shave and dress hair, it will be considered in his salary."

A soldier belonging to one of the Irish regiments lately imported into this country, was, some short time back, discharged from the service, on account of his being incurably dumb. In about three weeks after, he was met by one of his officers, in the uniform of another regiment, who accosted him by saying—"What! Murphy, how did you recover your speech?"—"Och! by the Powers, Captain," answered the other, "*Ten guineas would make any man spake!*"

In a Scotch Paper, a Doctor Brown advertises an "Exhibition of the Principles of Politeness, and the balances of Nature restored, upon the principle of cause and effect," &c. to conclude with a song for the Ladies, and a hornpipe by the Doctor!!!

Mr. WALTER SCOTT has a poem in six cantos in the press, called *Rokeby*, for the copy-right of which his publishers have agreed to give him 3000 guineas. Excepting the travels edited by Dr. HAWKESWORTH, for which 6000 guineas were paid, another instance of so liberal a price for a work of any kind in English literature cannot be produced. MILTON obtained only 15*l.* for his *Paradise Lost*; Dr. JOHNSON 1500*l.* for his *Dictionary*; and Dr. DARWIN 600*l.* for his *Botanic Garden*. How great must be the increase of readers in England to enable booksellers to give 3000 guineas for a poem!

A few days since a man charged with having committed some petty offence, was taken before the Mayor of a Borough in the county of Essex, who, after a very patient investigation of the charge, told the prisoner that he thought there were sufficient grounds for committing him. "I'll tell you what, your Worship," replied the prisoner, "you know better—you know you can't commit me." "What!" (exclaimed the Mayor), "Can't I—I'll bet you half a crown of that;" and immediately drew the money from his breeches pocket, and threw it down upon the table.

A circumstance, highly characteristic of British sailors, occurred lately during the contest between the Scylla and the Weser. Two ensigns being hoisted on board the former, a tar remarking three balls to have passed through one of them, exclaimed to his messmate, "D—n my eyes, Jack, but they've made a pawnbroker's shop of us."

Anecdote of Dr. JOHNSON.

A gentleman telling Dr. Johnson that he had seen the learned pig, expressed himself astonished at his performances, but at the same time was sorry to consider the stripes which the animal must have suffered, before he could have been taught to attend so closely, and obey so implicitly the signs given by his Master. "Sir," replied Johnson, "I think your sorrow and pity are misplaced; the animal should rather excite your envy; as to his stripes, except stripes are inflicted upon the boy, it is very rare that the man becomes eminently learned; and with regard to the pig, if you put his present happiness in opposition to his former sufferings, the balance will be in his favour." "I do not know," replied the gentleman, "what his happiness consists in; I do not see any happiness that he can enjoy." "Not see what his happiness consists in? you astonish me; is not a consciousness of superior acquirement happiness? is not being the first of his class happiness? But above all this, consider, Sir, the pig's learning has protracted his existence. Had he been illiterate, he had long since been smoked into hams, and rolled into collars of brawn and consigned to the table of some luxurious citizen, as the companion to a fillet of veal, or a Norwich turkey. Now he is visited by the philosopher and the politician, by the brave and the beautiful, by the scientific and the idle. He is gazed at with the eye of wonder, contemplated with the smile of approbation, and gratified with the murmur of applause."

Anecdote of George II.—George the Second was at Drury lane theatre, when the Culloden dispatches were presented to him, from the Duke of Cumberland, his darling son. All before was anxiety and apprehension. The instant his Majesty had opened them, he started up, while the tears streamed from his eyes, and, in some glorious ejaculation, thanked his God, and announced the victory. Garrick in a moment caught the transporting sound. The Orchestra, by his orders, struck up "God save Great George our King!" and the whole audience in a wild enthusiasm joined the chorus. Who would not rather have been George II. for that one moment, than Louis XIV. during his whole length of empire?

Bon Mot.—A noble Earl, distinguished as a leader of opposition, took great offence the other day at seeing a cottager's flock of geese grazing on a common, the principal part of which his Lordship was at that time inclosing. Riding up to the offending *Hind*, one morning, while he was at work, the Peer addressed him with great aristocratic wrath, and asked him "how he dared to encourage his geese to steal grass from the common?"—The peasant, lowly bowing, said, "they were poor foolish souls, and know'd no better;"—but if he might be so bold, he would humbly ask his Lordship, "who it was that encouraged his Lordship's workmen to steal the common from the geese?"

A curious biographical Anecdote.—Chancellor Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, was son to a servant-maid, named Sparks, who had lived with his father Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley. His mother had been so neglected by her seducer, that she was reduced to beg for support. A neighbouring gentleman, a friend to Sir Richard, saw her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the Knight. He immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as it was, to wander from door to door. He was affected with the reproof, adopted the child, and by a proper education laid the foundation of its future fortune.

Anecdote of Lord George Gordon.—An acquaintance, the other day, happened to ask his Lordship, how it came to pass that Lord North should speak so violently against the Dissenters, as it was always thought his Lordship had a friendship for that sect? "I know not, quoth Lord George, how far it might have been thought so; but on that occasion, I think, his friendship was put to the test."

DIFFERENCE in the VALUE of MONEY.

About the year 900, King Alfred left to each of his daughters 100l. in money.

In 1221, Joan, eldest daughter to King John, upon her marriage with Alexander, King of Scotland, had a dowry of 1000l. per annum.

In 1278, Edward the First gave with his daughter Joan, contracted to the son of the King of the Romans, 10,000 marks sterling; but this to be restored in case the Prince died before her.

In 1314, Elizabeth, consort of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, being imprisoned in England, was allowed for herself and family 20s. a week.

In 1350, Joan of Oxford, nurse to the Black Prince, had a pension of 10l. per annum, and Maud Plumpton, a rocker, had ten marks.

The pensions allowed by the King to the Cardinals, and great officers of the Pope, who were in a manner retained by the Court of England, were, at the most, 50 marks a year.

In 1351, workmen were to take their wages in wheat, at the rate of 10d. a bushel; a master-carpenter, mason, or tiler, was allowed by the day 3d. their journeymen 2d. and their servants, or boys, three halfpence.

In 1402, the salary of a Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench was 40l. per annum.

In 1408, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas had 55 marks per annum.

In 1545, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench had an addition of 30l. to his salary; and each Justice of the same Bench, and Common Pleas, 20l.

In Henry the Seventh's time, which in order ought to have been mentioned before, an Admiral, if a Knight, had, while at sea, 4s. per day; if a Baron, 6s. 8d. and if an Earl, 13s. 4d.

Anecdote of Topham, commonly called the Strong Man.—During the time that he was a private sailor in one of his Majesty's frigates in the war before last, he petitioned the Captain for two mens allowance, urging that he should be starved upon the allowance of one man. The Captain calling him upon the quarter deck, told him his request should be granted if he was able to do two mens work: and as his extraordinary strength was till then intirely unknown, it was to the utter astonishment of all the officers, as well as the Captain, that he snatched up a four-pounder, with its carriage, walking very deliberately with the same under his arm from head to stern several times, and at length putting it down upon the fore-castle, challenged any two men in the ship to bring it back again.

Anecdote of the celebrated French Author, MARMONTEL.—When Marmontel was a school-boy, his master having chastised him for some youthful offence, he wrote so severe a lampoon upon him, that he was under the necessity of running away. Being afraid of returning to his parents, he entered himself as a private soldier in a regiment commanded by the present Prince of Condé;—and in the year that he obtained a halbert, this celebrated poet wrote his charming History of Belshazzar. Many applications have been made for his discharge, which the Prince has always withstood; declaring it to be the most flattering honour he can possibly receive, to have such a man as Marmontel a serjeant in his regiment. Once a year, at the general review, this distinguished character appears in his proper station, and multitudes innumerable crowd to see him. After the review is over, Marmontel has always the honour to dine with his illustrious Colonel, and the principal officers of the army; by whom he is esteemed a most welcome guest.

Bon Mot of a Custom-house Officer.—Persons of this description seldom are possessed of more wit than lies in their commission; but the following is not unworthy of notice. Some years ago a quantity of foreign cabinet-work was seized, in consequence of strong remonstrances from the trade here against importing that article. The person in whose possession the cabinet-work was, used many arguments with the officer, and at length positively declared, that the cabinet-work belonged to the Duke of Cumberland—"So much the better," answered the officer; "friend give yourself no concern on account of his Highness's property; for I will take care that it be safely locked up in one of his brother's warehouses!"

POWERS OF CALCULATION.

The following account of as singular and surprising an instance of intense exertion of faculties and ready solution of questions of complicated numerical calculation, as ever astonished mankind, is from a French work, called *The Annals of Education*.

Zerah Colburn was born in April, 1804, at Cabot, county of Caledonia, Vermont, in the United States of America. In the progress of his life he appeared to resemble, in every particular, other children of the same age, both as to levity, thoughtlessness, and the childishness of his amusements; but whenever his attention happened to be fixed wholly upon any subject, he displayed faculties far above his age; and, whenever a question of numerical calculation happened to be that subject, far above what could be expected from a person of any age. Mr. McNevin states, in *The American Medical and Philosophical Journal and Review*, that he heard him give, without the slightest hesitation, or the most trifling error, answers to the following questions:—

Q. What is the sum of the numbers 1347, 1953, and 2091?—A. 5391.

Q. What are the numbers, which, being multiplied each by the other, produce the sum of 1242?—A. 54 by 23—9 by 138—27 by 46—3 by 414—6 by 207—2 by 621, and these different solutions were given as quickly as words could express them.

Q. What number is it that, when multiplied by itself, produces the sum of 1369?—A. 37.

Q. What number is it, when multiplied by itself, produces 2401?—A. 49: and 7 multiplied by 343 produces the same number.

Q. What number will six multiplied six times by itself, produce?—A. The child proceeded in his calculation aloud in the following manner, and as quickly as the words could be uttered; six times six make 36; six times 36 make 216; six times 216 make 1296; six times 1296 make 7776; six times 7776 make 46,656; and six times 46,656 make 279,936.

Q. How many hours in twenty-five years eleven months and three days?—A. 226,992.

The person who put this question to the child had made a mistake in his calculation, so that after hearing the answer, he observed to the child that the answer was erroneous. After a moment's reflection, Zerah assured him that the answer was correct. The operation was repeated, and it was found that the child was right*.

When it was proposed to the child to multiply 123 by 237, the father objected, because the operation of multiplying three numbers by three numbers was very difficult. The child replied that he could multiply these two sums, and kept his word; he even multiplied, and very readily too, 1234 by 1234. It was, nevertheless, observed, that the difficult questions distressed him, and he often requested that such complicated questions should not be put to him. Whilst giving his answers, it was manifest from his air, from the fire of his eyes, and from the contraction of his features, how much his mind laboured. His physiognomy is very expressive.

Mr. McNevin, in relating this case of Zerah Colburn, takes occasion to mention another person (Jedidiah Buxton), who was remarkable in the last century for an extraordinary facility of calculation, but who had no other faculty of an intelligent mind. Jedidiah seemed even to be destitute of some of the most common sentiments. Music presented to him nothing but confusion of sounds; and when taken to a representation of one of Shakespeare's plays, in which Garrick played a part, he attended to nothing but counting the number of words pronounced by that great and celebrated actor. Zerah Colburn, on the contrary, exhibits a great deal of mind; he is ready at repartee, and sometimes pointedly severe.

Some days previous to the visit of Mr. McNevin, a woman, in sport, asked him "what three Zerahs multiplied by three Zerahs would amount to?" "Exactly what you are," replied he, "nothing at all!"

* The child and the person who put the questions to him, forgot to take into their calculation, in the last instance, the difference of Bissextile years, and have considered the eleven months as consisting of thirty days each. This omission brings to mind an anecdote of the same kind. A little child, who had also an astonishing facility of calculation, was brought to D'Alembert. "My child," said D'Alembert to him, "this is

my age, tell me how many minutes I have lived?" The child retired to a corner of the room, hid his face with his hands, and returned a moment after his answer to D'Alembert, who had not yet completed the same operation which he had commenced with his pen. He finished it, however, and the two results did not agree. "You have made a mistake my little friend," said D'Alembert. The child returned to his corner, went again through his calculation, and then insisted that there was no error in it. D'Alembert repeated his operation, and contended that his result was correct. "But, Sir," said the child, all at once, "have you considered the Bissextile years?" D'Alembert had forgotten these, and the child was right.—*Note of the Editor of the Annals.*

THE POET AND THE SOLDIER.—While PRION, the author of *The Metromaine*, was imbibing at school the enthusiasm of poetry, he contracted an intimacy with another youth, of whom he was afterwards used to speak in the following expressive terms:—"His imagination was inflamed by the study of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, and at fifteen he enlisted as a dragoon. I was about thirteen when this wild young fellow set off to gratify his propensity. "Adieu, my friend," said he, assuming the tone and manner of an ARTIBANES, "I will either lose my life or grasp the palm of valour." He already flourished in fancy the truncheon of Marshal FABERT. "Well said, my friend," replied I, in a tone nothing short of his own in pomposity, "and I too will lose my Latin, or I will cull not inferior laurels. Return an ACHILLES, and rest assured that you will find in me a HOMER, worthy to sing your mighty deeds."—Such was our heroic farewell. We parted, and made pretty much the same progress towards the attainment of our respective objects. The poor fellow died at the *Invalids*, in the rank of a private soldier, with the addition of forty-five years, and the subtraction of an arm.

VISIONARY ARMY.—Two persons while inspecting their cattle folds at Havarah Park, near Ripley, on the 28th, were astonished with the appearance of an army of men marshalled in battle array, on the ascent of an adjacent hill. They were arrayed in white uniform, and commanded by a scarlet clothed personage of extraordinary stature.—Their arms glittered in the sun. After accomplishing sundry "work-day-world" evolutions, they disappeared on the summit of the hill. Meantime, another assemblage of people, in black garments, began to ascend the hill, and proceeded rapidly up the very path which the spectre warriors had taken. Immediately was heard the roar of artillery; and all the sound and tumult of mortal conflict came rattling down the hill. Columns of smoke ascended, and groans of the dead and dying rang in the ears of the wondering listeners, who, recovering from their astonishment, hastened home, and made the country ring from side to side with accounts of this wonderful combat. The Northern Prophets, amongst whom is the vision-expounding Editor of the *Preston Journal*, are busy in unravelling this spectral conflict, and telling the interpretation thereof.

ANECDOTE OF LORD NORTH.—It is now a fact of historical record, that the famous Major BARRE and Lord NORTH were the strongest possible Parliamentary enemies, the former never losing an opportunity of most rancorously attacking "the able but unfortunate Minister," as NORTH has been termed. It may also be known that NORTH was "the best humoured man" breathing, and that nothing could disturb the evenness of his temper; while BARRE was petulant and irritable to the last degree. While in the fulness of senatorial glory they both became blind. On a subsequent occasion, NORTH made the happiest use of this circumstance in the course of a very irritable debate in the Commons. BARRE had been attacking the Minister NORTH in a most pointed, rancorous, and apparently successful manner, when the latter commenced his reply to this effect: "Mr. Speaker—I have been attacked in the most virulent style, by a Gentleman opposite, to whom the House always listens with becoming deference; and yet, notwithstanding all the virulence of that speech, I will venture to say that there are not two men in his Majesty's dominions who would be happier to see one another than we should be!"

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

In the year 1526, James Lynch Fitzstephen, merchant, being elected Mayor of Galway, sent his only son commander of one of his ships to Bilboa, in Spain, for a cargo of wine. Former dealings at this place were the means of recommending the father's credit, which young Lynch took advantage of to secrete the money for his own use which his father entrusted him with for the purchase of the cargo. The Spaniard who supplied him on this occasion, sent his nephew with him to Ireland, to receive the debt, and establish a further correspondence. The young men, who were much of an age, failed together with that seeming satisfaction which congenial situations create among mankind. Open and generous, the Spaniard anticipated the pleasure which he should enjoy with such a friend. The ship proceeded on her voyage, and as every day must bring them nearer the place of destination, and discover the fraud intended by Lynch, he conceived the diabolical resolution of throwing his friend overboard. After founding the sentiments of the hands on board, he brought the major part of them over to his purpose by promise of reward, and the rest by fear. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently seized in his bed, and thrown overboard. A few days more brought them to port; his father and friends received him with joy, and in a short time bestowed on him a sufficient capital to set him up in business.—Security had lulled every sense of danger, and he proposed for a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbour, in marriage. His terms were accepted, and the day appointed which was to crown his yet successful villainy, when one of the sailors who had been with him on the voyage to Spain was taken ill, and finding himself at the point of death, he sent to the father, and communicated a full relation of the horrid deed his son had committed on the seas. The father, though struck speechless with astonishment and grief, at length shook off all the feelings which incline the parent to natural partiality. "Justice shall take its course," said the indignant Magistrate; and he, within a few minutes, had his son seized, together with the rest of the crew, and threw them into prison.—They all confessed the crime; a criminal process was made out against them, and in a few days a small town in the west of Ireland beheld a sight paralleled by few instances in history—a father sitting in judgment, like another Lucius Junius Brutus, on his son! and like him too, condemning him to die a sacrifice to public justice!—"Were any other but your wretched father your judge," said the inflexible Magistrate, "I might drop a tear over my child's misfortunes, and solicit for his life, though stained with murder;—but you must die!—These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature;—and if you dare hope, implore that Heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature." He was led back to prison, and a short time appointed for his execution.—Amazement sat on the face of every one of this little community, which at most did not consist of more than three thousand people. The relations of the unhappy culprit surrounded the father; they conjured him, by all the solicitude of nature and compassion, to spare his son. His wretched mother, whose name was Blake, flew in distraction to the heads of her own family, and at length prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue her from the ignominy his death must bring on their name. They agreed to deliver him from prison: when his father being informed of their intention, had him conveyed to his own house, which he surrounded with the officers of justice. He then made the executioner fasten a rope to his neck: "You have little time to live, my son," said he; "let the care of your soul employ the few moments—take the last embraces of your unhappy father." He ordered the rope to be well fastened to a window, and compelled the constables to throw the body out; a few minutes put an end to his life. Under the window, in Lombard-street, Galway, to this day, a skull and bones, carved in black marble, is to be seen, which the father put up as a memento.

EXTRAORDINARY CATASTROPHE.—The circumstance which we are about to relate, though of a most extraordinary nature, has been communicated to us from such authority, that we have no doubt whatever that it is accurate in its general outline; we forbear to mention names and places, for reasons which will be sufficiently obvious to our readers.—A few miles from this city, in a village, which consists of but four or five houses, a house of entertainment constantly afforded refreshment for those travellers who made it a resting place. A respectable farmer, a very few evenings since, having been at the Dublin market, resolved to return home early, and left town before dinner; having reached this village, he put up his horse at the inn, and ordered something to eat. His meal, &c. being finished, and the evening coming on, he paid his bill to the landlord, from a parcel of notes, one of which he changed, and then departed on his road home. At about the distance of one mile, his horse dropped a shoe, and as a smith's forge was contiguous to this part of the road, he dismounted, and finding the door closed, and the smith gone to bed, he knocked until the farrier got up; and opened the door. The shoe being replaced, the traveller offered the smith an half crown piece, desiring to get the change, which he declared at that hour he could not procure. The traveller feeling that he had occasioned some trouble in disturbing the man, told him that he might keep the entire. The poor smith affected by this unexpected generosity eyed him with caution, and questioned him which road he had come, and on being informed that he had stopped at the village inn, asked him if any money had been seen in his possession in that house? To which the traveller replied, that he certainly had a large sum of money in his possession; he immediately cautioned him to turn back to Dublin, for that not two hundred yards on the road before him, at a bridge which he described, he was certain to be stopped and robbed. To this the traveller replied he was well prepared, having his yeomanry pistols charged in his holsters. The smith told him that if he was resolved to proceed, he had better examine his arms; the precaution was attended to, and, upon opening the pans of the pistols, the priming of both was not only thrown out, but water appeared to have been poured in. The

traveller was resolute, and understanding from the smith, (who he had now reason to believe was really in the secret) that he should be attacked by one man only, the pistols were recharged, and he set forward on his journey. On his arrival at the bridge, a fellow jumped from the hedge, and stopping him, demanded a large sum, which he said he knew he had about him; the traveller hesitated, suddenly drew forth his pistol, and shot the robber through the heart! It was the landlord of the inn, and whose similar practice of plunder had been constant. The traveller rode back to the inn and asked for the master of the house, who was said to be in bed, and "not to be seen," but on insisting on his being produced, the servant told him that he was gone out to a neighbour's house. The dreadful circumstances were disclosed, and the servants of the house were directed to the place where his body lay. The Gentleman returned in safety to the town, and told the circumstance to several of his friends; and this extraordinary relation is collected from a Gentleman who saw the body of the deceased on the very spot where he had so justly met the punishment due to his crimes.—*Dublin Correspondent.*

NOBLE PRIDE.—In a curious antiquarian work just published, among other anecdotes of the "great" Duke of SOMERSET (CHARLES, the 6th Duke) it is mentioned that he had a great aversion to being looked at or spoken to by inferiors. His servants obeyed him by signs, and when he went out in the country, the roads were previously cleared. "Go out of the way," said his servant one day haughtily to a countryman, who was driving a bog. "Why?" said the surly rustic. "Because my Lord Duke is coming, and he don't like to be looked on." The countryman, enraged, seized the bog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I wooll zee him, and my pig shall zee him too."

THE FLYING FISH.

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL LINES ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE CELEBRATED THOMAS MOORE.

When I have seen thy snowy wing,
O'er the blue wave of evening spring,
And give those scales of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light;
As if thy frame was formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies:
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal,
Is the pure soul that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast;
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and Heaven.

But when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight;
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er,
Like thee, awhile the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink.

O Virtue! when thy elime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak;
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But when I leave the grosser throng,
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every ling'ring care away,
And panting for the purer air,
Fly up at once, and fix me there.

SIR—The following beautiful Scottish Song I copy from the original, written in the year 1600, for the amusement of your numerous readers: its insertion will oblige,

Your obedient Servant,

July 23, 1817.

A. C.

"O, Wally, Wally, up the bank,
And Wally, Wally, down the brae—
And Wally, Wally, you burn side,
Where I and my love wer went to gae;
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

"O, Wally, Wally, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O, wherfore should I busk my head,
Or wherfore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

"Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martimas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle death! whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

"Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;
Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see—
My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie*.

"But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pin'd it with a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my babe were born,
And sat upon the nurse's knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane!
For a maid again Ise never be."

* Crimson.

P. S.—Arthur-seat, mentioned in line 17, is a hill near Edinburgh, at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.

YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

IT happen'd once that a young Yorkshire Clown,
But newly come to far-fam'd London town,
Was gaping round at many a wondrous sight,
Grinning at all he saw with vast delight,
Attended by his terrier Tyke,

Who was as sharp as sharp may be,
And thus the Master and the Dog, d'ye see,
Were very much alike.

After wand'ring far and wide,
And seeing all the streets and squares,
And Temple Bar, and Pidcock's bears,
The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
And all in which your Cocknies place their pride;
After being quizz'd by many city Spark
For coat of country cut and red-hair'd pate,
He came at length to noisy Billingsgate.

He saw the busy scene with mute surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes,
At the loud clamour and the monstrous fish,
Here after doom'd to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a Turbot on a stall,
Who, with stretch'd mouth, as if to gasp for breath,
Seem'd in the agonies of death:

Said Andrew, "Pray what named'st that fish call?"

"A Turbot—'tis (said the sarcastic elf)

"A Flat you see, so something like yourself."

"D'ye think" said Andrew, "that he'll bite?"

"Why," said this fellow, with a roguish grin,

"His mouth is open; put your finger in,

"And then you'll know."—"Why no replied the wight,

"I should'nt like to try; but here's my Tyke

"Shall put his tail there an you like."

"Agreed," rejoined the man, and laugh'd delight.

Within the Turbot's teeth was plac'd the tail,

Who bit it too with all his might;

The dog no sooner felt the bite

Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight;

And though old Ling began to swear and rail,

After a number of escapes and dodgings,

Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodgings;

Who, when the fisherman in a passion flew,

Said, "Master, Lannon tricks on we wont do,

"I've come from York to queer such flats as you,

"And Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire too!"

Then laughing at the man he went away,

And had the fish for dinner that same day.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Tho' mournful the feeling, in seasons devoted

To culling the roses of pleasure alone,

To recur to events that remembrance has noted,

As mark'd with the tear, with the sigh, with the groan;

Yet even that feeling, in souls of affection,

Partakes in its gloom an emotion of joy,

As it tells us the object of fond recollection

Holds a place in our hearts that no time can destroy.

'Tis to prove them, Maria, my sense of your merit,

To shew that I rank your's above common minds,

That I gladly acknowledge the worth you inherit

From her, whose example few prototypes finds;

'Tis to evidence this that I blend with the greeting

Of warm gratulation that heralds the day,

A theme which the full tide of mem'ry meeting;

Shall chasten the glow of festivity's ray.

Tho' torn from our view is the mother that bore you,

Tho' destin'd no longer to gaze on her form,

I know that you still keep her image before you,

And, trust me, that image will prove 'mid the storm

Of contending events, with which fate oft affrights us,

A beacon on which you may safely depend,

And the beam of whose excellence ever delights us,

Who sigh with regret for the loss of the friend.

Who can tell but this moment, Maria, 'tis giv'n,

That, escap'd from the earth, where her cold relics lie,

And array'd in the purest effulgence of heav'n,

Her own sainted spirit is hovering nigh;

That she watches each bright'ning effort of reason,

And exults in the thought that the virtues so mild,

Whose seeds she had sown in life's earliest season,

Now blossom to cheer and to strengthen her child.

Oh! catch, catch the vision, with gratitude hail it,

Still cherish the blessing, nor e'er from it part;

For, though 'twere but fancy, yet what would avail it,

To chase an illusion so dear to the heart;

Which tells us that Providence, kind in its dealings,

And prompt to its creatures all comfort to bring,

Will deign to extend its support to the feelings,

Which, keen in themselves, yet from tenderness spring.

By the shade of that friend, of whom fate has bereft us,

By the splendour of bliss which her life shed around,

By the lessons of good her example has left us,

I implore of the Pow'r with Omnipotence crown'd,

That a long line of years, with felicity teeming,

On earth, dear Maria, your portion may prove,

That o'er your future the light may be beaming,

Of nature, taste, sentiment, friendship, and love!

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

[FOUNDED ON FACTS—VERY SCARCE, 1745-6.]

"Whare gang ye, thou silly auld carle,
And what do you carrie there?"
"I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair."

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
And a gude lang stride took he;
"I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the green-wood side;
"Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canna ride."

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,
An' lightly down he sprang;
Of the comliest scarlet was his weer coat,
Whare gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude broad sword drew he.

"Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron,
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brak the heart o' my ae sister,
I lov'd as the light o' my e'e!"

"Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron,
Red wat wi' the blood o' my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower,
E'er lifted its head to the sun!"

"There's ae sad stroke for my ae father!
There's twa for my brethren three!
An' there's ane to the heart, for my ae sister,
Wham I lov'd as the light o' my e'e!"

The noble strength of character in the foregoing Ballad,
is only equalled by the following affecting story:—

"In the Rebellion of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons were hurrying through Nithsdale, in search of Prince Charles's men. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lonely widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up long kale and butter; and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived? 'Indeed,' quoth she, 'the cow and the kale-yard, wi' God's blessing, is a' my mailen.' He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale! the poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart. The disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends, or the search of compassion. In the Continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiers were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale; I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; hut,' added he, 'she could live for all that, on her God, as she said!—'And don't you rue it?' cried a young soldier, starting up, 'don't you rue it?'—'Rue what?' said he, 'rue aught like that?'—'Then, by my God!' cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that woman was my mother! draw, you brutal villain, draw!' They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, 'Had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God.'

The following beautiful lines are copied from *The Cambrian Newspaper*, dated Saturday, Dec. 28, 1816:
TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY LATELY DECEASED.

"Eh tumulo super addite Carmen."—VIRG.

If fairest innocence, unspotted truth,
Engaging manners, and the bloom of youth—
If beauty, meekness, modesty and worth;
If every virtue, torn at once from earth,
Can claim the pitying tear,
Oh! let it fall on lovely Charlotte's bier.
Long shall her friends regret such charms were given
To fit her only for the joys of heaven.
Here, longer to delight, alas! denied,
She turn'd away from earth and peaceful died.
Boast not, O grave! altho' thou hast won thy prize!
And low in dust thy captive mouldering lies;
Again triumphant with her God she'll rise.

Neath, Dec. 25th, 1816.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROSCOE,
AND DELIVERED BY MR. HOLMAN ON THE NIGHT
APPROPRIATED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN
OF THE LATE MR. PALMAR, AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, LIVERPOOL.

Ye airy Sprites, who oft as Fancy calls,
Sport 'mid the precincts of these haunted walls,
Light forms that float in Mirth's tumultuous throng,
And frolic dance, and revelry, and song—
Fold your gay wings—repress your wonted fire—
And from your favourite seats awhile retire.
And thou—whose powers sublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the springs that move the Human Heart,
With change alternate; at whose magic call
The swelling tides of Passion rise or fall—
Thou too withdraw—for 'midst thy lov'd abode,
With step more stern a mightier Power has trod.
Here, on this spot, to every eye confest,
Inrob'd with terror's stood the kingly guest.
Here, on this spot, Death wav'd th' unerring dart,
And struck his noblest prize—an honest heart.

What wond'rous links the human feelings bind!
How strong the secret sympathies of Mind!
As Fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
We hope or fear, rejoice, detest, or love—
Nor heaves the sigh for selfish woes alone:
Congenial sorrows mingle with our own.
Hence as the Poet's raptur'd eye-balls roll,
The fond delirium seizes all his soul,
And whilst his pulse concordant measures keeps,
He smiles in transport, or in anguish weeps.
But ah! lamented Shade! not thine to know
The anguish only of imagin'd woe:
Doom'd the lov'd Partner of thy soul to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn:
Then whilst thy bosom, lab'ring with its grief,
From fabled sorrows sought a short relief;
The fancied woes, too true to Nature's tone,
Burst the slight barrier and became thy own:
In mingled tides the swelling passions ran,
Absorb'd the Actor, and o'erwhelm'd the Man;
Martyr of Sympathy! more sadly true
Than ever Fancy feign'd or Poet drew!

Say, why by Heaven's acknowledg'd hand imprest
Such keen sensations actuate all the breast?
Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled?
Why lingers Hope around the silent dead?
Why spurns the Spirit its encumbering clay,
And longs to soar to happier realms away?
Does Heaven, unjust, the fond desire instil
To add to mortal woes another ill?
Are there no beings of ethereal frame
That in soft whispers prompt the nightly dream?
Or midst lone musings of remembrance sweet
Inspire the secret wish—once more to meet?
There are—for not by more determined Laws
The sympathetic steel the magnet draws,
Than the freed Spirit acts with strong controul
On its responsive sympathies of soul;
And tells, in characters of truth unfurl'd,
There is another and a better World.

Yet, whilst we sorrowing tread this earthly ball,
For human woes a human tear will fall.
Blest be that tear—who gives it, doubly blest—
That heals with balm the Orphan's bleeding breast.
Not all that breathes in morning's genial dew
Revives the parent plant where once it grew;
Yet may those dews, with timely nurture; aid
The infant flowrets drooping in the shade,
Whilst memory of tried worth and manners mild,
A Father's Virtues, still protect his Child.

The following lines were written by Dr. JOHNSON in 1777, in ridicule of certain poems which were published at that period.

Wherefoe'er I turn my view,
All is strange, and *nothing new*;
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that Time has flung away,
Uncouth words in difarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and Elégy, and Sonnet.

Bishop Warburton's books were much scribbled in the margin, and on the blank leaves. He says, in one of his letters, "It is my way to write any observation on the leaf of the book that is the subject of it." Of the books in his library that he did not want, he used to get rid every year. This he called giving his library a purge. The Bishop's reading was very extensive, and exceedingly miscellaneous.—When he was tired of serious reading, or of study, he used to take up a novel or romance to relax his mind, turning, as Dr. Armstrong advises his student in his Art of preserving Health,

—"From serious Antonine
"To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song."

The great Chancellor of France, Daguesseau, used to say, "*Le changement d'étude est pour moi un délassement*," when he turned his noble and comprehensive mind from an intricate law case to mathematics or Oriental learning.

Bishop Warburton appears to have thought very highly of Baxter's *Matho-Puerilis*, as an institutional book of Natural Philosophy, in which the explanations are very familiar, and suited to the capacity of young persons. He always thought that there had been some omissions in the Oxford edition of Lord Clarendon's History, but that nothing had been added to it. One very notorious omission, he said, he was sure he could shew.

Dr. Middleton and Warburton were well enough inclined to spar. They were, however, mutually afraid of each other. They were both of them men of strong parts and strong passions. The Bishop says, "Whether or not I answer Dr. Middleton's Postscript, we shall give the public in this dispute an example, that friends may differ in opinion, without any abatement of their mutual esteem, or any interruption in the commerce of friendship."

Bishop Warburton's Sermon on King Charles's Martyrdom abounds with historical research and acute observation. In a note in one of his Sermons, speaking of Voltaire, he calls him, "a man who writes indifferently well upon every thing."

Warburton, speaking of himself, says, "You have a faithful picture of my mind; frank but honest, and if plain yet generous; above all, a lover of truth and good men; not the most forbearing when I think myself ill-treated, and ready to be reconciled by the least shadow of recantation."

Of Morgan, the Author of a now forgotten performance against Religion, "*The Moral Philosopher*," he says, "I have some knowledge of Mr. Morgan. An afternoon's conversation with him gave me the top and the bottom of him; and though I parted from him with the most contemptible opinion both of his candour and his sense, he has had the art in his book to write even beyond himself. It is composed principally from scraps put together from "*Christianity as Old as the Creation*," larded with some of the most stupid fancies of his own that ever entered into the head of man; such as Moses's scheme for an universal Monarchy. I hope nobody will be so indiscreet as to take notice publicly of his book, though it is only in the sag-end of an objection. It is that indiscreet conduct in our defenders of religion that conveys so many books from hand to hand."

Mr. Baxter sent him the Latin Dialogue between him and his pupil, concerning the true system of the Universe, and its dependance on its Creator; in which he endeavours to bring down the Newtonian principles to the capacity of a boy of twelve, "You will judge," says he, "such a capacity to be a prodigy. However, he has explained Sir Isaac Newton's principles in a wonderfully familiar manner, and at the same time with great precision. I hope he

will make it more public. It would be of great use to the young people at the Universities most of whom, for want of applying to the mixt mathematics, never get any clear idea of the Newtonian System all their life long."

"I intend one of my pamphlets to be sent to Dr. Mead, as to a man to whom all people who pretend to letters ought to pay their tribute, on account of his great eminence in them, and patronage of them."

Bishop Warburton's Letter to Andrew Millar, the bookseller, on the intended publication of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, does him infinite honour as a man of candour: the last paragraph is most beautifully expressed:

"Sir, I find in the papers accusations to stir up the public against the Editor of Lord Bolingbroke's Works. This I think ridiculous and unfair. He is not accountable to any particular in what concerns his own conscience only; and it is perfectly ridiculous to suppose that Lord Bolingbroke left him the property of his writings with a design that they should be suppressed. The very contrary purpose is evident to the common sense of mankind. But there is a contradiction between this and the declaration in the prefatory Letter to Mr. Pope. Why? His whole book is full of contradictions, as well as weak reasonings and pernicious principles. I, perhaps, may have occasion in due time to shew all this. But what is this to the Editor? Let the Author answer for it, and he will have a hundred writers, I make no doubt, to call him to account. But if the Editor grows jealous (as he did in the case of the publication of the "*Patriotic King*") of one who neither thought nor said a word of him (but addressed all he had to say to Lord Bolingbroke, and yet was villainously abused by somebody or other on that account) he will find himself business. The worst I wish him is the best his friends can wish for him, viz. that if he has not published Lord Bolingbroke's Works with a perfectly satisfied conscience, he may make his peace, not with particulars, or the public (which are nothing)" but with Him only who can heal a wounded conscience or enlighten an erroneous one."

The Bishop thought Baxter's *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*, "a master piece of its kind."

Many curious particulars relative to this great Prelate, Sir Isaac Newton, and many other literary persons of Dr. Stukeley's remembrance, are to be found in a book in MS. which is now in the possession of a relation of his, a gentleman of great elegance of mind and manners, who lives at W—.

Anecdote of the late MAURICE SUCKLING.—

When Mr. Suckling was a young man, he was remarkable for a foppishness of dress, and effeminacy of manners, which rendered him extremely ridiculous, particularly among his brother tars, who gave him the appellation of *Fine Bones*; however, the anecdote we are going to relate of him affords a striking instance, that military men are not always to be judged of by appearances. When Captain Suckling commanded a ship under the late Commodore Forest, they were cruising, three in company, off the island of Hispaniola, when being observed by five French ships of superior force then lying at Cape François, they immediately got under weigh with a view of capturing the British ships. The Commodore judged it advisable to make the signal for the other two ships to come within hale, in order that he might consult their Captains on what was best to be done. The brave Suckling without hesitation replied, "Why, engage them to be sure." This so much astonished his ship's company, that they voluntarily gave *Fine Bones* three hearty cheers.—He then called his First Lieutenant to him, and said, "Sir, I am sensible there are many reflections and prejudices against my character; If, therefore, any part of my conduct, during the approaching engagement should betray the least marks of impropriety, or fear, I desire you will send me forthwith below deck, and take the command of the ship. In short, Capt. Suckling behaved with the utmost intrepidity throughout the action; and this little squadron gave the haughty *Monseigns* so severe a drubbing, that they returned in the most shattered condition to the great mortification of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, who had prepared a grand entertainment for the reception of the British prisoners. Commodore Forest's squadron had scarcely a mast standing when they put into port."

Clerical Bon-Mot.—A Farmer riding with a licentious Divine, when the discourse turned upon personal reformation, asked him "How he thought his directions to his flock could ever be effectual, as it was plain from his own conduct, that he made no progress in the way himself?" "Not the less for that," replied the Parson; "Don't you see that hand-post? It never goes to the place it points to; but it is effectual in directing others." "Certainly," replied the Farmer. "And besides," said the Divine, "If I was to be foremost in this journey, pray who is to take care of the hindmost of my flock?"

NATURE HER OWN SURGEON.

A curious Case of a COMPOUND FRACTURE, related by Dr. Hunter, at his Lectures.

SPEAKING of the nature and cure of simple and compound fractures, Dr. Hunter observed in his lectures, that, in treating the compound, many surgeons did mischief, and irritated the wound, by their officious and artificial manner of dressing it. Instead of that practice, he recommended treating the compound, as much as possible, in the same way as the simple fracture; and, in confirmation of that practice, used to relate the following singular case, which was always heard with great attention, because the instruction was conveyed in the way of pleasantry.

"A maniacal patient, Mr. G—, who was confined in the Infirmary at Edinburgh (he says it was about 30 years ago), seeming to have recovered a calm and rational state of mind, was allowed to take an airing in the garden by himself. Here he took the resolution of making his escape, and got over the garden wall. In dropping himself from the wall, which was very high, he pulled a large cap-stone along with him, and suffered a very large compound fracture in his leg. He was carried round, and lodged again in the Infirmary, in this unhappy condition; and the surgeon, who was instantly brought to him, set the leg, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen tailed bandage, &c. in the usual way. After all this, the patient appearing to be very calm, the surgeon gave some proper directions, went away, and the patient was left alone to get some rest, which was thought proper, and seemed to be his own desire. His madness now took a singular whimsical turn: he knew very well that he had got a miserable broken leg; but his crazy imagination made him believe, that the surgeon had mistaken his leg, had bestowed all his cunning upon the sound leg, which required no attention, and had left the shattered limb to shift for itself. Under this firm persuasion, convinced that his surgeon was too ignorant to perceive his blunder, too conceited to be set right, and too proud to suffer such humiliation, he thought it would be most prudent, in his present state of subjection, for the cure of his broken leg, to make the best use he could of the judgment and dexterity which God had given him. He removed all the apparatus from the broken leg, with great attention, that he might be able to apply it to the other leg, so exactly in the same manner, that the surgeon should not be able to discover the alteration, and least any suspicion should arise, and lead to an enquiry and discovery, he thought he should be still more secure by secreting or hiding the other leg, that it might not be found, and appear in evidence against him, he therefore tore a large hole in the sheet and feather bed, and buried the wounded leg among the feathers.

Next day when the surgeon visited him, he said, that for a while he had been in pain, but that by a fortunate and accidental motion of the foot, the pain went off as by a charm; that he had continued perfectly easy ever since; and therefore was resolved to keep it as steady as possible in the same situation. The surgeon finding him easy, the pulse quiet, and no symptom whatever of fever, went to the foot of the bed, and lifting up the clothes, said, "let us just see how the foot and leg look." The patient seemed much alarmed with the proposal, and entreated him, for mercy's sake, to desist; because, he said, the least motion in the world would disturb it, and bring all his pains back again. The surgeon assured him that the bed clothes touched nothing but the cradle, and that the lifting of them up could not in the least move either the leg or foot; and then observing to the students, that the appearance of the foot was as favourable as he could wish, he expressed his satisfaction, and went away.

Every day's visit after this turned out equally satisfactory, both to the surgeon and patient, till the fifth or sixth day, when the surgeon grew very anxious to see the wound, least any lurking mischief should be concealed, and was determined to remove the dressing. This the patient resisted, first with prayers, and then with imprecations, &c. but at last he was obliged to submit. The surgeon, with a cautious and tender hand, removed the bandages; and, as he went on, expressed the pleasure which he felt on seeing the skin, both above and below the wound, in so natural a condition. At length he lifted up the dressings, which he found

were quite loose, and seeing a leg now perfectly sound, which a few days before he had seen in such a lamentable state, you can better conceive than I can tell how he looked. After a short pause, he passed his fingers along the tibia, and then said, "I only know that a fracture and wound there certainly was, and now there is certainly neither." Presently he recovered himself enough to recollect, that it was the other leg which he had set and dressed, and said, "Where is the other leg?" (turning off the bed clothes at the same time.) Lunatics are quick in resources, and not easily put out of countenance, and imagine that nobody can doubt what they assert. Mr. G—, sensible now that the leg would be discovered, drew it out from among the feathers, saying, with great resentment and rage, that he would now expose the surgeon's ignorance to the world; that he always knew surgeons to be a set of ignorant fellows, though they wore large wigs, and now he would prove it, by a shocking instance, to the satisfaction of all present.

This leg (said he, holding out the broken leg, with a cake of blood and feathers crusted over and round the wound), this leg, thank God! is as sound as any man's; there (pointing to the other), is the broken leg; you see what a desperate condition it is in; and that fellow being called, did nothing for it: he was called to set a broken leg, and bound up this. After venting some more of his indignation and rage in sarcastic and coarse language, he begged that some of the young surgeons would bind up his broken leg again (meaning the sound one), for that it was in great pain, was much disturbed with this impertinent examination, and, if not taken care of, would make him a miserable object, at best a cripple for life.

The surgeon seeing his patient's imagination so strongly perverted, and being convinced by the agitation which that misapprehension had raised, that it would be, upon the whole, safer to indulge him in his wild conceit, with humanity as well as good sense, desired the young men to humour him, by putting the apparatus on the sound leg. From that time he was calm, and in all other things reasonable. The cure went on with perfect success; the scab at last dropped off; the wound was then found to be healed, and the callus completed. A memorable lesson for surgeons, and a striking instance of the weakness of human reason, of the imperfection of our boasted art, and of the power of nature!"

Bon Mot.—A sportsman, who had invited a sober citizen to his villa a few miles from town, prevailed upon him the next morning, though unaccustomed to such early rising, to partake of the joys of the chase. The huntsman, on the opening of the pack, exclaims, "Do you hear the heavenly sound?" The Cit, who had enough to do to keep himself upon his horse, making no reply, the sportsman with a degree of astonishment rejoins, "Now what do you think of the melody?" "I am afraid I have misunderstood you, Sir," replied the Citizen, "your cursed dogs make such a noise, that I can hear nothing!"

Anecdote of the late DAVID HUME.—Mr. Hume often met with illiberal treatment from the Clergy of Scotland, who took every opportunity to asperse his character on account of his free opinions. Observing a certain zealot of this class always leave the room when he entered it, he one day took an opportunity to address him as follows:—"I am surprised, friend, to find you express an aversion to me; I would wish to be upon good terms with you here, as it is very probable we shall be doomed to the same place hereafter; you believe I shall be damned for want of faith, and I fear you will be damned for want of charity."

Pun of a Dean of Peterborough.—It was a custom in Queen Anne's time, when any of the Court Chaplains got a Deanery, to present the Chaplains' table with a silver plate. One of them being preferred to the Deanery of Peterborough (a very poor Deanery), and being a little backward in making the usual present, he was rallied about it one day at table; "Oh! Gentlemen (says he), it can't be expected I should make you a present of a silver plate; consider I am but Dean of Pewter-borough."

ORIGIN OF THE WINCHESTER MEASURE; AND OF ST. SWITHIN'S ADAGE.

In a compendium of *The History of Hampshire*, we find the following article:—

"By an ordinance of Edgar's, to prevent fraud, one measure was established for the whole kingdom, and the standard vessel being kept at Winchester, was the origin of the term 'Winchester Measure.'—St. Swithin, at his own previous solicitation, was buried in the Church-yard, instead of the chancel, of Winchester Cathedral, and when an order was obtained to remove his relics into the choir, a most violent shower of rain fell on the destined day, and continued for the 39 successive days, without intermission; in consequence of which, the idea of removal was abandoned as displeasing to St. Swithin, though the Saint afterwards relented, and suffered his bones to be taken from the cemetery, and lodged among the remains of the other Bishops, in the year 1043. The vulgar adage, that we shall have 40 days continuance of wet weather, whenever rain falls on St. Swithin's festival (July 15), doubtless arose from this presumed supernatural circumstance."

MENDICITY.—An anonymous Correspondent has favoured us with the following curious account, which he assures us is genuine:—He was walking in the neighbourhood of Edmonton with a friend, who requested his particular attention to a female, then happening to be in the same path-way with them, she having attracted much notice in that quarter, in consequence of her recent marriage under very peculiar circumstances.—She had been servant at a tavern there, and waited on the guests of the Sunday ordinary, which is held throughout the year. At this ordinary one gentleman was a constant attendant, and was generally supposed to be one of the numerous clerks of the City, who have no other opportunity of enjoying the change of fresh air. He usually occupied the same seat, and appeared much reserved, except when addressing the maid-servant, towards whom his demeanor was very kind and condescending—and at length he made a formal proposal of marriage to her. The girl, who had more sense than often falls to the lot of persons in that sphere of life, did not object to the proposal, but earnestly entreated that a small sum might be settled as a provision against any casualties, which, in consequence of her intended elevation, she might be less able to bear. This suggestion met with all the attention that could be hoped for. The Gentleman agreed to settle one thousand pounds, and lost no time in selling out stock sufficient for raising that sum. The happy day was now appointed, but not before the lover had explained to the fair object of his choice, that they could only meet *once a week*, and had exacted from her a promise never to urge him to a farther explanation of the circumstances which reduced him to the necessity of submitting to so painful a separation!—They were accordingly married, and went on very pleasantly, until the Lady, prompted by a curiosity, which (whether truly or not we will not venture to affirm) is said to be peculiar to the sex, requested that he would confide the secret to her. At this request the manner of the enamoured spouse became much altered, and, after betraying a considerable degree of irritation, he *commanded* her never again to obtrude the subject upon him. The storm was thus suffered to blow over for a time; but curiosity, perhaps, is one of the most powerful motives agitating the human breast, and this new *Psyche* had not philosophy enough to withstand it. She again entreated a solution of the mystery, but the entreaty was met only by a frown—she pleaded her affection—and finding all of no avail, she threatened to have him watched to the place of his retreat. This had the effect of extorting a declaration from him; and he assured her that she might probably discover his secret, but that *if she did*, she would *never see him afterwards*. Notwithstanding this declaration, made with great coolness and firmness, the imprudent woman persisted, and, by the help of some busy friends, was introduced to her husband in his disguise as one of the common beggars of the metropolis; she spoke to him in that situation, but, as he then told her for the *last time*, she has never seen him since!

Oh! My Eye Betty Martin!—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. ST. MARTIN is one of the worthies in the Romish Calendar; and a form of prayer to him begins with the words—"*Oh! Mihi Beate Martine!*" which by some desperate fellow, who was more prone to punning than praying, has furnished the plebeian phrase, so well known in the modern circles of horse laughter.

NEGRO SERMON.

A SERMON PREACHED BY SAM QUAKOO, BLACK CLERGYMAN AT JAMAICA.

TEXT TAKEN FROM 1ST BOOK OF QUAKEE, 22D VERSE.

"*He hab great faith, but no hab work!*"

"A man da born ab woman, hab long time for lib; he trouble ebery day too much; he pring up like a plaitain, he cut down like a Banana. Spose da man do good, he hab good. Spose da man do bad, he hab bad. Spose he do good, he go to da place call him *Glorio*, where Goramity tan on a top, and a Deble on a bottom. Spose he do bad, he go da place call him a *Hell*, where he must burn like a pepper-cod; he call for drop of wara, nobody give him drop of wara for cool him dam tongue. Tan brethren, you sabee one man, dey call him Samee. Smit he killy twenty thousand pelicans wid da jaw-bone ab massar's jackmanass, tan you sabee noder man, dey call him Jones; he swallow fish, call him whale—he *mugun*, he bell of a fellow for fish. Den dere noder man, call King Georgie, he lib tora side of wara, he wear ting on him head call him crown—grang ting, all de same com basket. Den dere buckra man, he hell of a dasher—he go to dignity ball, he hab tilk lock, ing on him leg, him buckle in him shoe, he dance and he dance, and he drink too much rum and wara, him go to bed; and him die away in a morning, like a land wind, den dey take him to pompey parlour, and dey bury him; and all de blackey girls wipee mer-eye ober him; but spose da blackee-man die, oh! law, he quite noder ting; dey say he no more business in de Kingdom of Haben, den de hog in de Governor's garden. So brethren, Goramity bless you, and cush you all—Amen."

Hab—have.

Ebery day—every day.

Wara—water.

Tan brethren—attend brethren.

Mugun—Bermudian.

Buckra man—white man.

Dignity ball—the Governor's ball.

Pompey's parlour—burying ground.

Cush you—keep you.

ANECDOTE.—As the late Dr. WARTON and Mr. CROWE (the Oxford Orator) were once walking arm in arm in London, at a time when mad dogs were said to be much about, Mr. C. suddenly quitting his friend, darted into a shop:—"What's the matter?" said his companion. "A mad dog!" cried the Orator. "No," replied the Doctor, who saw it was a false alarm, "'tis only a scare-Crowe."

ANECDOTE.—When the Rev. ROWLAND HILL last year made a circuit of Kent, he happened to preach in a village at no great distance from Maidstone. A shoemaker in the place, who had long dissented from the Established Church, and made a great profession of religion, would obtrude his company and conversation on Mr. HILL. At length he observed, that "he had been in the way forty years" (meaning, no doubt, he had so long made a profession of Godliness). "Indeed," replied Mr. HILL, "I verily believe you, and I can assure you, my friend, you are *in the way* now." The man had sense enough to take the hint, and instantly retired.

Anecdote of his present Majesty.—The King, who was extremely well read in the writings of our older divines, one day conversing with a young clergyman, asked if he were acquainted with the writings of Andrewes, Taylor, and the celebrated preachers of that age? The young man answering that he had paid more attention to the modern writers, his Majesty smartly exclaimed, "*There were giants in those days.*"—*Memoirs of Wm. Stevens.*

Dr. JOHNSON said—"His notion of the duty of a Member of Parliament sitting upon an Election Committee was very high; and when he was told of a Gentleman, upon one of those Committees, who read the newspapers part of the time, and slept the rest, while the merits of a vote were examined by Counsel, and as an excuse, when challenged by the Chairman for such behaviour, bluntly answered, 'I had made up my mind upon that case'—JOHNSON, with indignant contempt, said, 'If he was such a rogue as to make up his mind upon a case without hearing it, he should not have been such a fool as to tell it.' 'I think (said Mr. DUBLEY LONG, now NORTH) 'the Doctor has pretty plainly made him out to be both rogue and fool,'—"

A FASHIONABLE GLOSSARY.

<i>Age,</i>	An infirmity which nobody owns.
<i>Buying,</i>	Ordering goods without present purpose of payment.
<i>Conscience,</i>	Something to swear by.
<i>Courage,</i>	Fear of man.
<i>Cowardice,</i>	Fear of God.
<i>Day,</i>	Night.
<i>Debt,</i>	A necessary evil.
<i>Decency,</i>	Keeping up appearances.
<i>Dinner,</i>	Supper.
<i>Dressed,</i>	Half-naked.
<i>Do as,</i>	Doing as other people do.
<i>Economy,</i>	(Obsolete.)
<i>Enthusiasm,</i>	Religion in earnest.
<i>Fortune,</i>	The chief good.
<i>Friend,</i>	(Meaning not known.)
<i>Home,</i>	Every body's house but one's own.
<i>Honour,</i>	The modern Moloch, worshipped with licentious rites and human victims.
<i>Knowing,</i>	Expert in folly and vice.
<i>Life,</i>	Destruction of soul and body.
<i>Love,</i>	(Meaning not known.)
<i>Modest,</i>	Sheepish.
<i>New,</i>	Delightful.
<i>Night,</i>	Day.
<i>Nonsense,</i>	Polite conversation.
<i>Old,</i>	Insufferable.
<i>Pay,</i>	Only applied to visits.
<i>Play,</i>	Serious work.
<i>Protection,</i>	Keeping a mistress.
<i>Religion,</i>	Occupying a seat in some church or chapel.
<i>Spirit,</i>	Contempt of decorum and conscience.
<i>Style,</i>	Spendid extravagance.
<i>Thing (the)</i>	Any thing but what a man should be.
<i>Time,</i>	Only regarded in music and dancing.
<i>Truth,</i>	(Meaning uncertain.)
<i>Vernacular terms,</i>	Fashionable sense.
<i>Virtue,</i>	Any agreeable quality.
<i>Vice,</i>	Only applied to servants and horses.
<i>Undress,</i>	Complete clothing.
<i>Wicked,</i>	Irresistibly agreeable.
<i>Work,</i>	A vulgarity.

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—In a small town there ought never to be a *surgeon* and a *butcher* of the same name. The following will justify the apparent *dogma*. Some time ago, at a market-day ordinary, in Cornwall, one of the company, understood from the conversation, that a stranger who sat opposite him was an inhabitant of ———, to which place a medical acquaintance of his had lately gone with a view of establishing himself in the various branches of his profession;—probably as an apothecary; surgeon, *azconchent*, and *doctor*; just as the case might require. Glad of the opportunity, and anxious to learn what progress his friend was making in this situation, he thus addressed the stranger:—"You live at ———?"—"Yes; I do."—"You know Mr. ———?"—"Yes; I know him very well."—"He is a particular friend of mine; how is he going on with you?"—"Oh, he is going on *gaily*;—he is *killing away* amongst his neighbours." It is unnecessary to add, that the inquiry related to a *surgeon*, and the answer to a *butcher*;—both (unfortunately) bearing the same name.

MR. GIBBON.—In the year 1777, the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, spent some months at Lausanne, whither Mr. GIBBON had retired to complete his immortal work of "*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*." Among the sons of fashion and literature who were in the habit of paying their devoirs to her Ladyship, none were more assiduous than Mr. GIBBON and the celebrated Physician Dr. TISSOT. As both were ambitious of a high place in the good opinion of the Lady, some "keen encounters of their wit" frequently took place. At the close of one of these conflicts, which had been somewhat sharper than usual, the Physician, addressing GIBBON, said to him, "M. Historian, when my Lady is sick of your insipidity (*faillaise*), I will cure her."—"And (rejoined GIBBON), M. Doctor, when my Lady is dead of your prescriptions, I will immortalize her." It is but justice to TISSOT to add, that he had the candour to admit the superiority of his *concurrent*.

APPARITIONS.—A gentleman, well known to be subject to superstitious ideas, saying he had been much terrified by the actual appearance of his wife's *ghost*, his friend observed, that he was as much surprised as he could be, as he thought he had been accustomed to her *spirit*.

LITERAL COPIES OF FRENCH CARDS,
WITH TRANSLATIONS FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF BRITISH TRAVELLERS.

THOREL,
LOUEUR DE CARROSES,
Rue Socrate, No. 15,
A ROUEN,
A l'honneur de prévenir MM.
les Voyageurs qu'il tient des
Berlines et des Cabriolets très
élégans, avec de très-bons Cho-
vaux, pour tous Pays, et à vo-
lonté.
An plus juste prix.

THOREL,
HACKNEY-COACH KEPER,
Socrate-street, No. 15,
AT ROUEN,
Has the honour to prevent
the travellers that he keeps the
coaches, and Bagues very ele-
gants with very excellent horses
for every countries at wishes.
And at very just price.

HOTEL DE L'ECUE DE FRANCE,
A BEAUVAIS,
ROUTE DE PARIS A CALAIS. ROAD, FROM PARIS AT CALAIS.
Où descendent les grandes dil- Where come down the mails or
gences de la rue Notre-Dame- diligences from the street
des-Victoires, route plus cour- Notre Dame-des-Victoires at
te de deux postes et plus belle. Paris, a road two posts shorter
Cet Hotel, tenu par Boc- and finer.
QUET, est composé d'apparte- This Hotel kept by BocQUET,
mens de maîtres, de grands consists in great appartements,
magasins, grandes écuries et re- well furnished, ware-houses,
mises. large stables and coach-houses.
On y tient table d'hôte. There is a table d'hôte, et
boarders are admitted.

Among the numerous inducements, exhibited in the windows of the French coffee-houses, to sharpen the appetites of English travellers, the following is not the least singular:—
"AN ORDINARY DINNER EVERY DAY AT FOUR O'CLOCK!"

ANECDOTE.—LOUIS the 15th, when he went a hunting, which was his daily occupation, always had forty bottles of wine carried to the field, with other refreshments. One day, after a long chase, his Majesty desired to have a glass of wine. He was informed there was none. "What!" said the King, "None! I thought you had brought out forty bottles?" "Yes, Sire, but they are all emptied." "Another time, then, remember to bring forty-one, that I may have one for myself."

FASHIONABLE RAT.—A few weeks ago a full grown rat was caught in a shop here, the neck of which was found to be embellished with the very unusual decoration of two finger rings; these were of the description manufactured as baubles for children, and were fancifully disposed round the neck of the animal, the stone of one gracing the breast, while that of the other adorned the centre of the neck behind. Conjecture is at a loss to account for the circumstance of the rat becoming so oddly equipped: the rings were so small as to be even less than half the circumference of the head and the skin around the neck, exposed to the tight friction of the rings, had become completely excoriated; beneath them the hair was entirely worn off, and the flesh protruded in some parts over the rings. This sufficiently indicates that the poor animal must have become possessed of this piece of troublesome finery when very young, and leads to the conclusion of the rings having been stolen by the parent rat and carried to her nest, where, by a singular fatality, this one of her progeny might have put its head severally through both, and been afterwards unable to extricate itself from either. It is well known that these animals are extremely fond of trinkets, and in the present case, several rings of the same description had been, at some distance of time, missed from the shop where the rat was caught. It having been killed in the taking, a Gentleman in town had it stuffed, which has been admirably performed by an ingenious mechanic in Large, of the name of Wilson, and it is now in the possession of the former.
—(Glasgow Paper.)

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—A young gentleman travelling last week in the county of Armagh, amused himself by reading the numerous notices affixed to a pump, in a central part of a respectable country town; among them he found the following, which he copied as a curiosity:—

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
To enable me to leave the House which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it,

500 Live Rats,
For which I will gladly pay the sum of 5l. sterling; and as I cannot leave the Farm attached thereto, in the same order in which I got it, without at least

Five Millions of Ducks, or Dockins (weeds),
I do hereby promise a further sum of 5l. sterling, for said number of Dockins.
(Signed)

Dated 31st Oct. 1816.

N. B. The Rats must be FULL GROWN, and no Cripples.

Anecdote of the late Earl of Warwick.—He once invited Mr. Garrick to see him at Warwick Castle; and in consequence Mr. Garrick, in his annual journey to Lichfield, made it his road through Warwick, and arrived at the Castle with Mrs. Garrick and his chaplain about the Earl's breakfast time; but his lady, who was a very proud woman, conceiving herself degraded in the introduction, insisted on his Lordship not asking them to stay, and in compliance, he shewed them the Castle with all the armour of the fighting Earls of that name, which he claimed as his ancestors (although a different family) together with the famous Guy Earl, with the tremendous porridge pot, said to have been the breakfast cup of this gigantic hero; and then wished him a good morning, at the same time giving him a book containing the feats of all the heroes of that ancient place and title.—Mr. Garrick, feeling himself hurt at the treatment of the noble Earl, whom he had thus come out of his road more than 20 miles to see, particularly at his not asking him to stay breakfast, retired to an inn in the town for refreshment, and there he wrote the following lines extempore, for the gateway of Warwick Castle, which he left behind him.

When Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick liv'd here,
Three oxen for breakfast were slain;
His friends were all welcome to sport and good cheer,
And kindly invited again and again.

But his nerves are so weak, and his spirits so low,
This Earl with no oxen does feed 'em,
And all of the former good doings you know,
He gives you a book, and you read them.

Anecdote.—The late unfortunate Chatterton was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, by reading the Epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was sunk so deep in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave in his way that was fresh dug, he tumbled into it. His companion observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of genius; poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his friend by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish as I imagined; we can find an asylum from every creditor but that." His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adversity combined subjugate? In three days afterwards the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

Anecdote of GIBBON the Historian.—Mr. Gibbon, on leaving England last summer, stopped some time at Geneva, in his way to Lausanne, and the morning after his arrival, sent his servant to order an umbrella. During the man's absence, Lord Stanhope called upon Mr. Gibbon with one in his hand; and, as the custom of the people of Geneva is, went up to the Historian's room without any ceremony. On his Lordship's entry, Mr. Gibbon, who is very short-sighted, taking him for the umbrella-maker, laid hold of that in his Lordship's hand, and observed "that it was second-hand." "Yes," answered his Lordship, "I have had it some time." "But, Sir," said Mr. Gibbon, "I wanted a new one." His Lordship, expressing some surprise, replied, "that he might have as many as he pleased in Geneva." "Pray, Sir, who are you," said Mr. Gibbon;—"I am Lord Stanhope," answered his Lordship, "and come on purpose to pay my respects to Mr. Gibbon;" upon which the business ended with a hearty laugh. His Lordship and Mr. Gibbon having received their education in Switzerland, both spoke French; in which language this conversation passed as fluently as English.

Anecdote of Dr. JOHNSON, not recorded by any of his Biographers.—A lady having expressed her wonder to the Doctor, that Milton, who had written so sublime a poem as the Paradise Lost, should have been so very inferior to himself in the composition of his sonnets; he replied, "Is it then matter of surprise, Madam, that the hand which was able to scoop a Colossus, of the most perfect symmetry from a rock, should fail in an attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry-stone?"

Original Anecdote of a Countess who went a begging.—This extraordinary incident, which was for many years proverbial in some parts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, occurred about the beginning of the reign of George I. During the depth of an extreme hard winter, a charity sermon being preached at the parish church of Endfield, near Endfield-hall, a seat of the Lady Grey, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, her Ladyship, who attended, was so affected by the pathetic address of the Rector, that in order to sound the charitable dispositions of the hearers, most of whom she knew, she disguised herself in the habit of a beggar, and traversing the parish a whole day, the greatest part of which it snowed, she soon found that very few of the congregation, any more than the preacher, retained similar impressions of commiseration with herself after the sermon; and what was most remarkable, among a number of scanty pittances which with no small address she obtained, that of the Rev. Divine, though a man of considerable estate, was the least of all; in fine, where she expected most, she obtained the least; only one poor cottager, an aged woman, asking her to come in and warm herself in the course of the day. The alms she had received elsewhere she had saved in a bag, which she was provided with. This aged woman, who was baking, when she came to the door, made the unknown Countess sit down by the fire whilst she baked her a cake in the mouth of the oven. The consequence of this unexpected kindness was, that the Lady, assuming her real character, the day after invited all her benefactors to a feast; but when they entered the hall, though there were two tables, only one of them was furnished with the fare of the season: the first was for the aged cottager and a few others; but the other was, to the unspeakable surprize of the guests, garnished with the identical alms they had so illiberally bestowed before upon the noble beggar; a laurel specifying the portion of each; and finally, an explanation and a most severe lecture by the Lady, increased their confusion beyond all conception; whilst the different treatment of the poor cottager, &c. and an annual stipend settled upon her by the Lady, stamped her ever after with the love and respect of the whole country.

Anecdote.—Of the late Mrs. Macauley Graham, who wrote so much, very little has been written. The two following circumstances passed in the presence of the person who writes this article:—At a dinner at a city bookseller's, where there was a large company, and among others the historian, a gentleman present addressed her with, "Pray, Madam, when will your work (meaning her History) be finished? the world is impatient." "In about six weeks, I think, Sir," replied the Lady. "Will you be kind enough, Madam, to tell me," says a prim young Lady who was present, "if it is upon gauze or cat-gut?"

Politics was soon after the subject, and Mrs. Macauley was, as usual, extremely eloquent in favour of general and universal liberty. A Scotch Officer, who was present, took up the opposite side, and being rather foiled in his argument, at last said, with a very stern aspect, "Madam, these subjects belong to men, they are in the province peculiar to the Lords of the Creation!" At the moment this was uttered, the servant came into the room, announcing "Mrs. Macauley's chair." She first turned to the Officer, and then to the messenger,—"Tell the two Lords of the Creation, I shall not be ready in less than hour: they must wait!"

Original Anecdote of Sir Elijah Impey.—When Sir Elijah was on his passage from India, he almost continually kept in the cabin from indisposition, whilst her ladyship, on the contrary, was in very good health and spirits, and almost as constantly upon deck. One fine day she persuaded him out to take a little air, and as he was walking the deck, it having blown rather hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called hastily to one of the sailors, desiring to be informed what it was. On being asked the question, "Why don't you know what it is, an please your honour?" says honest Jack. "No," replied Sir Elijah, "indeed I do not; pray what is it?" "Why," replied the tar, bluntly, "I can't pretend to say by what name they hail them on shore, but we sailors call them Sea Lawyers."

BONS MOTs.

The late Lord Pembroke was one day fauntering near the house at Wilton, and by accident saw a silver spoon in the pig-stye; a female servant was then coming to feed them—"What a piece of work these devils make," says she, as she filled the trough. "No wonder (says his Lordship), you see they have got but one spoon amongst them all."

A Marshal of France one morning found Pecourt, a stage-dancer, at Madame l'Enclos's toilet. Piqued at having such a rival, and perceiving Pecourt dressed *en militaire*, "Pray, Sir (says he), in what corps do you serve?" "Sir (says he), I command that corps in which you have served a great while."

Anecdote of JOHN BAPTISTE DANTE, an admirable Mathematician, born at Perugia.—One of the curiosities of his invention was to make wings, which were so exactly proportioned to the weight and figure of his body, that they seemed almost to grow into his shoulders. He tried the experiment several times upon the lake of Thrasmene, and perceiving the wings would do, he resolved to entertain the town of Perugia publicly with his invention; he pitched upon a public time too, when Barthelemy Alviano's marriage with the sister of John Paul Baglioni was kept. Now when the town were all got together in the great square, Dante immediately let himself off, like a falcon, from one of the highest towers, being all covered over with feathers, as if he had been metamorphosed into a bird, and sweeping and flapping his wings in the air, made his flight over the square, and diverted the people to a great degree of surprize; but, at last, the iron, with which he managed one of his pinions, happening to break, he could not poise his body with the other, but falling down upon St. Mary's church, he broke his thigh; however, not so ill, but that he was cured by the surgeons. He was afterwards Mathematical Professor at Venice, and died somewhat under the age of 40. He was called Dedalus, for his invention. By the circumstance of the marriage of Barthelemy Alviano, it appears that Dante lived about the end of the 15th century.

Anecdote of Mons. Sartine.—An Irish gentleman, who wished to purchase an estate in France, lodged his money in the hands of a banker, who took it, as is common on the continent, without giving a voucher; but lodged it in an iron chest, and gave to the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker to receive the cash; but the latter peremptorily denied his having any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma, the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine; and he accordingly did so, and told him his story. The Minister sent for the banker, and asked him if he had not received such a sum? The banker steadily denied it. "Very well," replied M. de Sartine, "then sit down and write a letter which I shall dictate to you, and you shall continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was brought, and Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect: "My dear wife—You must immediately send to me the sum which Monsieur de Sartine has deposited in my hands, and which was deposited originally in the iron chest in the counting-house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or else I shall be sent to the bastille. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker started.—"Mon Dieu!" says he, "must I send this letter to my wife?" "You must," says the Minister: "I dare say, that if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it, and she will obey your commands: if you are innocent, she will not comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment, and if you resist you shall go immediately to the Bastille." The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent, and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed, and restored to the original owner. M. Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter would be kept a secret, provided he acted in future with more faith and honesty.

Anecdote of Dr. SOUTH, Chaplain to King, CHARLES II.—The Doctor one day preaching before the King and some of his dissolute courtiers (who had been spending the preceding night in a manner not at all similar to preaching and praying), observing his royal and noble auditors to have entirely resigned themselves to sleep, suddenly stopped in his discourse, and called threetimes on the Earl of Lauderdale; and on the Earl starting up, the Doctor coolly addressed him in the following manner: "My Lord Lauderdale, I called upon you, only to caution you against snoring so loud, lest you should wake his Majesty."

Curious Anecdote.—In 1747 a man was broke alive on the wheel at Orleans for a highway robbery; and not having friends to take care of his body, when the executioner concluded he was dead, he gave him to a surgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theatre as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms, of this unhappy wretch had been broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him, he found him reviving, and by the application of proper cordials, he was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled, that his two thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood, he recovered, and in this situation the surgeon, by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart 50 leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the road side close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier, who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot.

A drover returning from market, where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity, and, being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver. "Alas!" said the robber, "I cannot reach it—you see I have neither arms nor legs" (for he had concealed his arm, which had been preserved, behind his back); "so, for the sake of Heaven, put your charitable donation into my pouch."

The drover approached him, and as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun shining, he saw a shadow on the ground which caused him to look up, when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his arm grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent, and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town, which was very near, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him a whistle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a suspicion that he had accomplices in the wood; the magistrate, therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized, and they arrived within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud; and another whistle was heard from under ground, three men at the same instant rising over the midst of a bushy clump of brambles and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants and the purposes of lust; the boy, scarce 12 years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls, in giving evidence, deposed, that they had lived near three years in the cave, had been carried there by force from the high road, having never seen day-light from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped, and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day, and sat by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broke by several strokes, in several places, and a *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in tortures for near five days. When dead, his body was buried to ashes, and strewed before the winds of Heaven.

On the Custom of making APRIL-FOOLS.

THE custom of sending persons on enquiries or errands, which are to end in disappointment and ridicule, well known under the term of making April-fools, though it may be, as Polonius would say, a *foolish custom*, is nevertheless interesting as to its history. That it was a general custom of the old Britons is evident, from its being still a general custom in all parts of Britain. It is, or has been so, likewise in France and Germany, as it is called in French, *donner un poisson d'April*, that is, to give one an April fish; and the Germans call it, *cüen in den April chicken*, that is, to send one on an April errand. What is still more singular is, that it is also the custom in India, and has been so from time immemorial. The following account of this Indian custom, is given by Colonel Pearce in the Asiatic Researches, Vol. II. p. 334.

"During the Huli, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindus of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. The Huli is always in March, and the last day is the general holiday. I have never yet heard any account of the origin of this English custom, but it is unquestionably very ancient, and is still kept up even in great towns, though less in them than in the country: with us it is chiefly confined to the lower class of people, but in India high and low join in it, and the late Surajah Dowlah, I am told, was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke here so far as to send letters, making appointments in the names of persons, who it is known, must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given."

To Mr. — on receiving a blank letter from him on the First of April.

I PARDON, Sir the trick you play'd me,
When an April fool you made me;
Since one day only I appear
What you, alas! do all the year.

ANECDOTE OF BOSWELL.—Lowe had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed, Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. "Nothing," said Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence; and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible." "How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend Dr. Johnson writing a letter for you." "Yes, Sir." "I hope you will not think me rude, but if it will not be too great a favour, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it. Every thing from that hand, you know, is so inestimable." "Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but," "I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing; only if it were no particular secret." "Sir, you are welcome to read the letter." "I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind." (Having read) "It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of." "Certainly not." "Why then, my dear Sir, if you would do me another favour, you make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's Coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you." "I was overcome," said Lowe, "by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterward was unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain, (added he, sarcastically,) whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee."

RUSSIA.—Before the year 1811 the Constitution of Russia was an *absolute autocracy*; but at that period the Emperor Alexander declared that it should be in future a constitutional monarchy; and that the will of the Sovereign should be regulated by a code of laws.—The government is composed of 1. The Senate of the Empire, which in 1811 was composed of 35 members; 2. of the Directing Senate, as the superior authority; 3. of the Holy Directing Senate; and, 4. of the High Ministers.—The Revenues of the state in 1811 were 215,000,000 rubles. The expenses were the same year 274,000,000. The army in 1810 was 621,155 men: of which 110,000 were irregular troops. The navy in 1803 comprized 269 sail of different sizes, carrying 4348 guns; 32,016 sailors; 8,268 marines; and 4000 gunners. The established religion is the Greek, which reckons four metropolitan churches; eleven archbishoprics; 19 bishoprics; 26,747 churches, and a great number of convents.—In 1811 there were estimated of the following persuasions 3,500,000 Catholics; 1,400,000 Lutherans; 3,800 Reformed Protestants; 9000 of the Unitas Fratrum, or Moravians; 5,000 Memnonites; 60,000 Armenians; 3,000,000 Mahometans; 300,000 worshippers of the Dalai Lama; 60,000 adorers of Feitches or idols; &c.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS and FESTIVITIES; with the ORIGIN of MINCE PIES.

CHRISTMAS is the annual renovator of scattered family affections. When families of children grow up, and settle in life, new duties claim their attention, and new affections arise. The ties of the child to the parent, and those of fraternity are weakened by nearer claims; but Christmas comes—the whole family hears the festive *reveille*—and seated round the board of their venerable parents, with the brothers and sisters of their youth, filial piety and fraternal love are renovated, and the family band is renewed. Heart again swells to heart—and the friendships decreed by Providence, when the family was grouped in the archives of His will, and which it is treason against the Majesty of Heaven to neglect to cultivate, is again brought to our sight, in all the beauty of its innocence in early youth, when the soul of each relative was as visible as his face. If the observance of this festival season had no other good, it would be the duty of every man to keep it; and the wish of every wise and good man that it may be so observed for ever. Companions may be found in every pot-house: but friends are thinly scattered. Prudence planted after adolescence, is of slow growth; and often, on being found to be spurious, it is obliged to be rooted from the heart, where it was too hastily planted; but the friendship of fraternity has the security of Nature for its sincerity and its endurance.—As a relative enemy is a monster, it is the unbounded duty of every man to cultivate the friendship of those beings whom nature designed for his intimates and friends, even from the womb that gave them birth. Christmas festivities then, bringing scat-

tered relatives together, and renewing the story of their infant loves, by associated recollections of happy infantine scenes, have a better claim to respect than many will allow, who look upon them, even when composed exclusively of one family, as mere jollifications.

The custom of making mince-pies at this festival is of very old standing; of its origin it is perhaps not possible to be certain. In probability it was thus: It being usual to provide very large quantities of provisions of every kind, there would, of course, be many small portions of various sorts of viands scattered on the table or dresser of the cook; now, might not economy—a decent and proper wish that nothing fit for eating should be wasted—be the occasion of the first mince-pie, which was made up of scraps from the beef about to be roasted—from the boar's head, which was brawned (a favourite Christmas dish)—from the scattered raisins, of which the plum-puddings were made—of the apples and the suet, of which pies and puddings had been made—and of the spices which had fallen aside—all carefully swept together by the good housewife that nothing may be lost—and covered with a crust, perhaps, that when baked it might be given to the poor, who would not reject the fragments thus cooked; but which, accidentally tasted by the master, became from thence a favourite Christmas dish?—We have already mentioned a boar's head as a standing-dish,—when soused, it was the first dish on this day, and was carried up with much ceremony to the table of the Lords, and of Colleges, and accompanied by a carol which was sung on the occasion. This song, with variations, is still retained at Queen's College, Oxford, where it is sang annually on Christmas day, when a boar's head is still a principal dish.—*Aston's March. Her.*

EXTRAORDINARY ORGAN.—In the public Museum in the city of Haarlem is an Organ, which is thus described by a modern traveller. "The greatest treat we reserved for the last, and now after giving the organist due notice, we proceeded to hear the far-famed organ, the powers of which are truly astonishing, though it is capable also of producing the finest and most delicate tones imaginable. There are 60 entire stops with 5000 pipes, the largest of which is 38 feet high, and 18 inches in diameter. The organist appeared a man of great musical genius, and amongst other things played the overture to Lodoiska with admirable effect, introducing an imitation of thunder, which appeared to make the very foundations of the church tremble. After listening with extraordinary delight to this extraordinary instrument for more than an hour, and until the poor organist was quite exhausted by the necessary exertions, we took our leave, regretting that probably it was the last time we should ever be so gratified."

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—The Scots had a custom (which began in the time of Ewen III.) that the king and his successors should sleep the first night with every woman whose husband held lands immediately from the crown; and the lords and gentleman with those whose husbands were their tenants and homagers. This was their knight's service tenure, and continued till the days of Malcolm Canmor, who, at the request of his wife Margaret, (sister of Edgar Etheling), abolished this law, ordaining that the tenants, by way of commutation, should pay unto their lords a mark in money, which is yet in force, and is called *Marcheta Mulieræ*.

Extraordinary Result of the Trial of an innocent Person on a charge of Murder.

The following interesting account, found among the papers of Lord Chief Justice Dyer, was published by Mr. Hewitt, who married one of his Lordship's descendants. The book from whence it is extracted is obscure and uninviting, and we doubt not that the story itself will be new to most of our readers.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a person was arraigned before Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment for the murder of a man, who dwelt in the same parish with the prisoner. The first witness against the prisoner deposed, that on a certain day in the morning, as he was going through a close, at some distance from the path, he saw a person lying in a condition that denoted him to be either dead or drunk; that he went to the party, and found him actually dead, two wounds appearing in his breast, and his shirt and clothes much stained with blood: that the wounds appeared to have been given by a fork, or some such instrument; and looking about, he discovered a fork lying near the corpse, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initial letters of the prisoner's name. The witness at the same time produced the fork in the court, which the prisoner owned to be his. Other witnesses deposed, that the prisoner was seen out very early in the morning on which the murder was committed, dressed in a particular suit of clothes; which, upon his house being searched, were discovered, much stained with blood, and concealed in a straw bed: and that the prisoner had been heard to utter menacing expressions against the deceased. The prisoner declined asking any questions of the witnesses, and did not attempt to contradict their evidence: but being called on for his defence he stated,—"That he rented a close in the same parish with the deceased; and that the deceased rented another close adjoining to it:—that the only way to his own close was through that of the deceased; and that on the day the murder was committed, he rose early in the morning, in order to go to work in his close, with his fork in his hand; and passing through the deceased's ground, he observed a man, at some distance from the path, lying down, as if dead or drunk; that he thought himself bound, by the laws of humanity, to see what condition the person was in; and upon getting up to him, he found him at the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great deal of blood had issued:—that in order to relieve him, he raised him up, and with great difficulty set him in his lap: that the deceased seemed to be sensible of what he said, and in the midst of his agonies attempted, as he thought, to speak to him; but being seized with a rattling in his throat, after a hard struggle he gave a dreadful groan, and vomiting a great deal of blood, some of which fell on his (the prisoner's) clothes, he expired in his arms. —that the shock he felt on account of this accident was not to be expressed; and the rather, as it was well known that there had been a difference between the deceased and himself, on which account he might possibly be suspected of the murder, that he therefore thought it advisable to leave the deceased in the manner he was, and to take no farther notice of the matter:—that through the confusion he was in when he left the place, he took away the deceased's fork, and left his own in the room of it by the side of the corpse:—that being obliged to go to work, he thought it best to shift his clothes; and that they might not be seen, he confessed he had hid them in the place where they were found;—that it was true he had denied that he had changed his clothes, being conscious that this was an ugly circumstance that might be urged against him; and being unwilling to be brought into trouble, if he could help it. And concluded his story with a solemn declaration, that he had related nothing but the truth, as he should answer it to God Almighty. Being then called upon to produce his witnesses, he answered, with a steady composed countenance and resolution of voice, he had no witness but God and his own conscience.

The Judge in his charge observed, that the prisoner had indeed cooked up a very plausible story; but if such or the like allegations were to be admitted in a case of this kind, no murderer would ever be brought to justice. That the present case was exempted, in his opinion, from all possibility of doubt; and that they ought not to hesitate one moment about finding the prisoner guilty.—The Foreman begged of his Lordship, as this was a case of life and death, that the Jury might be at liberty to withdraw; and upon this motion, an officer was sworn to keep the jury. This trial came on the first in the morning, and the judge having sat till nine at night, expecting the return of the jury, at last sent an officer to enquire if they were agreed in their verdict; and to signify to them that he would wait no longer for them. Some of them returned for answer, that eleven of their body had been in the same mind from the first, but that it was their misfortune to have a foreman that proved to be a singular instance of the most inveterate obstinacy; who, having taken up a different opinion from them, was unalterably fixed in it. The complaining members, however, alarmed at the thoughts of being confined all the night, at last consented to bring in the prisoner not guilty. This verdict, so contrary to evidence, the Judge refused to receive; and after a severe reprimand, the jury were remanded to their room; and there kept, without fire, candle, or refreshment till next morning; when the foreman still remaining inflexible, the verdict of *not guilty* was again returned, and recorded by the Judge with every mark and expression of indignation. The prisoner, on his part, fell on his knees, and, with uplifted eyes, and hands, thanked God for his deliverance; and addressing himself to the Judge, cried out, "You see, my Lord, that God and a good conscience are the best of witnesses."

These circumstances made a deep impression on the mind of the Judge, who instituted an inquiry into the character of the leader of the jury; and finding it to be in all respects irreproachable, he desired the Sheriff to send him to his apartment. Upon the Juryman's being introduced to him, his Lordship desired him to inform him freely of his motives for acquitting the prisoner. The juryman returned for answer, that he had sufficient reasons to justify his conduct, and that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to reveal them; but as he had hitherto locked them up in his own breast, and was under no compulsion to disclose them, he expected his Lordship would engage, upon his honour, to keep what he was about to unfold as a secret, as he himself

had done; which his lordship having promised to do, the juryman then proceeded to communicate the following account:—That the deceased being titheman of the parish where he (the juryman) lived, he had, the morning of his decease, been in his (the juryman's) grounds, among his corn, and had done him great injustice, by taking more than his due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary manner. That when he complained of this treatment, he had not only been abused with scurrilous language, but that the deceased had likewise struck at him several times with his fork, and had actually wounded him in two places, the scars of which wounds he then shewed his Lordship:—That the deceased seeming bent on mischief, and he (the juryman) having no weapon to defend himself, had no other way to preserve his own life, but by closing in with the deceased, and wrenching the fork out of his hands; which having effected, the deceased attempted to recover the fork, and in the scuffle had received the two wounds which had occasioned his death:—That he was inexpressibly concerned at the accident, and especially when the prisoner was taken up on suspicion of the murder:—That the former assizes being but just over, he was unwilling to surrender himself, and to confess the matter, because his farm and affairs would have been ruined by lying in a gaol so long: that he was sure to have been acquitted on his trial, for that he had consulted the ablest lawyers upon the case, who had all agreed, that as the deceased had been the aggressor, he would only be guilty of manslaughter at the most:—That it was true he had suffered greatly on the prisoner's account, but being well assured that imprisonment would be of less ill consequence to the prisoner than to himself, he had suffered the law to take its course:—That in order to render the prisoner's confinement as easy to him as possible, he had given every kind of assistance, and had wholly supported his family ever since:—That in order to get him cleared of the charge laid against him, he could think of no other expedient than that of procuring himself to be on the jury, and sit at the head of them; which, with great labour and expense, he had accomplished, having all along determined within his own breast rather to die himself, than to suffer any harm to be done to the prisoner.

His Lordship expressed great satisfaction at this account, and after thanking him for it, and making his further stipulations, that in case his Lordship should survive him, he might then be at liberty to relate this story, that it might be delivered down to posterity, the conference broke up. The juryman lived fifteen years afterwards; the Judge enquired after him every year, and happening to survive him, transmitted the above relation.

The Lee Penny.—Sir Alexander Macdonald, Lockhart, whose death we lately announced, was the hereditary possessor of this very curious relic. The *Lee Penny* is a stone of a dark red colour and triangular shape, and measures about half an inch on each side. It is set in a piece of silver coin, which, though much defaced, is supposed to be a shilling of Edward I. This stone has been, by tradition, in the Lee family since about 1320; when Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied the Douglas, who carried the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, as the immediate bearer of that sacred trust. From this circumstance it is conjectured that he changed his name to *Lockhart*, and took for part of his escutcheon a heart within a lock, with the motto *Corda serrata pandit*. The stone in question was taken by this Simon Lockhart from the wife of a Saracen chieftain, as the price of her husband's ransom; it being represented as an amulet of inestimable value for the cure of all diseases in cattle, and for the bite of a mad dog, both in man and in animals. The mode of employing the charm is by dipping the stone in a quantity of water, which is given to the diseased person or animal to drink; and the bitten part is washed with a portion of the same. Such was even the recent reputation of this stone, that people from all parts of Scotland, and as far south as from Yorkshire, came in great numbers to procure the water for their sick cattle. It is said, too, that when the plague was last at Newcastle, the inhabitants gave a bond for a large sum, on condition of having the use of the *Lee penny*; and that they thought it did so much good, that they offered to pay the money, and keep the amulet; but the owner would not consent. So great, indeed, was its reputation, that a complaint was made many years ago to the Ecclesiastical Courts against the Laird of Lee, for using witchcraft; and the following Act was thereupon passed, (the old orthography of which is altered:)

Apud Glasgow, 25th October. Synod, Sess. 2. This day, amongst the references of the brethren of the ministry of Lanok, it was propounded to the Synod, that Gawen Hammiltone, of Raplocke, had preferred a complaint before them against Sir James Lockhart of Lee, against the superstitious using of a stone set in silver for the curing of diseased cattle; which the said Gawen affirmed could not be lawfully used: And that they had deferred to give any decision thereon, till the advice of the assembly might be had concerning the same. The assembly having inquired of the manner of using thereof, is only to cast the stone in some water, and give the diseased cattle to drink; and that the same is done without using any words, such as charms and so forthers use in their unlawful practices; and considering that in nature there are many things seen to work strange effects, whereof no human wit can give a reason; it having pleased God to give unto stones and herbs special virtues for the healing of many infirmities in man and beast;—the Assembly advises the brethren to surcease their process; and admonishes the said Laird of Lee, in the using of the said stone, to take heed that it be used hereafter with the least scandal that possibly may be.—*Extract out of the books of the Assemblies holden at Glasgow, and subscribed by their clerk, at their command. M. Robert Young, clerk to the Assembly at Glasgow.*

The following *learned* disquisition was copied from a watchmaker's board:—"Here are fabricated and renovated trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguacular and taciturnal, whose circumigrations are performed by internal spiral elastic or extensive pendulous plumbages. Diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments."

PALM SUNDAY.

THE Sunday which precedes Easter is termed in the Romish ritual *Dominica in ramis palmarum*, or Palm Sunday.

This day, amongst the Russians of the Greek church is observed with great solemnity.

In Dr. Spark's Feasts and Fasts we learn, that in this country it was usual to carry about branches of trees in procession, in commemoration of the circumstance described by Luke and Matthew, "They cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way."

These were supposed to have been palm trees, which are very common in India, and were always esteemed in that country as emblematic of victory.

It is still a common notion with our boys, particularly in the North, to carry about branches of willows as a substitute for the palm.

In many Roman Catholic countries it is still usual to carry about sprigs of box wood in lieu of palms.

In Stowe's Survey of London we are informed, that in the week before Easter "there were great shews made for the fetching in of a *twisted tree* or *with* into the King's house, and to every man's house of honour or worship."

This custom of carrying about branches on this day, however it may be deemed a relic of Roman Catholic superstition, is certainly innocent, and perhaps, when considered as emblematic of the circumstance it commemorates, is worthy of being preserved.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

The various Royal donations of victuals were distributed yesterday at ten o'clock, and near 50 poor persons received the comforts of them.

In the afternoon the service began at four o'clock. The gentlemen of his Majesty's chapel attended, and a full Anthem, composed by Farrent, was performed from the 25th Psalm, "Call to remembrance." Dr. Vincent, Sub-Almoner, then distributed the shoes and stockings. Another Anthem, from 27th Psalm, "Hide not now thy face," composed by Farrent. The woollen and linen cloth was next given away. Another Anthem, composed also by Dupuis, from the 41st Psalm, succeeded, in which Messrs. Dyne, Gaise, and Sale had different solos assigned. Then followed the distribution of the purses with silver coin, from shillings to pence. A bowl of claret was drank by the Sub-Almoner and Gentlemen of the Choir, and the ceremony concluded; which, however antiquated, it may appear, carries with it the strongest traits of ancient benevolence and hospitality.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The observance of this day in popish countries, is attended with more superstitious ceremonies than any day in the year. Amongst other ceremonies that are performed at the Convents in France, is the following: at nine o'clock in the morning, a Priest puts in at the grate a crucifix, with an image of our Saviour, who is represented nailed on it. This is received by a Nun, who is always upon this occasion bare-footed. Upon the receipt of the crucifix the Nun shuts the grate, and lays it down in the midst of the choir upon a carpet. Then two of the Superiors kneel down: next prostrate themselves, and say a short prayer. They then kiss our Saviour's wounds, beginning with that in his side, proceeding afterwards to his hands and feet; but it is a rule not to kiss the face, because Judas betrayed him with a kiss there. This ceremony they perform two by two, till the whole Society has done. The ceremony being finished, the crucifix is returned through the grate to the Priest, who waits there to receive it. They then arrange themselves in the choir, with the greatest regularity, each Nun extending her arms as wide as she can, that her posture may represent Christ crucified. They are obliged to continue in this attitude till each of them has said five pater-nosters and five ave-marias, three times each, which are said in commemoration of the five wounds our Saviour received on the cross, and they repeat them three times, in allusion to the Trinity. This ceremony being concluded, the Nuns retire to their several cells, and go through several other ceremonies equally superstitious.

EASTER.

So little attention is paid to the original intention of the feasts and fasts appointed by the church, that if it were not for occasional memorandums, there are not a few who would absolutely forget them. Permit me, therefore, according to annual custom, to send you a memorandum of Easter.

Easter is held in memory of the Resurrection of our Saviour. The observation of this festival is as ancient as the time of the Apostles; for it is certain, that the Christians of the second century celebrated anniversary festivals in commemoration of the death and Resurrection of Christ, and of the effusion of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. The day which was observed as the anniversary of Christ's death was called the paschal day, because it was considered as the same with that on which the Jews celebrated their Passover. But towards the close of this century, a dispute commenced about the particular time in which this feast was to be kept. The Asiatic churches kept it on the 14th day of the first Jewish month, and three days after commemorated the Resurrection of the Redeemer, pleading on behalf of this practice the authority of the Apostles Philip and John, and the example of Christ, who held his paschal feast on the same day that the Jews celebrated their Passover. The western churches celebrated their paschal feast on the night that preceded the anniversary of Christ's resurrection, and thus connected the commemoration of his death, and of his resurrection; and they pleaded the authority of the Apostles Peter and Paul. One principal inconvenience attending the Asiatic method was, that this great festival was commonly held on other days of the week than the first. Victor, Bishop of Rome, towards the close of the second century, attempted to force the Asiatic churches, by the pretended authority of his laws and decrees, to follow the rule which was observed by the western churches; they refused to submit, and were excommunicated by Victor. However, in consequence of the mild interposition of Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, the disputants retained their own customs till the fourth century, when the Council of Nice abolished that of the Asiatics, and rendered the time of the celebration of Easter the same throughout all the Christian churches.

Easter is one of the most considerable festivals in the Christian calendar, being that which regulates and determines the times of all the other moveable feasts.

The rule for the celebration of Easter, fixed by the Council of Nice in the year 325, is, that it be held on the Sunday which falls upon, or next after, the full moon after the 21st of March; i. e. the Sunday which falls upon or next after the first full moon after the vernal equinox. The reason of which decree was, that the Christians might avoid celebrating their Easter at the same time with the Jewish passover, which, according to the institution of Moses, was celebrated every day of the full moon.

Extract from an ancient Record in the Tower of London.

"In 1470, George Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his Archbishop's palace at York, made a prodigious feast for the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry; wherein he spent 300 quarters of wheat, 330 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, one pipe of spiced wine, 80 fat oxen, six wild bulls, 1004 sheep, 300 hogs, 3000 calves, 3000 geese, 2000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2000 chickens, 4000 pigeons, 4000 rabbits, 204 bitterns, 4000 ducks, 400 herons, 200 phœnates, 500 partridges, 4000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 quails, 1000 egrets, 200 rees, above 400 bucks, does and roebucks, 1036 hot venison pasties, 2000 cold venison pasties, 1000 dishes of jelly pasted, 4000 dishes of jelly plain, 4000 cold custards, 2000 hot custards, 300 pillics, 300 breams, eight seals, four porpoises, and 400 tarts. At this feast the Earl of Warwick was Steward, the Earl of Bedford Treasurer, the Lord Hastings Comptroller, with many other noble Officers; 1000 servitors, 62 cooks, 515 scullions: but about seven years after the King seized on the estate of this Archbishop, and sent him prisoner into France, where he was bound in chains, and died in great poverty; justice thus punishing his former prodigality.

Singular Anecdote of the House of STUART.

THE House of Stuart, if not famed for its virtues, will be for ever remembered at least for its misfortunes. But perhaps it has never yet been known in England, that the Head of this House, who had once worn the British Crown, was reduced so low as to be a Measurer of Salt in a Salt-office in France. Such, however, was the case of King James II. as will appear from the following particulars:

In 1633, the famous Cardinal de Richelieu, then Prime Minister of France, finding the treasury very low, resolved to raise a present supply, by creating eleven offices in the ports, havens and governments of Brouage, Oleron, the Isle of Rhe, Marenne, and Rochelle, and selling the sum of 4,439,061 livres, that is, 403,551 livres for each. No salary was annexed to the place to be paid out of the Treasury, but a tax was imposed in lieu of salary, of eight fous on every bushel of salt sold in those places, which these new officers were empowered to exact for their own benefit. They were called Comptrollers and Sworn Measurers of Salt.

The Minister, who foresaw that this tax would produce very high interest for the money, got Michael Masle, Prior des Roches, to buy one of the new offices in trust for his Eminence. It accordingly descended to his heirs, and was enjoyed by the late Marshal Duke de Richelieu.

In 1650 Cardinal Mazarin created many more of those places, and got them all bought up in trust for himself. He gave some of them as a fortune to his niece Ann Mary Martinosi, who married the Prince de Conti; and the rest fell to the Duke de Nevers, who became at last sole proprietor of all these places that had been created by Cardinal Mazarin, by the purchase of those held by the Prince de Conti.

In 1690 the unfortunate James II. being returned from Ireland, without any hope of his being restored to his former kingdoms, his kinsman, Louis XIV. who became less generous as he advanced in years, and found his treasury exhausted by unfortunate wars, saw that his royal kinsman would become a heavy burthen to his finances, he therefore found it necessary to devise new means for the support of this unfortunate King. Among other means he be-thought himself of the expedient adopted by Cardinals de Richelieu and Mazarin, and created a new place of the same nature for James II. and that unfortunate monarch, who had once been at the head of a powerful empire, was actually appointed a Sworn Measurer of Salt in France; and from this office he derived no inconsiderable part of his support; the produce of it was paid to him with the utmost regularity, which was not the case with respect to his allowance from the Royal Treasury.

This office descended to his son, father to the late and present Pretenders; he enjoyed it whilst he lived in France; but after he had established his residence at Rome, he alienated it in favour of the Countess of Inverness, and of Mr. Murray, whom he had created Earl of Dunbar. This gentleman was brother to Lord Mansfield.

The revenues arising from this office are called to this day, in the province of Saintonge, *Les Droits des Rois d'Angleterre*; or the Kings of England's Duties.

Original Anecdote of the late Dr. Shebbeare.

When the Doctor was adjudged to stand on the pillory, on account of his Sixth Letter to the People of England; towards the close of executing his sentence, it began to rain, and as the Doctor was particularly well dressed, some of his friends sent up an Irish chairman with an umbrella to hold over him. Next day Paddy appeared at the Doctor's lodgings, "hoping his honour was very well, and that he got no cold the day before." "Pray, my friend (says the Doctor), have not you been paid for your services yesterday?" "O yes, your honour, I got a guinea." "And don't you think that sufficient for a quarter of an hour's standing?" "Why to be sure in regard to work I can't say but it is—but G—Z—ns, your honour, consider the disgrace." The Doctor, so far from being displeased with the reply, gave him a crown more, for which Paddy was so thankful that he left him his address if ever he should have occasion for his services again.

Some Anecdotes respecting the PRETENDER.

He created his natural daughter Duchess of Albany. She was received in one of the Chapters in French Compte as a Canoness, and wore the ribbon of her Order, which some persons had been foolish enough to mistake for the Order of the Thistle. She was born in 1754, and died at Bologna in 1789. The Pretender was most assuredly in London in the year 1750, and never afterwards. Much has been said of the quantity of jewels the Pretender died possessed of. His grandfather most certainly took with him into France none of the crown jewels of England; but Prince James Sobieski, in his life time, sent to his two grandsons all his jewels, which were indeed of great value, and added to them some that had belonged to the Crown of Poland, particularly a celebrated ruby, which had been given to the great John Sobieski, King of Poland, as a security for money he had advanced for the use of the Republic.

The late Prince Charles Stuart, about the period of the rebellion in 1745, was considered as one of the handsomest men of his time; but for some years back, from addicting himself to the bottle, he got bloated and carbuncled in the face, and stooped much. Between the age of 40 and 50, he married the Princess Stolberg of Germany, by whom, we are informed, he has had no issue. He parted from this Princess some years ago, and has a natural daughter, who lives principally with her uncle, the Cardinal York, who is very fond of her, and intends leaving her the best part of his fortune.

We have the above account from a gentleman who saw him at Rome some years ago, on a private visit. He was attended only by a single gentleman and a page; the latter of whom announced him as *Le Roi*. He did not join the card tables; but after taking some coffee, sat upon a sofa with some English gentlemen, with whom he conversed very familiarly for some time upon general subjects, and then retired.

Anecdote.—During the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the house of Lord Stair. The Pretender, being afraid they would remember that the warrant for the massacre of their clan had been signed by the Earl's father, sent a guard to protect the house. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender sent to know their reason. Their answer was, "that they had been affronted;" and when asked what the affront was, they said, "the greatest of any; for they had been suspected of being capable of visiting the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave son."

Anecdote of Voltaire.—At the rehearsal of one of the tragedies of this celebrated author, Mr. Cramer, bookfeller, who was also his publisher, was finishing the part assigned him, which was to conclude with some dying sentences, Voltaire suddenly exclaimed—"Cramer, you lived like a Prince for the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookfeller." An eminent Physician being present, in kindness to Cramer, interposed, saying, "Voltaire, I think he deserves encouragement instead of censure, for, in my judgment, he dies with the same dignity he lived." Upon which, Voltaire, who never was fond of receiving advice from those he deemed his inferiors, coolly replied, "Prythee, Doctor, when in the course of your profession you have got any kings to kill, kill them your own way—let me kill mine as I please."

Anecdote.—A country attorney happened to be at a tavern with an honest peasant, and was very facetious at the countryman's expence. They nevertheless agreed to try for a bottle of wine who could make the best rhyme. The lawyer enquired the peasant's occupation, who cheerfully informed him he was a weaver, upon which the lawyer wrote these lines:

The world, tho' large, is but a span,
It takes nine weavers to make a man.

The weaver, in his turn, enquired the lawyer's occupation, and being informed, "I thought (says he) you were of the law by the glibness of your tongue; but since you have rhymed about the world, so will I too," and then he wrote,

The world is wide, and full of evil,
And half a lawyer makes a devil.

COMPOSITION OF INDIAN POISON FOR ARROWS.—

The following are curious particulars relative to the composition of the Indian Poison for Arrows:—It is a fact well known to persons conversant with the history of South America, that the Indian tribes inhabiting the extreme wilds of that continent, between the Orinoco and Amazon rivers, have long been accustomed to prepare their arrows with a poison which they call *wourali*; the composition of which was wholly unknown to Europeans resident in that country, though its fatal effects had been too frequently felt. With a view to ascertain its component parts, and the method of mixing the ingredients, in order, if possible, to discover some antidote to its destructive consequences, a gentleman named Waterton, undertook in the early part of the present year to penetrate into the interior of Guiana, and after a perilous journey of 120 days, succeeded in obtaining the desired information. In the interior of Essequibo, remote from any European settlement, Mr. Waterton found a tribe of savages, known by the name of Macchiou Indians, who excelled in the preparation of the *wourali*. From them he learned that the principal ingredient of this deadly poison, and that from which it takes its name, is the Wourali vine, which is indigenous to the forests of Demerara and Essequibo. Two species of roots, of a bitter taste, unknown to European naturalists, and two kinds of bulbous plants, peculiar to those regions, the stalks of which are filled with a glutinous juice of a pale green colour, and which, from their rarity, are not to be obtained without considerable difficulty; and a quantity of the strongest Indian pepper, from the vegetable parts of the *wourali* poison. The animal ingredients consists of two species of ants, one of which is extremely large, of a black colour, and so exceedingly venomous, that its sting invariably produces fever; the other is a smaller insect, of a bright red colour, inhabiting nests formed in the leaf of a particular shrub, and whose sting produces the effect of a nettle; a painful itching pustule appearing instantaneously on the wounded part. The last article in this extraordinary composition is the fangs of the Labarrie and Counacouchi snakes, which, when any of those animals are killed, are always carefully extracted, dried, and beaten to a fine powder. The ingredients obtained, the method of preparing the poison is as follows:—The vine branches and bitter roots are first scraped into fine shavings and placed in a sort of cullender, or strainer made of leaves, over a new earthen pot; a sufficient quantity of water being thrown on the shavings, the liquor which comes through is of the colour, and much resembles strong coffee. The stalks of the bulbous plants are next bruised, and the juice expressed into an earthen vessel by squeezing the stalks in the hand. The snakes' fangs, the ants, and the pepper, are then pounded together, added to the liquid, and the whole is placed over a slow fire, where it is boiled down to a thick syrop of a deep brown colour. The scum which rises on the top of the mixture during the boiling is carefully removed with a leaf; and as soon as this scum ceases to appear, the poison is considered prepared. What may not be required for immediate use, is preserved in little pots of Indian manufacture, the apertures of which are covered with two or three leaves, and tied down with deer's skin so as effectually to exclude the air; the influence of which, it is understood, would materially affect the strength of the poison; it is then put away in the driest part of the hut, and occasionally suspended over the fire to prevent the effects of damp.—Many superstitious precautions are taken by the Indians in the preparation of the *Wourali* poison, for the purpose of preventing any revengeful tricks being played on them by the Quahabow or Evil Spirit, whom they appear to consider jealous of the intrusion into his arcana of destruction. The effect of this poison on an animal is apparent in about a minute after it is wounded by the arrow; and however slight the puncture or scratch may be, has never, in any one instance, been known to fail of producing death in rather less than five minutes. The moment an animal is struck by a poisoned arrow, it either stands quite still, or walks forward at a very slow pace with its head inclined to the ground, as if in a state of stupefaction; in the second minutes this stupor evidently increases, but the animal does not appear to suffer any pain; in the third minute, convulsive efforts to move, apparently accompanied by drowsiness and a nodding of the head, takes place: these struggles are considerably increased in the fourth minute, and generally put a period to life before the expiration of the fifth. What is rather a remarkable circumstance in the *Wourali* poison is, that no injury whatever is done to the flesh of birds or animals killed by it; the flesh is perfectly wholesome, and will keep as long as if the animal had been killed by any other

means; and even the wounded part may be eaten with complete safety.—The wound manifests no disposition to irritation, nor does any particular effect appear to be produced upon the muscle otherwise than would have resulted from a wound inflicted with any sharp instrument. Whether any beneficial consequences may hereafter result from an analysis of the ingredients which Mr. Waterton has obtained, it is difficult to say; but if the arrows used by the Indians of Guiana in their predatory excursions against the European settlements are prepared with *Wourali* poison, the attempt to discover an antidote to its baneful effects is a study worthy of the attention of the medical philanthropist.

ANECDOTE OF MORLAND THE PAINTER.—

MORLAND on his return to town from Deal, where he had been to make sketches along the coast, travelled on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Williams, the Engraver. They had proceeded a short distance from Canterbury, when Morland imitated the clamorous demand made by his craving appetite for refreshment, but how to procure the necessary fare became a subject of consideration, as both our travellers, in consequence of extravagance the preceding evening, were penniless. Morland, however, who was seldom at a loss to obtain introduction into an ale-house, quickly hit upon an expedient to serve the purpose:—Observing a low-built house by the road side, over which hung a figure designed for a Bull, he entered, and under pretence of inquiring his way, commenced a conversation with the landlord, expressing his surprise the latter did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. The host stated his inability to get it repaired, and observed it was good enough to grace his humble habitation; but on the offer of Morland to paint him a new one for five shillings, he consented, and ordered the Artist to try his skill. A fresh difficulty, however, occurred—Morland was without utensils; and the sign could not be painted unless the landlord dispatched a servant to purchase colours, &c. at Canterbury, which he was after much persuasion, prevailed upon to do; in the meantime the Painter bespoke a dinner, and the travellers drank several pitchers of good ale, with a proportionable quantity of spirits, the charge for which could only be defrayed by painting the sign; their reckoning, however, by the time the Bull was done, doubled the stipulated five shillings; but Morland pacified the enraged landlord (who reluctantly suffered them to depart) by describing who he was, and promising to call on a future day and pay the balance. On his arrival in town Morland related this adventure among his friends at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet-street, and the singularity of it induced a Gentleman, who possessed the highest veneration for the Painter's productions, to set off privately in search of the Canterbury Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas, and finding it answer his most sanguine expectations, placed it in his cabinet, where it now remains, considered as a valuable acquisition.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED LEIBNITZ.—

This illustrious scholar and mathematician in the early part of his life paid a visit to Italy. While sailing in an open boat from Genoa to Lucca, a violent tempest arose, and the mariners, ignorant and superstitious, knowing their passenger to be a German and Protestant, conceived that the tempest was a sign of the wrath of Heaven for admitting a heretic into their boat. It was proposed by one of them, more bigotted than the others, to propitiate the Deity by throwing the heretic, like another JONAH, into the waves. The conversation was carried on in Italian, of which they supposed LEIBNITZ to know nothing, and the proposal was at last acceded to by all the crew, two of whom rose to carry it into execution. LEIBNITZ, who had heard and understood the whole, had in the mean time pulled out a rosary, of which he had taken the precaution to possess himself when he first came into the country, and began to tell his beads with every mark of devotion. This saved his life, for the crew were struck with horror at their supposed mistake and consequent intention of throwing a pious Catholic into the sea. The tempest soon after abated, and the boat reached her destination in safety.—(*Fontenelle's Eloge de Leibnitz.*)

(*Extracted from Carr's Travels Round the Baltic.*)

The house, or rather cottage, in which Peter the Great resided, during the foundation of Petersburg, a city which is the growth of little more than a century, stands on the left of the Emperor's bridge, in the road to the fortress. This little building, so sacred to the Russians, was covered over with a brick building of arcades by the late Empress, to protect and support it against the ravages of time. The rooms are three, all upon the ground floor, and very low: it was in this very cottage that a whimsical scene occurred whilst the fortress was building. A Dutch skipper, hearing that Petersburg was building, and that the Emperor had a great passion for ships and commerce, resolved to try his good fortune there, and accordingly arrived with the first merchant vessel that ever sailed upon the Neva, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the Captain of the port, from a friend of his in Holland, requesting him to use his interest to procure a freight for him. Peter the Great was working like a common labourer in the Admiralty as the galliot passed, and saluted with two or three small guns. The Emperor was uncommonly delighted, and having been informed of the Dutchman's business, he resolved to have some frolic with him, and commanded the port Captain to see the skipper as soon as he landed, and direct him to the Emperor, as a merchant just settled there, whom he intended to personate; the better to carry on the joke, Peter repaired to this cottage with his Empress, who to humour the plan, dressed herself in a plain bourgeois habit, such as suited the wife of a merchant. The Dutchman was introduced to the Emperor, who received him with great kindness, and they sat and ate bread and cheese, and smoked together for some time, during which the Dutchman's eye examined the room, and began to think that no one who lived in so mean a place, could be of any service to him: presently the Empress entered, when the skipper addressed her, by observing that he had brought her a cheese, a much better one than she had ever tasted, for which, affecting an awkward manner, she thanked him. Being much pleased with her appearance, he took from his coat a piece of linen, and begged her acceptance of it for shifts. "Oh," exclaimed the Emperor, taking the pipe from his mouth, "Kate, you will be as fine and as proud as an Empress! there, you are a lucky woman, you never had such shifts, as you will now have, in your life before." This was followed by the stranger begging to have a kiss, which she coyly indulged him in. At this moment Prince Menzikof, the favourite and Minister of Peter the Great, who represented him upon matters of State, entered with all his orders, and stood before the Emperor uncovered. The skipper began to stare with amazement, whilst Peter, by winking and making private signs, induced the Prince immediately to retire. The astonished Dutchman said, "Why you appear to have great acquaintance here." "Yes," replied Peter, "and so may you, if you stay here but ten days; there are plenty of such needy noblemen as the one you saw, they are always in debt, and very glad to borrow money of any one, and they have even found out me; but, Sir, beware of these fellows, resist their importunity, however flattering, and do not be dazzled by their stars and garters, and such trumpery." This explanatory advice put the stranger a little more at his ease, who drank and smoked on very cheerfully, and made his bargain, with the imperial merchant for a cargo; just as he had settled this point to his wish, the Officer of the guard, which had been changed, entered to receive his orders, and stood with profound respect uncovered, and, before Peter could stop him, addressed him by the title of Imperial Majesty. The Dutchman sprang from his chair, fell on his knees before the Emperor and Empress, and implored forgiveness for the liberties he had been taking. Peter enjoyed the scene, and laughing heartily, raised up the terrified suppliant, and made him kiss the Empress's hand,

presented him with fifteen hundred rubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his vessel, as long as her timbers remained together, should be permitted to enter all the Russian ports free of duty. This privilege made the rapid fortune of the owner. A friend of mine frequently saw her, some years since at Cronstadt. On the right hand side of the cottage is a boat, built by the hands of Peter the Great. It resembles a large Thames wherry, and does honour to the skill of the princely boat-builder. As I sat in the carriage, waiting for my companions, I made a sketch of the house, boat, a droschka, and a group of Russians, and an American, who were there."

THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.—The merits of this excellent Dramatic Production are by no means sufficiently known to the Public, and still less generally are the very *interesting facts* known which originally furnished the ground-work of it, to its Noble Author, the late Earl of ORFORD.

It appears that his Lordship had, while very young, learned, through a particular channel, that a Lady, under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on Archbishop TILLOTSON, and implored his advice. A young woman, who had served her many years before, had acquainted her, that she was greatly importuned by the Lady's son to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maid to make the assignation, when, she said, she would attend in her stead, discover herself, and reprimand her son, for his criminal passion: but being hurried away by a more criminal passion, she kept the assignation without discovering herself. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the Lady caused to be educated very privately in the country; but proving very amiable, and being accidentally met by her father's brother, who never had the least suspicion of the truth, he fell in love with, and actually married her. The wretched guilty mother learning what had happened, and distracted with the consequences of her crime, resorted to the Archbishop, to know in what manner she should act.—The Prelate charged her never to let her son and daughter know what had passed, as *they* were innocent of any criminal intention—as for *herself*, he bid her almost *despair*!

THE WAG AND THE MISER.—It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. I will lay a wager, says a wag, I get an invitation from him. The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to this rich man's house, about the time that he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately, for that he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir (says the servant to his master,) here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out comes his master: "What is that you say, Sir?—that you can save me a thousand pounds?"—"Yes, Sir, I can; But I see you are at dinner. I will go and dine myself, and call again."—"Oh, pray Sir, come in and take dinner with me."—"Sir, I shall be troublesome."—"Not at all."—The invitation was accepted; and dinner being over, and the family retired—"Well, Sir (says the man of the house,) now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds."—"Why, Sir (said the other,) I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."—"I have."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."—"I do so."—"Why then, Sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

THE ORIGIN OF SNUFF.—"The Moors and Turks have no great kindness for Tobacco; yet when they do smoke, their pipes are very long, made of reeds, or wood, with an earthen head." "The Irishmen do most commonly powder their Tobacco, and snuff it up their nostrils, which some of our Englishmen do, who often chew and swallow it." *Magnenus de Tobacco*, and the Natural History of Tobacco, 1682.—*Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. I. p. 521.

DANIEL LAMBERT'S EPITAPH.—The following Epitaph is copied from a tomb-stone, placed in Martin's burying-ground, Stamford, to the memory of the well-known Daniel Lambert:

"In remembrance of that prodigy in nature,
DANIEL LAMBERT,
 a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed fifty-two stone, eleven pounds, (per stone of fourteen pounds). He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged thirty-nine years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicester."

EPITAPH MAKING.—Some years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was provost of Dundee in Scotland, died, and by will, left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him, which sum he directed the three executors to pay.—The Executors, thinking to defraud the Poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which runs as follows:—

1st. Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee:
 2d. Here lies Dickson—here lies he.
 The third was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the Guinea, vociferously bawled out
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

HUDIBRASTIC INSCRIPTIONS ON Grave-stones have often met with that contempt which they have merited; and perhaps none was ever more deserving of reprehension than the following, which is now to be seen in a village church-yard near Seven-oaks.

"Here lies the wife of Thomas Hilder,
 She bore a child, and that killed her."
 Some of your poetical Literati are requested to give a translation of the following figurative couplet, which is copied from a monument in Salisbury Cathedral:—

"Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset
 Eternæ vitæ janua clausa foret."

The following Epitaph on **ROBIN HOOD** was lately taken from the tomb-stone, in Kirklees Plantation, adjoining the park and hall, in Yorkshire:—

Hear underneath dis lair Stean
 Laz robin earl of Huntingtun.
 Ne'er arcir az hie fa geud.
 An Pipl kauld im robin Heud.
 Sick utlawz az hi an iz men
 Vil England nivr si agen.
 Obit. 24. kal. Dekembris. 1247.

Epitaph.

A Pauper, very ill, wandered into a village in Nottinghamshire, and just lived to say his name was **MORE**. The vicar buried him, and inscribed on a small stone these lines:

Here lies one *More*, and no *More* than he;
More! and no *More!* how can that be?
 One, and no *More*, may well lie here alone;
 But here lies one *More*, and that's *More* than *One*.

EPITAPH

ON THE EX-EMPERESS JOSEPHINE.

Hic jacet JOSEPHINA,
 Legitima NAPOLEONIS uxor,
 Ille dum spoliabat ubique,
 Ubique pauperibus exaudiebat illa.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF WHITCHURCH, HANTS.

Oh! Fate, Fate, why so unkind,
 To take the first, and leave I behind?
 Thou should'st have taken both, if either,
 Which would have made it more pleasant for the survivor!

EPITAPH

IN A CHURCH-YARD, NEAR BATH.

"Here lies Sir JOHN HAWKINS,
 "Without shoes or stockings!"

QUAINT EPITAPH.

Here lies a man who dy'd of wool great store;
 One day he died himself—and dy'd no more.

Poor JOHN GRAY!—Here he lies;
 Nobody laughs, and nobody cries:
 Where he's gone, and how he fares,
 Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

EPITAPH

On **PAUL FULLER** and **PETER POTTER**, who lie buried close by each other in Shrewsbury Church-yard.

'Tis held by **PETER** and by **PAUL**,
 That when we fill our graves or urns,
 Ashes to ashes crumbling fall,
 While dust to dust once more returns!
 And, lo! a truth unmeant for mirth,
 Appear in monumental lay!
PAUL's grave is fill'd with **FULLER's** Earth,
 And **PETER's** cramm'd with **POTTER's** Clay!

EPITAPH in a City Church-yard upon a Ticket
Porter, who dropped down dead as he was
carrying a Load.

PACK'D up within these dark abodes
 Lies one, in life inur'd to loads,
 Which oft he carried, 'tis well known,
 Till Death pass'd by and threw him down;
 When he that carried loads before,
 Became a load which others bore,
 To this his Inn, where, as they say,
 They leave him till another day;
 When every load that man's enthral'd for,
 A courier angel's sure to call for.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE, AS AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a constant pair below,
 Who knew not matrimonial woe,
 And ne'er express'd a wish to part;
 Love the sole regent of each heart.
 Without a cloud their minutes roll'd,
 And life's last sands were sands of gold:
 What precious grains! what charming weather!
 You ask how long they liv'd together?
 From good authority I speak,
 They liv'd together—one whole week!

EPITAPH ON CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

BY BENSERADE.

Cy gift, only gift, par la mort bleu,
 Le Cardinal de RICHELIEU;
 Et ce qui cause mon ennuy,
 Ma pension avec lui.

TRANSLATION.

Here lies, alas! 'tis very true,
 The illustrious Cardinal RICHELIEU;
 My grief is genuine, void of whim,
 Alas! my pension lies with him.

EPITAPH ON A PUBLICAN.

A toping landl-rd once was I,
 Who kept the Old King's Head hard by;
 Sold mead and gin, cyder and beer,
 And eke all other kinds of cheer;
 Till Death my licence took away,
 And put me in this house of clay;
 A house at which you all must call
 Sooner or later, great and small.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone lies Old Joan Buff.
 Who died, alas! when taking snuff.
 One day as she a pinch was seizing,
 Grim Death came in and caught her sneezing;
 When from her hand the snuff-box fell,
 And to its charms Joan bid farewell. J. V.

Whimsical EPITAPH in a Country Church-yard.

READER, I've left this world, in which
 I had a world to do,
 Sweating and fretting to be rich,
 Just such a fool as you.

EPITAPH IN SWANSEA CHURCH-YARD.

The body, underneath this stone, is
Of my late husband, Jacob Jonas,
Who, when alive, was an Adonis!
Ah! well-a-day!
O, Death! thou spoiler of fair faces,
Why took'st thou him from my embraces,
How could'st thou mar so many graces?
O day, Tyrant, say!

AT NORTHALLERTON.

Hee jacet Walter Gun,
Some time Landlord of *The Sun*,
Sic transit gloria mundi—
He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a *high day*,
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

ORIGINAL EPITAPH on a VILLAGE MAIDEN.

STOP Traveller, and gravely muse on
The new rais'd turf of lovely Susan;
Death has been here, alas! to pillage
From us the flower of all the village!
Her cheeks were of the vernal hue,
Milk-white her skin, her eyes were blue;
Her curling locks were brown as berries;
Her lips were like carnation cherries;
But vain, alas! are pretty faces,
Adorn'd with all the loves and graces,
Since we are left forlorn to rue
The early fate of lovely Sue.

EPITAPH. *Ockham in Surrey*, 1736.

"The Lord saw good, I was lopping of wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."

EPITAPH in the Old Church of ALL SAINTS, in Newcastle.

HERE lies ROBIN WALLAS,
The Prince of Good Fellows,
Clerk of All Hallows,
And Maker of Bellows;
He Bellows did make, till the day of his death,
But he that made Bellows could never make breath.

Since it is the fashion to favour the Public
with singular Epitaphs, we lay before our Readers
the following, on a man with a wide mouth,
which is inscribed on a tomb-stone in Lincoln
church-yard, and we believe was never before
published:

HERE lies beneath this stone—may God him
save—

A man whose mouth was wide as any grave:
Reader, tread light upon the sod,
For should he gape—you're gone, by G—!

The following is in another church-yard:

HERE lies father, brothers, sisters, and I;
We all died in the space of one short year:
They be all buried at Wimbledon, except I,
And I lies buried here.

Epitaph in Hadleigh Church-yard.

To free me from domestic strife,
Death call'd at my house, but he took to my
wife;
Susan, wife of David Paterson, lies here,
Stop, Reader; and, if not in a hurry, shed a tear.

The following epitaph is inscribed on her
monument:

Good God! who lies here?
'Tis I, MARY WILKINSON, that lov'd good beer.
Look, gentle Reader, as thou goest by,
One hundred and nine years in this small compass
doth lie;
Who, when alive, did many noble fights see,
And now in this small compass confin'd I must be.
I in my youthful days have gone thro' a vast,
But, alas! I, poor soul, am doom'd to my tomb at last;
For the great satisfaction of friends and relations,
Whose wish was, that I'd departed before to their
inclinations.

ABERCONWAY CHURCH-YARD.

"Many a holy text around she shews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die."
On a monument in the centre of this ground,
the following curious Epitaph is inscribed:

EPITAPH on a WATCH-MAKER.

Here lies, in an *horizontal* position,
the *Outside Case* of

PETER PENDULUM, WATCH-MAKER,
whose abilities, in that line, were an honour
to his profession;

Integrity was the *Main Spring*,
and Prudence the *Regulator*,
of all the actions of his life.

Humane, Generous, and Liberal,
his *hand* never stopped,
till he had relieved distress.

So nicely *regulated* were all his *Motions*,
that he never went *wrong*,
except when *set a going*
by people
who did not know

His Key—

Even then, he was easily
set right again.

He had the art of disposing his *time* so well,
that his *Hours* glided away
in *one continued round*
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky *Minute* put
a period to his existence.

He departed this life, *wound up*,
in hopes of being *taken in hand*

By his *MAKER*,
and of being thoroughly *cleaned, repaired*,
and *set a going*
in the world to come.

The following very humorous EPITAPH was
written by a young Gentleman of Eton, on
Mr. BOWYER, the celebrated Printer:

VITÆ volumine peractō,
Hic finis Gulielmi Bowyer
Perpoliti fociorum principis,
Qui velut obstetrix mularum
In lucem edidit

Felices ingeni partus
Lugetur scriptorum chorus
Et frangite calamos,
Ille vester *marginæ* Erasmi deletur;
Sed hæc postrema inscriptio
Huic *primæ* motis *paginæ*
Imprimatur,

Ne preto sepulchri commissus
Ipsa Editor careat titulo,
Hic jacet Typographus
Folio vitæ delapso.

Expectans novam Editionem
Auctiorem atque emendatiorem.

The following Epitaph on the CZAR PETER
was written by Christopher Wyvill, Esq; and,
we believe, never published: It is surely too
good to be forgotten, and we think will en-
tertain many of our Readers:

Here under deposited,
Lies all that could die of a man immortal,
Peter Alexowitz,

It is almost superfluous to add
Great Emperor of Russia;
A title,

Which, instead of adding to his glory,
Became glorious by his wearing it.

Let antiquity be dumb,
Nor boast her *Alexander* or her *Cæsar*.
How easy was victory

To leaders who were followed by heroes,
And whose soldiers felt a noble disdain
To be thought less brave than their Generals!

But He,

Who in this place first knew rest,
Found subjects base and unactive,
Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable;
Neither covetous of fame, nor eager for danger,
Creatures with the names of men,
But with qualities rather brutal than rational:
Yet even these

He polished from their native ruggedness,
And breaking out, like a new Sun,
To illuminate the minds of a whole people;
Dispell'd their night of hereditary darkness;
'Till, by force of his invincible influence,
He had taught them to conquer

Even the conquerors of Germany.
Other Princes have commanded victorious armies;
This Commander created them!
Blush, O Art! at a hero who owed thee nothing.
Exult, O Nature! for thine was this prodigy.

Theatrical Anecdote. The Theatre of Edinburgh was once under the joint management of Lee and Love, who disputed as to the mode of conducting their different departments, till at length the controversy arose so very high, that the town took a part in it. Thus whenever Love appeared, Lee's friends hissed, and *vice versa*. That part of the town which came merely to be amused, and had too much good sense to interfere in so ridiculous a business, by this means deserted the Theatre, and left it wholly to the hissing. They also getting tired, mustered thinner and thinner, till the house exhibited very little more than empty benches. Love, finding his interest materially injured, came to his senses first, and determined, if possible, to put an end to the matter. For this purpose, the first time he was hissed, he came forward, and having obtained a hearing, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the next time you come to hiss, I shall be much obliged if you will bring a few more with you." The consequence was inevitable; not only the audience but Lee himself felt the propriety of the reproof, and the quarrel was made up from that moment.

Anecdote.—The celebrated Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, gave a public dinner to all the first noblemen and gentlemen in Dublin. Knowing the Dean's punctuality, they assembled to the minute; a servant announced the dinner; the Dean led the way to the dining-room; to each chair was a servant, a bottle of wine, a roll, and plate turned upside down. On taking his seat, the Dean desired the guests to arrange themselves according to their own idea of precedence, and fall to. The company were astonished to find the table without a dish or any provisions. The Lord Chancellor said, "Mr. Dean, we do not see the joke." "Then I will shew it you," answered the Dean, turning up his plate, under which was half-a-crown, and a bill of fare from a neighbouring tavern. "Here, Sir (to his servant) bring me a plate of goose." The company caught the idea, and each man sent his plate and half a crown. Covers, with every thing that the appetites of the moment dictated, soon appeared. The novelty, the peculiarity of the manner, and unexpected circumstances, altogether excited the plaudits of the noble guests, who declared themselves particularly gratified by the Dean's entertainment. "Well," said the Dean, "Gentlemen, if you have dined, I will order the *desert*." A large roll of paste-board with the particulars of a superb dinner was produced; the whole expences, dressing, &c. The Dean requested the Accountant General to deduct the half crowns from the amount, observing, that as his noble guests were pleased to express their satisfaction with the dinner, he begged their advice and assistance in disposing of the *fragments and crumbs* (as he termed the balance) mentioned by the accountant-general, viz. 250l. and placed his purse on the table. The company said, "That no person was capable of instructing the Dean in things of that nature." After the circulation of the finest wines, and the most judicious remarks on charity and its abuse, it was unanimously agreed, that the proper objects of liberal relief were well educated families that from affluence or the expectation of it were reduced through misfortune to silent despair. The Dean divided the sum by the number of his guests, and addressed them according to their respective private characters, which no man perhaps knew so well. "You, my lords (speaking to several young Noblemen), I wish to introduce to some *new acquaintance*, that will, at least, make their acknowledgment for your favours with *sincerity*. You, my Rev. Lords (on his left hand) adhere so closely to the *spirit* of the scriptures, that your *left hands* are *literally* ignorant of the beneficence of your *right hands*. You, my lord of Kildare (and two other noble Lords) I will not entrust with any part of this money, as you have been long in the *usurious* habits of *lending* your own on such occasions: but your assistance, my Lord of Kerry (turning to the opposite side of the table) I must entreat, as *Charity covereth a multitude of sins*.

'Twere vain to attempt the recital of all the pleasant strokes of this celebrated wit, and the happy effect they produced on his noble guests. Let it suffice therefore to say, that each person added to the sums, and agreed to give the history of their commissions at a future meeting.

Genuine Anecdote of the Goodman's Fields Theatre.—The year before Garrick made his appearance on the boards of Drury, that theatre was exceedingly on the decline. As an effort to obtain a few full houses, an Italian and his wife, whose names were Fauffan, proposed to get up a dance, which should represent and be called the death of the wild boar. The manager consented, the Italians shewed much ingenuity and activity, and the affair succeeded beyond expectation. Night after night, for a considerable time, the house overflowed. One of Mr. Giffard's company, who was then manager of Goodman's Fields, proposed a burlesque of this dance. It was listened to; a pompous play bill was printed, declaring the exhibition of an entirely new dance at Goodman's Fields Theatre, called "The Death of the Wild Goat," by Taffy and Winifred ap Shenkin. Yates, who was a very good dancer, did Winifred ap Shenkin with much humour and adroitness. He had a paste-board neck, and a ruff. Every step and attitude from which the Italians at Drury Lane had obtained applause, they took care to burlesque, and with infinite success; it brought crowded houses to the end of the season. Yates performed his part so dexterously, that many of the audience were deceived; one in particular, as he approached the pit with one of his *pas graves*, cried out, "What a d—d he ramping b——h that Welch woman is." This piece of successful ridicule received throughout in the dresses, scenery, &c. much assistance from the advice and countenance of Garrick, who was then, though a young actor, the principal support of Giffard's Theatre.

Anecdote.—A certain Colonel, remarkable for his oddities, having drank too freely, ordered his servant, who was an Irishman newly hired, to bring his pistols. The servant obeyed; the Colonel then loaded them both, and having locked the door, commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arm's length, till he snuffed it with a ball. Prayers and entreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, though trembling; the Colonel performed the operation at the first attempt; then laying down his pistol, was going to unlock the door. Patrick catches up that which was loaded—"Arra, Maister," says he, "but now you must take up the other candle, and let me have my shoot too." The Colonel called him rogue and rascal to no purpose; he was now vested with power, and would be obeyed. Accordingly his master extended the candle; but this being the first time of Pat's performing, he not only missed the candle, but shot off a button from the breast of the Colonel's coat. So narrow an escape had a good effect, and cured him of this humour of turning marksman in his drink.

Anecdote of his Prussian Majesty and an English Ambassador.—When Sir Andrew Mitchell held the post of Envoy from his Majesty to the Court of Berlin; at the time of the dispute between Great Britain and Spain relative to the affair of Falkland Islands, the King of Prussia expressed his surprize that our Court should be so cool and passive under what he considered as a most daring insult; the Ambassador answered, "That it was the characteristic of his country not to be too hasty in the commission of hostilities; and that it was still hoped the honour of Spain would incline her to do justice without coming to extremities." The King, who has a natural aversion to the Spaniards, replied, that "he supposed if England had been invaded, they would then trust to Spanish honour." To which Sir Andrew rejoined, "The case would then be materially different, and that she would have then to trust only to God and her allies."—"God! (continues the monarch) is he then one of your allies?"—"Yes, my Liege (says the Envoy, somewhat nettled at the question), and one to whom she pays no subsidy for his alliance."

Bon Mot of Dr. Henniker.—Being in a private conversation with the late Earl of Chatham, his Lordship asked him, among other questions, how he defined wit? "My Lord," said the Doctor, "wit is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant, it would be a *good thing well applied*!"

A curious Russian Wedding.—In the year 1739, the Empress of Russia recommended to Prince Gallitzen, then turned of forty, to take a second wife, and made him at once the page and buffoon of the Court; declaring she would defray the whole expence of the wedding, and give directions for a very costly one. The Prince accepted the offer, and pitched upon a girl of beauty, but of low life. Whereupon the Empress caused orders to be sent to every province in her dominions, to send up to Peterburgh several persons of both sexes, and these she ordered to be well dressed, each according to the fashion of their own province. It was in the winter season; and to make the nuptial day and night the more extraordinary, she had a house built wholly with ice; it consisted of two chambers, and every part of the furniture was made of ice, even the bed-place on which the new married couple were to lie; there were four small cannons and two mortars of the same materials, and the cannon were fired with half an ounce of powder more than once without bursting, and grenades thrown from the mortars with the same success. On the wedding-day the guests were sumptuously assembled in the Court-yard of Walinskay, and the procession setting out, passed before the Imperial Palace, and through the principal streets of the town. The train consisted of upwards of 300 persons; the spectators were innumerable. The new married couple were put into a large cage, placed over the back of an elephant; the guests, two and two, were in sledges, drawn by all manner of beasts, as rein deer, dogs, oxen, goats, hogs, &c. &c. and some were even mounted on camels. When the procession was over, the whole company repaired to the Duke of Courland's riding-house, where a magnificent dinner was prepared, each being treated according to the manner of cookery in their own province, and each nation had its own music. After supper, there was a ball attended by the provincial music of each; and when the ball was over, the bridegroom and bride were conducted into the house of ice, and put into their icy bed, and guards posted at the door that they might not get out till morning. Notwithstanding the Prince had so much beauty at his elbow, we may venture to say, that he looked but coolly on his bride.

Anecdote of the late James Taylor, of penurious Memory.—A short time before his death, on finding himself very unwell, he sent for a physician, to whom he told his case, and received in return (on a request made to the son of Æsculapius, that he would tell him his real condition) an answer that he could not live six weeks. On this he set about adjusting his worldly concerns, and once in his life-time was resolved to have it said that he did a generous thing. He desired his friends (for friends in his way he had) to call on one of the Governors of a public charity, with a request that he would wait on him on such a day. The gentleman full of expectation, came to his time, and the following conversation (we have it from report at the Bank, where Mr. T. was so well known) is said to have taken place:—

“Sir, I have always liked the institution, of which you are a Governor, and have a desire to forward its good purposes, by a bequest of the sum of 1500l. I have very lately been informed by my physician, that I am not long for this world, and have sent for you to make you acquainted with my intention. But—”

“In the name of the patronizers of our benevolent institution, I return you sincere thanks. You may depend that your donation shall be disposed of to the best advantage.”

“But, in order to save trouble in the making of my will, I have a thought—”

“What is it, Sir?”

“That if you will allow me the discount, I'll give you the money directly!”

Anecdote of the late Duchess of Kingston.—This lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, “How dare you, sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?”—“Woman of quality,” replied the man—“Yes, fellow,” rejoined her Grace, “don't you see my arms upon my carriage?” “Yes, I do, indeed,” he answered, “and a pair of plaguy coarse arms they are.”

Anecdote of Haydn.—The musicians of the Prince Esterhazy, having had some disagreement with the Officers of his household, offered to quit his service, which was accepted, from a persuasion that they would soon change their humour. The day, however, of their departure was fixed, and the evening before, they performed the last concert they were to give the Prince, the celebrated Haydn composed on this occasion, a symphony, the conclusion of which is of an extraordinary kind; it is an Adagio, in which each instrument plays, one after the other, a Solo: at the end of each part Haydn wrote these words: *Put out your candle, and go about your business.* In fact, the first hautboys and the second French horn went away first; after them, the second hautbois and first horn; then the bassoons; and so on with the rest of the performers. There were left behind only two violins to finish the symphony. The Prince, quite astonished, asked Haydn the meaning of all this. Haydn told him that the musicians were going away, and that their carriages were at the door waiting for them. The Prince had the generosity to fetch them back: he reproached them feelingly upon the manner in which they were going to desert so good a master: they threw themselves at his feet, and entered again into his service. At the last oratorio, in the old Music Hall at Paris, this symphony, with all its pantomime, was performed to the great diversion of the Public.

A fortunate Escape.—A few days since died at Congleton in Cheshire, *Fanny*, the late Mr. Alderman Yearley's favourite bitch!—Yes, bitch; for though but a bitch, yet was she, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of saving a very valuable life, in such a manner as, in the opinion of some people, deserves to be published. Mr. Yearley had gone out one evening with a tradesman to a public-house, and the bitch along with him. A little before he was expected to return, Mrs. Yearley was going to wash herself in a back kitchen, when the bitch returned and scratched at the door for admittance: being let in, she followed her mistress into the kitchen, where she set up a strange whining or barking, and turned towards the street door, as beckoning her mistress to follow: this she repeated several times, to the great amazement of Mrs. Yearley. At length a thought struck her, that Mr. Yearley had certainly met with some accident in the street, and that the bitch, which could scarce ever be driven from him, was come to guide her to him. Alarmed with this idea, she hastily adjusted her cap, and followed the bitch, which led her to her master, whom, to her agreeable disappointment, she found very well at the house he went to. She told them the cause of her coming, and got herself laughed at for her pains. But what were their feelings when they were informed by their next neighbours, that the kitchen had fallen the very instant Mrs. Yearley shut the street door, and that the wash bowl she left was crushed into a thousand pieces! The bitch was preserved 12 or 13 years after, till she had turned her 16th year, when her death was a little accelerated by the bite of a mad dog.

Anecdote.—A dreadful war was carried on in Ireland, betwixt the chieftain O'Neal, and a neighbouring chieftain—O'Neal demanded that his enemy should pay him tribute: the laconic style in which the demand was made and rejected, would deserve to be admired in a nobler contest.—“Send me tribute, or else;” was the message of O'Neal. The answer was expressed with the same princely brevity: “I owe you none—and if—”

Repartee.—A Counsel, on a trial some time ago, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, “Where he was on a particular day?” to which he answered, “He was in company with two friends.” “Friends!” said the Counsel, “two thieves, I suppose you mean.” “They may be so,” replied the witness, “for they are both lawyers!”

Bon Mot.—A Tavern-keeper, at a late affizes, seating himself too near the attorneys, one of them remarked, he was not in his place, being out of the profession. You are wrong, Sir, answered he, I have the honour to practise at the bar!

ANACREONTIC SONG

AD POCULUM.

By CAPTAIN MORRICE,

FOR WHICH HE RECEIVED THE PRIZE OF THE
GOLD CUP FROM THE HARMONIC SOCIETY.

COME, thou soul-reviving Cup,
And try thy Healing Art;
Light the Fancy's visions up—
And warm my wasted Heart!
Touch with glowing tints of Bliss
Mem'ry's fading dream;
Give me, while thy Lip I kiss,
The Heav'n that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the LYRIC MUSE
Ever dipp'd her wing,
ANACREON fed upon thy Dews,
And HORACE drain'd thy Spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my *spirit* find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
And store my vacant mind!

When, blest Cup, thy fires divine
Pierce thro' TIME's dark reign,
All the Joys that once were mine
I snatch from DEATH again;
And, tho' oft fond Anguish rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes—
And drinks the Tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet Cup, was Vot'ry blest
More thro' Life than me;
And that Life, with grateful breast,
Thou see'st I give to Thee!
Midst thy rose-wreath'd Nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while TIME runs thro' the glass
To FANCY's brighter day!

Then, magic Cup, again for me
Thy pow'r creative try;
Again let hope-fed FANCY see
A Heav'n in BEAUTY's eye!
O, lift my lighten'd Heart away
On PLEASURE's downy wing,
And let me taste that Bliss TO-DAY
TO-MORROW MAY NOT BRING!

Mrs. SHERIDAN to her BROTHER'S VIOLIN.

SWEET instrument of him for whom I mourn,
Tuneful companion of my Lycid's hours,
How lie'st thou now neglected and forlorn,
What skilful hand shall now call forth thy powers?

Ah! none like his can reach those liquid notes,
So soft, so sweet, so eloquently clear,
To live beyond the touch, and gently float
In dying modulation on the ear.

Thus o'er my Lycid's Lyre as I complain'd,
And kiss'd the strings where he was wont to play,
While yet in pensive sadness I remain'd,
Methought it sigh'd, and sighing, seem'd to say,

'Ah! me forlorn, forsaken, now no more
' Shall fame and just applause around me wait!
' No power my gentle Master can restore,
' And I, alas! will share his hapless fate.

'Fled is that spirit, chill'd that youthful fire,
' Which taught those strains with harmony re-
'plete;

'And cold that hand which only can inspire
' My senseless form to utter sounds so sweet!

'Those sounds melodious ne'er again shall please,
' No tuneful strain from me shall ever flow;
' Save o'er my trembling strings a sighing breeze,
' To call one sad, soft note of tender woe!

'Else, ah! for ever mute let me remain,
' Unstrung, untun'd, forgotten let me be;
' Guard me from curious eye, and touch prophane,
' And let me rest in mournful sympathy.

'One fate with thee, dear Master, let me share,
' Like thee in silent darkness let me lie;
' My frame without thee is not worth my care,
' With thee alone it liv'd, with thee shall die."

[The following pathetic composition is the production of a Lady, who, at the time of writing it, laboured under a considerable degree of Insanity: and was actually under medical care in the Retreat, at York.]

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

SPIRIT of darkness! from yon lonely shade,
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring;
Spirit of darkness, hear thy fav'rite maid,
To sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.

Ah! how has love despoil'd my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind;
Ah! how has love hung o'er my trophied tomb,
The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind.

High rides the moon the silent heavens along,
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;
Soft steals the lover when the morning song,
Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound.

Then I, with thee, my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;
Again my lyre, unstrung, I sadly sweep,
While love leads up the dance, with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteors shone,
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray;
I turn'd, but found Despair on his wild roam,
And with the demon hither bent my way.

Soft o'er the vales she blew her bugle horn,
Oh! where Maria, whither dost thou stray?
Return, thou false one, to the echoing sound,
I flew, nor heeded the sweet syren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to yon lonely towers,
I turn, and hail thy time-worn turrets mine,
Where flourish fair the night-shade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.

There, O my Edwin! there thy spirit greets,
In fancy's maze, thy lov'd and wandering maid;
Soft thro' the bower thy shade Maria meets,
And leads thee onward thro' the myrtle glade.

O, come with me, and hear the song of eve,
Far sweeter, far, than the loud shout of morn;
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze,
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale and song may charm these shades,
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind;
Where sorrow's captives hail thy once lov'd maid,
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu,
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more;
Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

But, stay, rash youth, the sun has climb'd on high,
The night is past, the shadows all are gone;
For lost Maria breathe the eternal sigh,
And waft her sorrows to the gales of morn.

A MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL WEBBE, ESQ.
WRITTEN FOR THE CATCH-CLUB, BY MRS. ELIZA SMITH.

INVOCATION.

Genius of Music, hail!
Sweetest of fabled deities descend,
Mourn o'er thy vot'ry's tomb,
With plaintive strains of elegiac woe
Inspire thy Sons of vocal Harmony;
In sable guise array'd, within these walls,
Where oft his Catch, and mirth-inspiring Glees,
Have charm'd, and wrapt the soul in extacy,
With requiems sad, mourn ye your Patron dead,
The pious Christian and the Friend sincere!

* "Thy voice, O Harmony," attune my lays
My muse, to sing in dulcet notes his praise;
Lament his loss, tell of his matchless fame,
Embalm his virtues, consecrate his name.
* "Glorious APOLLO from on high," look down,
Smile on this tribute to thy fav'rite Son;
"Bright star of genius," late in life tho' fled,
Yet, ah! too soon thou'rt number'd with the dead.
He was the glory of the tuneful train,
Who swept the lyre, with glee-delighting strain,
Or swell'd the deep-ton'd organs notes on high,
In lofty anthems, pealing to the sky;
Whilst o'er the keys his hallow'd fingers flew,
His touch, his energy, 'woke raptures new.
No more on earth, those fingers now will move
Our souls to harmony, our souls to love;
Enthron'd on high he now aspires to raise
His voice, to sing his great Redeemer's praise;
With skill divine he strikes the silver string
Of golden harp, whilst angels echoing sing,
And with loud Hallelujahs rend the skies,
Whilst tears on earth embalm the sacrifice,
Ye * "winds breathe soft," sweep gently o'er his tomb,
And whilst ye sons of sorrow weep his doom,
May emulation fire each youthful mind,
To be like him wise, learned, good, and kind;
And may your notes of praise ascend on high,
On Cherubs wings, and soar above the sky.

* From Webbe's Glees.

IRISH GENIUS.

The following beautiful verses were repeated at a meeting of the Belfast Harp Society, where some blind children, supported and instructed in music, by their bounty, made their appearance. They are the production of a Miss Balfour, from whose pen we have not had the happiness of seeing any thing before. If she be a young lady; if this be an early blossom, we congratulate our country on the prospect afforded of a rich fruitage. If she be advanced in years, we sincerely regret that her talents have remained so long in obscurity.

The Harp that in darkness and silence forsaken,
Had slumber'd while ages roll'd slowly along;
Once more in its own native land shall awaken,
And pour from its chords all the raptures of song.

Unhurt by the mildews that o'er it were stealing,
Its strings, in full chorus, shall warble sublime;
Shall rouse all the ardour of patriot feeling,
And snatch a bright wreath from the relics of time.

Sweet Harp! on some tale of past sorrow while dwelling,
Still plaintive and sad breathes the murmuring sound;
The bright sparkling tear of fond sympathy swelling,
Shall freshen the Shamrock that twines thee around.

Sweet Harp! o'er thy tones, though with fervent devotion,
We mingle a patriot smile with a tear;
Not fainter the smile, not less pure the emotion,
That wait on the cause which assembles us here.

Behold where the child of affliction and sorrow,
Whose eyes never gaz'd on the splendour of light,
Is taught from thy trembling vibration, to borrow
One mild ray of joy, 'midst the horrors of night.

No more shall he wander unknown and neglected,
From Winter's loud tempests a shelter to find;
No more a sad out-cast, forlorn and dejected,
Shall poverty add to the woes of the blind.

Oh shades of our Fathers, now awfully bending,
To witness those blessings we seek to impart,
Behold how the glory of Erin is blending
With feelings the sweetest that spring from the heart.

Still, these emotions together uniting,
Let the Harp ever sound o'er the Emerald Isle,
And its tones the soft tear of compassion exciting,
Still teach by its magic the fightless to smile.

FOR A' THAT AN A' THAT.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

SUNG AT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

Written by WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Tho' right be a' put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and lielsu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that.
For a' that an a' that,
Guns, gullotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lys, that lost her right,
Is queen again, for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose, and a' that,
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For WELLINGTON made bra' that.
The Thistle, tho' her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that;
She sheltered in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lys, for a' that!

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine
(For BLUCHER's sake, hurra that,)
The Spanish Olive too shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.
Stout Russia's hemp, so surely twin'd,
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's Elbo' be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags and a' that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day, and a' that!

There's a bit spot I had forgot,
They ca'd America, that;
A coward plot her rats had got
Their fathers' flag, to gnaw that;
Now see it fly top-gallant high
Atlantic winds shall blow that,
And yankee loun, beware your croud,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blow that,
The British flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that!

ODE,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN MOORE'S "IRISH MELODIES."

[From an Irish Paper].

Erin! his heart of truth
At length is wholly thine,
Albeit, his careless youth
Was spent 'mid 'smiles and wine:
You watch'd his dawn of future fame,
Through many a day of grief and shame,
When cold apostate slaves withdrew the hand—
You held the high Harp to his eye,
And wept to see your lone hope lie
So long in pleasure's bower, fetter'd in flow'ry band.

The wizard hand that fram'd,
Had wav'd its last farewell;
The latest soul was tam'd
In death*, that knew the spell.
Each after-hand that vainly tried,
To waken notes of former pride,
(Through lapse of mould'ring ages dim),
Backward, disgrac'd and baffl'd fell—
In silence slept the pow'rful spell,
As if 'twould wake for him, for only him!

Beneath his wond'rous hand
Awake! delighted, free,
Each string, from soft to grand,
From love to liberty.
Oh! there be hearts (nor they the worst),
Enthusiast, fond'st hopes have nurst,
Heard his wild lays, and saw the while
Chains, then first with blushes worn;
Arms, in defiance tost, and scorn,
And eyes that darkly frown'd, or lighten'd to a smile.

Whether by lonely stream,
Or 'mid the trembling leaves,
Wanders my waking dream
Of life, that smiles and grieves.
Whether the young vain hope that led,
To fancy's fields, be mute and dead;
No print of mine, marking the lovely waste—
My heart shall still frequent the sod,
By him, the sweetest Minstrel trod,
And bless the greener rings, his fairy feet have trac'd †.

ULLIN.

* Carolan.

† This allusion is to the common superstition, that the circles of brighter verdure on our sward are marks of fairy revelry.

The following spirited Poem was written by Mr. WALTER SCOTT, to the Air of an old Scottish Pibroch.

THE GATHERING OF CLAN-CONNELL, A PIBROCH.

Pibroch of Donell Dhu,
Pibroch of Donell!
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Connell.
Come away, come away;
Hark to the summons;
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons!
Come from deep glen, un'
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky;
Come every hill-plaid
And true heart that wears one;
Come every steel-blade
And strong hand that bears one:
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords and targes;
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd—
The bride at the altar!

Come as the winds come,
When forests are rended,—
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster, and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather;
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donell Dhu,
"Now for the onset!"

Anecdote of the late Dr. YOUNG, concerning the absurd Custom of Duelling.—This eminent writer was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few Ladies a-going up the water to Vauxhall-gardens; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along side of the boat where the Doctor and his Ladies were. The Doctor, who was not much conceited with his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked "why he ceased from playing, or put the flute in his pocket?" "For the same reason, said he, that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "that if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into the Thames." The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the Ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer, who had acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second. The quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The Doctor further covenanted, in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether settled by swords. To all these conditions the officer implicitly consented. The duellists accordingly met next morning at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the officer took his ground and drew his sword, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What, said the officer, do you intend to assassinate me?"—"No, said the Doctor, but you shall this instant put up your sword, and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious, and determined, that the officer could not help complying. "Now, Sir," said the Doctor, "you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's. We are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready." The officer forthwith embraced the parson, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged that for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they did ever after.

Anecdote of Duelling.—In France, such is the severity of the laws of honour, (as they are falsely called) that nothing but the death of one of the parties can expiate a blow.—Captain Douglas, a gallant Scotch officer, playing at Trictrac with a very intimate friend in a coffee-house in Paris, amidst a circle of French officers who were looking on, some dispute arose about a cast of the dice; upon which Douglas said, in a gay, thoughtless manner, "Oh what a story!" There was an instant murmur among the bystanders, and his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion snatched up the tables, and hit Douglas a blow on the head. The moment he had done it, the idea of his imprudence and its probable consequences to himself and his friend rushed upon his mind; he sat stupified with shame and remorse, his eyes riveted on the ground, regardless of what the other's resentment might prompt him to act. Douglas, after a short pause, turned round to the spectators: "You think (said he) that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; but I know that, at this moment, he feels an anguish a thousand times more keen than any my sword could inflict. I will embrace him—thus—and try to reconcile him to himself: but I will cut the throat of that man among you who shall dare to breathe a syllable against my honour."—"Bravo! Bravo!" cried old Cavalier de St. Louis, who stood immediately behind him. The sentiment of France overcame its habit, and a "Bravo! Bravo;" echoed from every corner of the room. Every heart felt the benignity of Douglas; nor is there a man of principle that reads this anecdote (for false honour is out of the question) that will not readily allow, that it requires infinitely less courage to fight—than not to fight a duel.

ANECDOTES by Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

Of Sir Thomas Robinson, commonly called Long Sir Thomas—Sir John speaks thus, in a note: "This person, who is now at rest in Westminster Abbey, was, when living, distinguished by the name of Long Sir Thomas Robinson. He was a man of the world, or rather of the town, and a great pest to persons of high rank, or in office. He was very troublesome to the late Duke of Newcastle, and when in his visits to him he was told that his Grace was gone out, would desire to be admitted to look at the clock, or to play with a monkey that was kept in the hall, in hopes of being sent for in to the Duke. This he had so frequently done, that all in the house were tired of him. At length, it was conceived among the servants, that he should receive a summary answer to his usual questions, and accordingly at his next coming, the porter, as soon as he had opened the gate, and without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him with these words: "Sir, his Grace is gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead."

Of Dr. Birch, the Antiquarian and Historian. "I heard him once relate, says Sir John, that he had the curiosity to measure the circuit of London, by a perambulation thereof; the account he gave was to this effect: he set out from his house in the Strand, towards Chelsea, and having reached the bridge beyond the water-works, he directed his course to Marybone, from whence pursuing an Eastern direction, he skirted the town, and crossed the Islington road at the Angel. There was at that time no City Road, but passing through Hoxton, he got to Shoreditch, thence to Bethnal green, and from thence to Stepney, where he recruited his spirits with a glass of brandy. From Stepney he passed on to Limehouse, and took into his route the adjacent hamlet of Poplar, when he became sensible that to complete his design he must take in Southwark; this put him to a stand; but he soon determined on his course, for taking a boat, he landed at the Red-house at Deptford, and made his way to Say's-court, where the great wet dock is, and keeping the houses along Rotherhithe to the right, he got to Bermondsey, thence by the South-end of Kent-street to Newington, and over St. George's-fields to Lambeth, and crossing over to Millbank, continued his way to Charing-cross, and along the Strand to Norfolk-street, from whence he had set out. The whole of this excursion took him up from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon, and, according to his rate of walking, he computed the circuit of London at above twenty miles; with the buildings erected since, it may be supposed to have increased five miles, and if so, the present circumference of this great metropolis, is about half that of ancient Rome."

Of Dr. Mead.—"I here add an anecdote of no less a person than Dr. Mead himself, who very early in his life attained to his station of eminence, and met with all the subsequent encouragement due to his great merit, and who nevertheless died in a state of indigence. The income arising from his practice I have heard estimated at 7000l. a year, and he had one, if not two fortunes, left him, not by relations, but by friends noway allied to him; but his munificence was so great, and his passion for collecting books, paintings, and curiosities, so strong, that he made no savings. His manuscripts he parted with in his life-time to supply his wants, which towards his end were become so pressing, that he once requested of the late Lord Orrery the loan of five guineas on some toys, viz. pieces of kennel coal wrought into vases and other elegant forms, which he produced from his pocket.—This story, incredible as it may seem, Lord Orrery told Johnson, and from him I had it."

Curious Ceremony near Nesham, in Durham.

—To the South East of Darlington, and on the high road to the city of Durham, is a village, situated on the Tees, named Nesham: it is remarkable for a ford over the river, where the Bishop, on his first coming to take possession of his See, is met by the country gentlemen, and where the Lord of the manor of Stockburn, a neighbouring village, advances into the middle of the stream, and presents him with a faulchion, as an emblem of the Bishop's temporal power, which as a court palatine, is in most respects equal to the sovereign's prerogative: the Bishop receives the weapon in his right hand, waves it, and returning it again, proceeds on his journey.

ANECDOTE of a Royal Visit to BRISTOL, in the Reign of Queen ANNE.—Prince George of Denmark, the nominal King, consort to Queen Anne, in passing through this city, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one Gentleman, a military Officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as perhaps they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person, whose name was John Duddleston, a bodice maker, who lived at or near where Mr. J. R. Lucas now lives, in Cornstreet, went up, and asked him, if he was not the husband of the Queen; who informed him he was. J. Duddleston told him he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, telling him, he did not apprehend it was for want of love to the Queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman with him, informing him that he had a piece of good beef and a plumb-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The Prince admired the loyalty of the man; and, though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him; and when they got to the house, Duddleston called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. She accordingly came down, with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In the course of the dinner, the Prince asked him, if he ever went to London? He said, that since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whalebone; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction to him at Court. In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and, with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the Prince, and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them they must have new clothes for the occasion, allowing them to chuse for themselves; so they each chose purple velvet, such as the Prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only one in that city who had invited the Prince, her husband, to their house; and after the entertainment the Queen, desiring him to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and, to use Lady Duddleston's own words, said to him, "Ston up, Sir Jan." He was offered money, or a place under government, but he did not choose to accept of either, informing the Queen that he had 50 pounds out at use, and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about her must be very expensive. The Queen, however, made Lady Duddleston a present of her gold watch from her side, which my Lady considered as no small ornament, when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron.

Anecdote of RICHARD III.—In the town of Leicester, the house is still shewn where Richard III. passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him still preserved in the Corporation Records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that Prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day, on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops. The friends of Richard were pillaged; but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovered the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause; he bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by a servant-maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

Anecdote of MILTON.—Believing that the following real circumstance has been but little noticed, we submit the particulars of it, as not uninteresting, to the attention of our readers:—It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering, one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of the sleeper, they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly-favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and with surprize read these verses from Guarini.

"Occhi, Steele mortale,

"Ministri de miei mali,

"Se chiuse m' accidete,

"Apparen desfarere?"

"Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my loveliest pangs! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?"

Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervor became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to her that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity, must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the *Paradise Lost*.

Anecdote of the late Duchess of Kingston.—When that Lady was Miss Chudleigh, she obtained for her mother from his late Majesty a suite of chambers at Hampton-court. The King meeting her soon after at the Levee, asked her how her mother liked her new apartments? "Perfectly well, Sire, in point of air and situation, if the poor woman had but a bed and a few chairs to put in them." "O then (says the King), let her have them by all means;" and immediately gave orders for furnishing her bed-chamber. When the bill for the furniture was brought to the proper officer of the household, he found this *bed and a few chairs* amounted to the sum of *four thousand pounds*; which he refused paying till he shewed it to the King. His Majesty immediately saw how he was taken in, but it was too late to retract; he accordingly gave orders for the payment, observing at the same time, that if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed *as hard as he did*, she would not be so ready to lie down on it."

Box Mot of Foote.—When Mr. Palmer, the present Manager of the Royalty Theatre, first came out at Drury-lane Theatre, he was distinguished in the bills as Mr. I. Palmer, in consequence of there being then a Mr. Palmer on the stage. When this Mr. Palmer died, Foote was asked by a theatrical friend the news of the day? "Don't you hear, said our English Aristophanes, of the loss Drury-lane has sustained? Have you not heard of the death of Mr. Palmer?" "O, yes, said the other, I heard of that, and I am exceedingly sorry." "Aye, so am I, said Foote; but what is worse, misfortunes don't come alone, for young Palmer has had his I put out this morning."

Repartee.—Swift was very ambitious of being the sole entertainment of his company; he could not therefore endure any person who attempted to tell a story in his presence. This caused him very frequently to affect being in a reverie while a story was told:—In one of these absent moments, he was rebuked by one of his companions, who told him he had, by inattention, lost a very good thing in the last story. "I did, indeed," (replied Swift) "for I lost my patience."

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF CARDS.

(From Rouse's Doctrine of Chances.)

CARDS were always made of paper, and seem to have been invented about the year 1390 to divert Charles VI. of France, who had fallen into a melancholy disposition.

One *Jaquemin Gringonneur*, a painter in Paris, appears to have been the inventor, from the following article in the Treasurer's account:—"Paid 56 shillings of Paris to *Jaquemin Gringonneur*, the painter, for three packs of cards, gilded with gold, and painted with divers colours and divers devices, to be carried to the King for his amusement, &c." a great price in those times; but their carving and gilding required much art.

The four suits were meant to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom.—The Hearts denoted the ecclesiastics: the nobility or prime military part of the kingdom were represented by points of lances, or the Spades; Diamonds designed the order of merchants or tradesmen: and the trefoil leaf, or Clubs, alluded to the husbandmen and peasants. The four Kings represented David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names were on the French cards formerly—they exhibit the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans and Franks: by the Queens are represented Argine (anagram for Regina), Esther, Judith and Pallas—typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom: by the knaves were designed the servants to knights, or the knights themselves.

The first certain notice of their having been known in England occurs in a record in the time of Edward IV. on an application of the card-makers to Parliament, A. D. 1643, when an act was made against the importation of playing-cards, 3d Edw. IV. c. 4. From this statute it appears, that card playing and card making were known and practised in England before this period, or about 50 years after the era of their supposed invention.

Mr. Gough observes, the use of cards among the Chinese is evident, not only from a Chinese painting representing their playing with something much like cards, but also from a pack of Chinese cards in his possession, made of the same materials as the European, but the devices are very different. The method of making playing-cards seems to have given the first hint to the invention of printing, as appears from the first specimens of printing at Haerlem, and those in the Bodleian Library.

A certain Mr. Parr being smitten with the charms of Miss Ann Marr, a provincial belle whom he met at Harrogate, was exceedingly perplexed to contrive how he should open his heart to her. At length he met her, and he was told, "For the last time that season," at a public breakfast; and in the dread of losing her for ever, he resolved, even there, to make a desperate effort to pop the question.—Fortune favoured the attempt. It chanced that, opposite to the gentleman, there was a plate of Parmesan cheese, and near the lady stood a crystal dish with marinated. "Will you do me the honour to accept of a little *Parr-Miss-Ann*?" said the lover, with a look full of meaning, and moving his hand towards the cheese. "Tell me first," replied the damsel, with admirable readiness, lifting at the same time the lid of the crystal, "whether or not you are fond of *Marr-my-lud*?"—"Above all things in existence!" exclaimed the enraptured youth. The offers were mutually accepted, and understood as pledges of personal attachment by the parties, although nobody else comprehended the *equivoque*, or discovered any thing in the transaction but common-place civility. The treaty, thus opened, was soon ratified, and Miss Ann Marr was invested with the title of Mrs. Parr.

Lately, in a church, not a hundred miles from Leeds, a brief was read, and a collection made, in aid of a sufferer from fire. The collector "flattered himself" that he had been unusually successful, as he fancied he saw an agent to one of the Fire Offices put a note into the box. On counting up, however, the note did not appear to have been issued from any Bank, but merely bore these admonitory words—"Let them insure, and he hang'd to 'em!"

Not long before the death of the late Mr. Reynolds, the Bristol philanthropist, he was applied to by a lady in behalf of a poor infant orphan. His gift was as usual extremely liberal. "When the child is old enough," said the applicant, "I will teach him to kiss your name, and thank his humane benefactor." "Not so," replied he, "we do not thank the clouds for rain; teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who gives both clouds and rain."

DENNIS TOOLE'S WILL.

Copy of a paper written by a poor wretch in the county of Sligo, in Ireland, who put his resolve into execution, just in the manner he himself mentions.

(SUPERScription)

This will be fownd after my deth, if thea look sharp.

DENNIS TOOLE.

AS I noe the people that has fownd my carkase is curious about the manner of my deth, which is something out o' the way, I'll giv' 'em aul the satisfakshon in my power about itt, as I noe the hole matter from beginnin to end—which is my own misfortshun that I marr'd a cross woman that's never plazed but when she's after vexin mee, and spendin my substance, whereby I have bin reduced to grate shifts, as aul the world noes, and fader M'Donough in partikilar; so let that rest, for the leeste sayd the soonest mended, and I don't luv to be rippin up ould soares.

It may be repoarted, as the world's grately giv'n to lying, that I dy'd by axident, but that's a mistake, for I throw'd myself into the river o' Wednesday eevin, and so dround miself of my oan ackord, being tier'd of the world, and fretted out of my life; and as the littel that's left of my substance is not much, I hoap there'll be no quarlin about my dispoassin of it in the followin manner. Ther may bee in my britches pokket (as I put thear aul I cood get togedder) about somethin less than half a genny in silver and sixpenses, wit sun hapence; giv' that to littel Dolly Maginnis, at farmer Daly's; the peepel sayd and so did my wyfe, that I was too fond of her; but that's a lye of her own inventin, and iff I was alive I'd say it to her face, so let noboddy go to reflect upon her upon my account.

Peter Doyle makes mee pay to much for my kabbin, and littel bitt of pataty-grownd belongin to itt, but I makes it anser by chaytin the parson, and one way or oder, so I leav it to my youngest son Robbin, becaze he's a cuter lad, and more goodnathurder, and I luvv him better nor Corney. As for him and his moder, thea'll provide for themselves, I had enuff to do to mentain 'em during my life, and I'm sure I'll not truble my head about 'em now I'm ded.

My sow and piggs and my crucefix, along wid my bades, my tobacco-stopper, my too liens, and my mass-book, I lave to fader Mac Donough for he's a good soal enough at the bottom. My oak sapplin, my dog smut, my woollen night cap, and my razure I givv to honest Toby Hooragan, for he's the best crathur that ever drew breth, tho' the peepel givvs out oderwise, bekaze he taaks a sup, and has turn'd his childer out o' doors; my best shurt I givv to the same Toby Hooragan; as for the toder it's the won I hav on now, and not worth any body's taakin, so I lave it to my wyfe, that she may have no reason to complain.

I forgivv aul the world exceptin my wife, and her I forgivv too, but itt's against my will, and only to humour fader Mac Donough.

I boar and indifferent good karakter while I was alive, and wud have nokked the biggest man down that darr'd to say a wurd agenst itt, but now Ime ded thea may say what thea plaze, and to be shure thea'll say bad enuff. I dye in charity wid every body, and wish well to such as had a regaid for mee, as for the rest, may the grass grow before thear door. I doant care three straws where thea berry me so as thea doant let my corps stay in the wauter for I woodnt like to be eit by the fishes; of the too Ide rather the crows had mee, bekaze its more natheral; thea'll have no pretense for attomizin mee, and the rest Ime pritty easy about.

If I walk after my deth, I'll haunt my wife to vex her.

I was dividid betwixt hanging and drownding, and was sadly trubbled which to chuse, but at last resolved upon thiss way that I havv taken, as I taut it wasnt quite so vulgar as toder; for thea hang clippers and coiners and teeves and murders, but they never dround 'em. So I departed this lyfe in the forty-aht year of my age without wincin or whinin, but like a man at my oan free moshan and choyce.

And I hav roat this payper aul with my oame hand and sett my name both at the beginnen and end of itt, that my wife and Corney maynt say its a forgery, for thea are cappable of anny thing that's spyteful and contreary, so no more at present from me DENNIS TOOLE.

JEU DE MOT.—In the convivial administration of Lord North, when the ministerial dinners were composed of such men as the Lords Sandwich, Weymouth, Thurlow, Richard Rigby, &c. various pleasantries passed, for which the present times are unfortunately too refined. Amongst others, it was the whim of the day, to call upon each member, after the cloth was drawn, to tag a rhyme to the name of his left hand neighbour. This was proposed by Lord Sandwich, to get a laugh against his facetious friend Lord North, who happened to be seated next to Mr. Mellagen, a name deemed incapable of such a tag. Luckily, however, for Lord N. Mr. M. had just informed him of an accident that had befallen him near the pump in Pall Mall, which enabled his Lordship to extricate himself from the trap that had been laid for him, by this whimsical impromptu:

"Poor Mr. Mellagen

"Has hurt his rump against a pump,

"So won't go near its well again!"

Punishment of a Criminal

AT BARODA, BY AN ELEPHANT.

THE man was a slave, and two days before had murdered his master, brother to a native Chieftain, named Ameer Sahib. About 11 o'clock the elephant was brought out, with only the driver on its back, surrounded by natives with bamboos in their hands. The criminal was placed three yards behind, on the ground; his legs tied by three ropes, which were fastened to a ring on the right hind leg of the animal. At every step the elephant took, it jerked him forwards, and eight or ten steps must have dislocated every limb; for they were loose and broken, when the elephant had proceeded 500 yards. The man, though covered with mud, shewed every sign of life, and seemed to be in most excruciating torments: the skin from off his back hung loose and in pieces, even far behind his head: the slow motion of the elephant appeared to give him time to breathe; till the leg he was tied to moved, when he was thrown forwards. After having been tortured in this manner about an hour, he was taken outside of the town, when the elephant, which is instructed for such occasions, is backed, and puts his foot on the criminal's head.

HEROISM OF AN IRISH TAR.—National bravery has never been more strongly exemplified than in the late sanguinary contest between the French Rivoli and his majesty's ship *Victorious*. Amongst many others we shall only select the following, which deserves to be held up to public admiration, although the individual, the subject of it, was not endowed by nature with high birth or fortune, nor adorned by education with those acquirements indispensably necessary to form the "great man." Jas. Daly, an Irishman, a common seaman on board the *Victorious*, about an hour before the cessation of the action, was struck at his quarters on the main-deck with a shot, which carried away the entire of the left thigh, so high up that a portion of the hip was attached to it, and shattered the right to pieces; on his way to the cockpit, he observed that one of the guns close to the hatchway was run out, and that the men were nearly in the act of firing; he immediately desired the seamen who were carrying him down to stop, which they did; when he begged of the men to let him fire it, "and hoped they would allow him to have one shot more at the Frenchmen before he died, after doing which," he added, "he would die content." His request was granted, when he very contentedly permitted himself to be carried down, exclaiming on the ladder, "Fight on, my boys, fight on, for your king and country until you die." On his arrival in the cockpit, he said to the surgeon, "Sir, I know you will do all you can for me, but I also know, there is nothing in your power."—In less than half an hour after, his gallant spirit left this for another world.

A French Bishop's Compromise.—A lady having consulted M. Lamotté, a late Bishop of Amiens, whether she ought to use rouge, the Bishop made her this reply: "Some persons would altogether prohibit you the use of it; but this perhaps you would consider as very hard; and others might allow you to indulge in it unrestrained, which would be too complying: now I shall take the middle course, and give you permission to use it on one cheek."

A Clerical Reply.—"Pray," said Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, to one of the prebendaries, "What is your time of residence at Rochester?" "O, my lord," said he, "I reside there the better part of the year." "I am very glad to hear it," cried the good Bishop. But the Doctor's meaning was, and the fact really was, he resided there only the week of the *budit*.

The following curious item appeared in a bill delivered into the hands of the Treasurer of a Soup Society, by a Caledonian bricklayer:

The Gentlemen of Great Marlow, Dr.
For hanging a Cooper to make Soup for the poor people.

ANECDOTES and BON MOTS.

HOUR-GLASSES were formerly as common in pulpits as cushions are now. Daniel Burgess, of whimsical memory, never preached without one; and he frequently saw it out three times during one sermon. In a discourse which he once delivered at the Conventicle, in Russel-Court, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and, altering the tone of his voice, desired they would be patient a while longer, for he had much more to say against drunkenness: "Therefore," added he, "my brethren, we will have another glass and then—"

On one of Dr. Johnson's visits to Litchfield, somebody was expressing surprise at the conduct of a young man, who, after courting one sister, had just married the other. "Sir," said the Doctor, "depend on it he courted a girl he was afraid to marry, and married a girl he was ashamed to court."

A countryman from the wolds of Yorkshire coming to town, saw a mourning coach; on asking a friend what it was, he told him one of the *Graves-end coaches*.

A respectable glass-cutter carrying along the Strand an elegant argand lamp in each hand, accidentally let one of them fall: a friend who was passing at the moment immediately exclaimed—"My dear fellow, how I lament to see you reduced to the unfortunate state of being a *lamp-lighter*."

Extemporaneous Preaching.—That eminent divine, and celebrated preacher, Archbishop Tillotson, was never capable of committing his sermons to memory, or preaching extempore, according to the custom of the earlier part of his time; though to great a master of language, as well as the whole compass of theological learning. This appeared from an incident which is related upon good authority. Happening to be with a friend in the country, who was importunate with him to preach, though he was not furnished with a sermon, he ventured into the pulpit, where he took for a text, one of the plainest, and fullest of matter which he could recollect, *For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ*; upon which he has no less than five discourses in his works; and yet he soon found himself so much at a loss that after about ten minutes spent with great pain to himself, and no great satisfaction to his audience, he came down with a resolution never to make the like attempt for the future. And it is observable that the same kind of confusion happened to Dr. Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln, who was equally remarkable for an excellent memory, and a clear and logical head, when, at the persuasion of his friend Dr. Hammond, he left his sermon with him, and endeavoured to repeat it to a village congregation. Tillotson, early in life, was elected preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. His predecessor was a Mr. Thos. Grenfield, of whom there is nothing extant but a fast sermon preached Jan. 12, 1661, in consequence of a long continuance of wet. In this sermon he considers the neglect of the *loyal party* as the sin which had peculiarly brought down God's judgment upon the nation, and uses some curious expressions, not inapplicable, perhaps, to what we have seen among our volatile continental neighbours. "There are," said he, "strange and monstrous couples now marching together in England; loyalty and rage, loyalty and vice, loyalty and hunger, loyalty and a prison."

AN ELEPHANT AND A ROYAL TIGER.—In Captain Williamson's account of hunting the Royal Tiger, with Elephants, he thus introduces the following singular adventure:—"A curious circumstance, illustrative of the anomalies of the sport, occurred to a very worthy officer, Captain John Rotton, who died some years since. He was one of a numerous party assembled for the purpose of tiger hunting, and was mounted on a very fine elephant, which, far from being timid, was very remarkable for a courage scarcely to be kept within the bounds of prudence. This singularly fine animal having, after much beating a thick grass, hit upon a tiger's situation, uttered a roar of vengeance, which roused the lurking animal, occasioning him to rise, so as to be seen distinctly. No sooner did the tiger shew himself, than Captain Rotton, with great readiness, bending his body a little to the left, took aim at him as he stood up, cross-wise, almost close to the elephant's head; who no sooner espied his enemy than he knelt down, as is common on such occasions, with a view to strike the tiger through with his tusks; at the same time, the tiger, sensible of the device, as suddenly threw himself on his back, thereby evading the intended mischief, and ready to claw the elephant's face with his four feet, which were thus turned upwards. Now, whether Captain Rotton had not been in the habit of joining in such rapid evolutions, or the elephant forgot to warn him to hold fast, we know not; but so it happened, that the delicate situation in which he was placed while taking his aim, added to the quickness of the elephant's change of height forward, combined to project him, without any obstruction from his seat, landing him plump on the tiger's belly! This was a species of warfare to which all parties were apparently strangers. The elephant, however fearless in other respects, was alarmed at the strange round mass, the captain being remarkably fat, which shot like a sack over his shoulder; while the tiger, judging it to be very ungentlemanlike usage, lost no time in regaining his legs, trotting off at a round pace, and abandoning the field to the victorious captain."

ON FIRE.

The following stanzas are said to be an extemporaneous production of the illustrious SHERIDAN. They are addressed to the Ladies ELIZA and MARY BIRMINGHAM, daughters of the late Earl of LOUTH. The *Element* is supposed to speak—

In Poets, all my marks you'll see,
Since flash and smoke reveal me;
Suspect me always near NAT. LEE;
Even BLACKMORE can't conceal me.

In MILTON's page I glow by art,
One flame intense and even;
In SHAKESPEARE's blaze! a sudden start
Like lightnings flash'd from Heav'n!

In many more as well as they,
Thro' various forms I shift:
I'm gent'ly lambent, while I'm GAY,
But brightest, when I'm SWIFT.

From Smoke, sure tidings you may get;
It can't subsist without me;
Or find me like some fond Coquet,
With fifty Sparks about me.

In other forms I oft am seen,
In breasts of YOUNG and FAIR;
And as the *Virtues* dwell within,
You'll always find me there.

I with pure, piercing, brilliant gleams,
Can arm ELIZA's eye;
With modest, soft, ethereal beams,
Sweet MARY's I supply!

Mr. SHERIDAN meeting Miss LINLEY, afterwards Mrs. SHERIDAN, at the entrance of a Grotto, in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice; with which, apprehending she was displeased, he left the following Lines in the Grotto the next day:—

Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree,
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As, blushing, she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-covered stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dropping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks how each bough, as you're waving, it tries,
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frown'd, when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She sigh'd, but perhaps 't was in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe;
I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I see;
I cannot, I will not believe it was so;
She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, O! if, indeed, I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuse,
Sweet willow, the next time she visits your shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night fallen-dew;
Then let them but fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I swear,
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages, thus toss
Thy branches so lank o'er the slow-winding stream;
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay, more; may my Delia still give you her charms,
Each evening, and sometimes the whole evening long;
Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms;
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops o'er her song.

EXTRACT FROM THE "MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,"
BY DR. WATKINS, JUST PUBLISHED.

Shortly after their marriage*, the following poetical correspondence passed between Mr. Sheridan and his Lady, in consequence of a gentle suspicion expressed by the latter that the want of stability in his disposition would mar their happiness:—

DAMON TO DELIA.

Ask'st thou "how long my love shall stay
When all that's new is past?"
How long?—Ah, Delia! can I say
How long my life will last?
Dry be that tear—be hush'd that sigh;
At least, I'll love thee till I die!

And does that thought afflict thee too,
The thought of Damon's death;
That he who only lives for you,
Must yield his faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our Heaven here.

DELIA TO DAMON.

Think'st thou, my Damon, I'd forego
This tender luxury of woe,
Which better than the tongue imparts
The feelings of impassion'd hearts?
Blest, if my sighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.
Can true affection cease to fear?
Poor is the joy not worth a tear!
Did passion ever know content?
How weak the rapture words can paint!
Then let my sighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.
The Cyprian bird, with plaintive moan,
Thus makes her faithful passion known;
So Zephyrus breathes on Flora's bowers,
And charms with sighs the queen of flowers!
Then let my sighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.

* Mr. Sheridan's marriage with Miss Linley, his first wife.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR, New Broad-street, Tuesday Evening.

Well knowing you to be a great admirer of the late Mr. Sheridan, I hope you will find room for the following *Impromptu* in your valuable publication.

The occasion arose at the then Prince of Wales' table, where poor Sheridan was a constant and welcome visitor.

A Gentleman over the bottle having mentioned that he considered Mr. Sheridan the most independent man living, the latter Gentleman immediately produced the following lines (which are very much at your service):—

To Ireland, cried Sherry, my being I owe,
To England, and England's kind schools all I know,
To Scotland, good will, for I cannot owe less,
To Wales I'm indebted for all I possess.—
Then who can deny, be the debt great or small,
That Sherry, Old Sherry, owes something to all.

MR. SHERIDAN TO HIS FIRST WIFE.—The following lines are the genuine production of the lamented SHERIDAN. They were addressed to his first Lady, then Miss LINLEY, shortly before their union:

"Mark'd you her eyes of heav'nly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue!
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek abash'd at man's approving:
The one, Love's arrow darting round,
The other, blushing at the wound."

WOMEN.

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam in your eyelights up peace in the breast,
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart:
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

Elegy on Mrs. Sheridan,

WRITTEN BY HER BROTHER MR. W. LINLEY.

IN these lone shades, in this sequestered grove,
Sacred to sorrow's plaint, I touch my lyre;
True to the feelings of fraternal love,
Its saddest chord shall vibrate, and expire.

Oh, most beloved! my sister and my friend;
While kindred woes still breathe around thine urn—
Long with the tear of absence must I blend
The sigh that speaks 'Thou never shalt return!'

Yet, not for thee reserved, the gloomy Power
Shook o'er thy fading form his fiercer dart;
A gentler mandate marked thy parting hour,
And hushed the keener throbbings of thy heart.

'Twas Faith that, bending o'er the bed of death,
Shot o'er thy pallid cheek a transient ray,
With softer effort soothed thy labouring breath,
Gave grace to anguish, beauty to decay.

Thy friends, thy children claimed thy latest care,
Their's was the last that to thy bosom clung;
For them to Heaven put up th'expiring prayer,
The last that faltered on thy trembling tongue.

Oh, most beloved! my sister and my friend;
Thy death, thus lovely, still must I deplore;
Still, as some new regrets my bosom rend,
Dwell on past pleasures to return no more.

And though an angel's bliss may now be thine,
And holier transports lift thy thoughts above;
May one, one last sad solace still be mine—
The fond remembrance of the sister's love.

Let me retrace those early, happy years,
When kind indulgence oped her store of charms,
When flushed with joy, or scared by childish fears,
I pressed the mother in the sister's arms.

When to the lyre with timid hope I sung,
Affection beaming from thine eyes the while,
And my young heart, with wild emotion, sprung
To catch each glance, each dear approving smile:

When, as I grew, thy ever watchful zeal
Checked each rash impulse of my wavering youth,
Taught me each manlier sentiment to feel,
And walk with honour in the paths of truth,—

When at the last—ah then! when hope had flown,
Thy mind unchanged its best monition gave!
It seemed to speak a lesson scarce its own,
To breathe a purity beyond the grave.

That lesson, fixed for ever in my breast,
Shall teach me now my sorrows to suppress;
Drive feverish fancies from my couch of rest,
And picture brighter scenes to soothe and bless.

So shall my soul, resigned to Heaven's decree,
To virtue's tranquil meed once more aspire;
Nor shall my thoughts, though fondly turned to thee,
Bid pleasure leave me, or be mute my lyre.

The above affectionate stanzas were written at the villa of a friend, near a Mosque Grove, at Trichtnopoly, in the East-Indies, and contiguous to the great Pagoda in that district, a short time after the melancholy event, which is the subject of it, had come to the Author's knowledge. The Editor of the last British Critic thinks "that it far, very far exceeds any thing that he had yet seen on the death of Mr. Sheridan," the wonderfully endowed husband of that accomplished woman.

THE MEMORY OF MR. PITT:

Sung at the commemoration of his Birth-Day on Saturday last.

OH sigh not for him, shed no tear on his grave,
Who lived but to triumph, who died but to save;
Whose splendors set proud, but still prouder to shine,
Who ceased to be Pitt, but to rise more divine!

When the faint and the feeble from life pass away,
The sleep is all darkness, the grave all decay;
But the heart of the mighty to earth once consigned,
Springs up an immortal, to feel for mankind!

Oh! bright to the billow-tost vessel below,
Flashing red through the tempest, the torch's loose glow;
But richer and purer the ray, when 'tis given
To the mariner's eye from its orbit in Heaven!

Yes, Pitt! if no longer the light of thy form
Leads England's proud bark thro' the cloud and the storm;
Still deep in our hearts is thy wisdom enshrined,
Still, tho' lost to the eye, it speaks loud to the mind.

Then Hero! then Statesman! tho' sorrow no more
Can touch thee for earth, tho' thy trial is o'er;
Yet if spirits can stoop to the joys of our sphere,
Look down on the band that now call on thee here.

For these are the men who all nobly have proved
How they felt the high impulse of him whom they loved;
Who have brought back in triumph the pledge that they gave
To share in thy glory—or share in thy grave.

Then weep not for him, stately Queen of the wave,
Still he lives for the land that he died but to save;
Still feels, on his throne, his heart vibrate to thine,
And as, mortal, he loved thee, still loves thee, divine!

* See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings, in the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that Oration.

A MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

When the last sunshine of expiring day
In Summer's twilight weeps its life away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart—as dew along the flower?
Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,
The voiceless thought, which would not speak, but weep?
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set—
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius, which can perish, dies.

The flash of wit—the bright intelligence—
The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence—
Set with their sun:—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind;
Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded Lord:
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
*The praise'd—the proud—who made his praise their pride;—
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven, in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod—
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blaz'd,
Till vanquish'd Senates trembled as they praise'd.

And here! Oh here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his Spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit
Which knew not what it was to intermit;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;
Here in their first abode to night you meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat,—
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Men, who exult, when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the Musick which was born their own;
Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice, might be but Woo.
Hard is his fate, on whom the Public gaze
Is fix'd for ever, to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be—if such have ever been,
Our's be the gentler wish—the kinder task,—
To give the tribute Glory need not ask.
To weep the vanquish'd beam—and add our mite
Of praise, in payment of a long delight.
Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field.
The worthy Rival of the wondrous three,†
Whose words were Sparks of Immortality!
Ye Bards!—to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
He was your Master! emulate him here!—
Ye men of Wit and social Eloquence!
He was your Brother!—bear his ashes hence!—
While powers of mind, almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—as various in their change;
While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
That humbler Harmonist of Care on earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our Sense
Of Pride in Merits proud pre-eminence.
Long shall we seek his likeness—long, in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such Man,
And broke the die—in moulding SHERIDAN.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

(Passages omitted in the Recitation.)

'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear
Unmixed with worldly grief—or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath passed from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!

The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain.
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth—accumulate the lie
And pile the Pyramid of Calumny!

These are his portion—but if join'd to these
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep disease,
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
To soothe indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid Rag—and wrestle with Disgrace,
To find in Hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness,—
If such may be the Ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail!

Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
Black with the rude collision—inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering Atmosphere that nurst
Thoughts which have turned to thunder—scorch and burst.

A Poem, entitled, "*A Garland for the Grave of the late lamented Richard Brinsley Sheridan*," written by Charles Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law, of whose splendid forensic eloquence the Press of Ireland has afforded brilliant proofs, has been just published.—The following is an extract:—

"Thou wert a sunbeam from Erin."—OSSIAN.

No—shed not a tear upon Sheridan's tomb,
The moment for sorrow is o'er;
Pale Poverty's cloud, or Ingratitude's gloom,
Can darken that Spirit no more!
He is gone to the Angels that lent him their lyre,
He is gone to the world whence he borrow'd his fire,
And the brightest and best of the heavenly choir
The welcome of Paradise pour.

But over that tomb let proud triumph arise,
And peal the high anthem of joy to the skies;
For, he lived 'mid corruption, yet cloudless his name,
For, he died without wealth—save the wealth of his fame—
With the gem of his genius he brightened the throne,
But held the rich brilliant, of Honour, his own.
The tongue of the Senate—the life of the board—
Now revelry lauded—now wisdom adored—
Till Sense bowed abashed to the bondage of soul,
And Reason drank pearls dissolved in the bowl!
Oh! who shall describe him!—the Wit and the Sage—
The heart of the people—the glass of the Stage,
The Dramatist—Orator—Bard of the Age!
Oh! who can depict the diversified ray
That illumines the diamond and heralds the day;
That flings its bright veil o'er the blushes of Even,
And blends in the rainbow the riches of Heaven!
Such alone may describe all his beauties combined,
That fire of his fancy—that blossom of mind,
That union of talents, so rare, so refined,
That Echo grew mute at the spell of his tongue,
That Envy, enchanted, applauded his song,
That Ignorance worshipped the path which he trod,
And Heraldry owned the high patent of God.

He is gone!—but his memory sheds a ray,
That e'en in sorrow cheers;
As sinking in the ocean surge,
Beneath the dulcet sea-maid's dirge,
The glorious God of parting day
Blushes a beam o'er the evening grey,
To chase Creation's tears.

He is gone!—but where will the shades of power
That lived in the light he gave,
The swarms that basked in his summer hour
And glittered o'er his grave?
Where will that hollow, heartless train,
That fled his couch of want and pain,
Oh! where will they look on his likeness again?

Where shall the orphan Drama find
The breathing of that vernal mind—
The morning of that eye—
Beneath whose glance of living light,
A new creation bland and bright
Enchained the ear and charmed the sight;
Whose streams of liquid diamond, rolled
Their orient rill o'er sands of gold!
Whilst Time, amid the laughing Hours,
Cover'd his wing with Fancy's flowers,
Blessing the bondage of her bowers,
The spell of Mirth and Minstrelsy.

SONNET, written, on parting with his Library;
By W. ROSCOE, Esq.

AS one, who, destin'd from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again, erewhile,
To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved Associates, Chiefs of elder Art!
Teachers of Wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you—nor with fainting heart:
For, pass a few short years—or days—or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowships restore;
When, freed from Earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with Mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

ON THE

LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. SHERIDAN,

WERE WRITTEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THAT EVENT, AND
NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

"If dying excellence deserve a tear,
If fond remembrance still be cherished here;"
Such were the strains lamented Brinsley sung,
Such the soft sorrows of his silv'ry tongue;
When buried Roscius claim'd his meed of praise,
That mournful tribute of elegiac lays,
O'er which warm Friendship's holy incense shed,
Inspired the poet, and embalmed the dead.
The poet now sunk to the peaceful tomb
Of valour, worth, wit, eloquence, the doom;
What friend with powers proportion'd to the theme,
Will weave such classic chaplet to his fame?
With equal pathos will his merit scan,
The soul of sympathy, the friend of man?
The bold assertor of fair Freedom's cause,
The watchful guardian of her rights and laws;
All-eloquent, Oppression to o'erwhelm,
The advocate of India's injured realm.
Who that have heard him her deep sorrows tell,
But felt soft Pity's sigh their bosoms swell?
Who, when he trac'd in eloquence sublime,
The march of carnage, cruelty, and crime,
Which, baleful as the Siroc's deadly blast,
Left desolation whereso'er it past,
But felt fierce indignation fire their veins,
With hate confirm'd of tyranny and chains!
Through life one object he pursu'd with zeal,
The noblest, brightest, best, his country's weal;
From its pursuit was never turn'd aside,
Warp'd by the wiles of wealth, or pow'r, or pride;
From youth to age, consistent with himself,
Though poor, preferring principle to pelf;
Though mingling with the great, their crimes decri'd,
Liv'd uncorrupted, and unpension'd, died.
'Twas his alike the subject soul to sway,
With serious eloquence or humour gay;
With wit unrivall'd, see his comic pen
Assail the demon Scandal in her den;
With classic scenes re-animate the stage,
And dignify the drama of the age.
Shall so much worth have vanish'd from our sphere,
And no kind poet drop the pious tear?
The loveliest offering Gratitude e'er gave,
The richest gift to grace a poet's grave,
Is the sweet music of the Muse's breath,
Forbidding excellence to sleep in death*.
May we not hope that Campbell will pour forth
The lofty death-song to departed worth;
Will not the men'ry of genius frown
Awake the sweet-soul'd melancholy tone
Of feeling Rogers, who so well has paid
The homage due to Fox's hallow'd shade?
Will the bold Byron's energetic muse
The manly verse to Sheridan refuse?
On such occasion will she not express
Our country's helpless, hopeless, deep distress?
But one there is, on whom this mournful theme
Has an imperious, a peculiar claim;
On thee, melodious Moore, thy country calls.
To strike the tuneful harp of Tara's halls,
With Sorrow's accents, bid its echoes swell,
And to its strings this tale of ruin tell—
Poor Erin's brightest spark of wit is fled,
Her best of speakers, patriots, poets, dead!

* Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.

NEW SOVEREIGNS.—IMPROMPTU.

BY J. BISSET, ESQ. ON BEING ASKED WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE
NEW GOLD COIN?

The Horse on the Coin is more fit for a waggon,
Than meet for St. George to encounter the Dragon!
And as for the Effigy, meant for the Saint,
He appears like a Sans Culotte, ready to faint;
With his head hanging down o'er a lean hungry paunch,
He has struck with the spear, his poor horse on the haunch,
Whilst the Dragon in pity, looks at the incision;
And cocks up his nose, at St. George, in derision!!!
Leamington Priors, July 30, 1817.

A curious Courtship.—A young gentleman and a lady, in a church, in America, happened to be in the same pew; during the course of the sermon, the youth read something in the eyes of the fair which made a much deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the parson. As love is seldom at a loss for an expedient, he presented her with the following verse from the Second Epistle of John:—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." After perusal, she, in answer, opened at the first chapter of Ruth, and 16th verse:—"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Bon Mot.—The Irish Delegates, and others of the nobility and gentry who had the honour of dining with the Prince of Wales on Monday last, amounted to *thirty-six*. The party is talked of as having been most happily convivial, to which the engaging manners of the Prince not a little contributed. On the company's rising, his Royal Highness insisted on the *landlord's bottle*; this meeting with some objection, was afterwards *unanimously assented to*, from an observation of Mr. Burke, who said, "that though he was an enemy in general to inde-feasible right, yet he thought the Prince in his own house had a right to rule *jure de vino*."

Bon Mot of the late celebrated Dr. JAMES.—This learned physician was sent for to a widow lady who was not very well, and asked him, If sea-bathing would not be a good thing for her? "Why yes, Madam, if a widow cannot keep without being salted."

Bon Mot.—Lady Wortley Montague once asked a Turkish Nobleman, "Why Mahomet allowed a plurality of wives?" "I can give no reason so satisfactory (replied the Nobleman), than that we might be able to find in a number the qualities which unite in your Ladyship."

The following curious poetical title deed was granted by William the Conqueror to an ancestor of the present Lord Rawdon. It is copied from the original grant now in the possession of his Lordship's father, the Earl of Moira, who still possesses the estates in Yorkshire, and on which he built a noble mansion, called Rawdon Hall:

CONCESSUM AD PAULUM ROYDON.
I, William, King, the third yere of my reign,
Give to the Paulyñ Roydon, Hope and Hoper-
towne,
With all the bounds, both up and downe,
From heaven to yerthe; from yerthe to hel,
For the and thyn, there to dwel,
As truly as this King-right is myñ;
For a cross bow and a harrow,
When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow,
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurd sonne, Henry.

The celebrated Dr. Saunderson, the *blind* Mathematical Professor of Cambridge, being in a very large company, observed, without any hesitation or enquiry, that a Lady who had just left the room, and whom he did not know, had *very fine teeth*. As this was really the case, he was questioned as to the means he employed in making such a discovery. I have no reason to think the Lady a fool, said the Doctor; and I have given the only reason, she could have, for keeping herself in a continual laugh for an hour together.

The following may be depended upon as a fact:—A few days ago, a popular Methodist Preacher having occasion for a sum of money to defray the expence of repairing his chapel, applied to a gentleman for his charitable donation, whom he accosted in the following terms, "Sir, my Master (meaning the Almighty) wants some of your money." "How much does he want?" (said the gentleman)—"Why, about 50l." "Then give my compliments to him (replied the other), and tell him, if he will *let the fish be sold*."

MILITARY ANECDOTE.—The great Duke of Marlborough once met with an instance, how an inferior may resent the prevaricating injustice of his superior officer; it was as follows: A general officer had, by length of meritorious services, a fair claim to a regiment, and had accordingly the promise of one from the Duke. This promise, however, was very long disregarded. Vacancy after vacancy happened; and on application, the General was still put off. The fact was, that the Duke was fardid enough, through Sarah his Duchess, to sell the regiments as they became vacant; and this general officer had either not the inclination, or the means to satisfy the Commander in Chief's rapacity. The answer that he generally got was, that unfortunately the regiment for which he applied was already given away. He therefore resolved to look out for an occasion on which he might be the earliest suitor. He was not long before he found one. A Colonel of a regiment died in the night, and he got the information of it from the Colonel's valet early in the morning. He went and knocked up the Duke, acquainted him with the vacancy, and asked him for the appointment. "How unfortunate! (answered the Duke) it is not more than five minutes since I gave away that regiment." "You lie! (replied the officer emphatically) you could not have known that such a thing was in your gift till I informed you." "Oh! my dear friend, said the Duke (recollecting how his baseness had laid him open to the veteran's chastisement), you are too warm; what I said was merely to try your temper—the regiment is your's."

Anecdote.—As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproved him for breaking the Sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet replied, "Reverend Sir, your external appearance says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you."

A play-bill, printed some years ago at Ludlow in Shropshire, was nearly as large as their principal painted scene; it was for a benefit, and contained *The doleful History of King Lear and his Three Daughters*, with the merry conceits of his Majesties fool, and the valorous exploits of the Duke of Gloucester's bastard; all written by one William Shakespeare, a mighty great poet, who was born in Warwickshire, and held horses for gentlemen at the sign of the Red Bull in St. John's-street, where was just such another play-house as this, at which we hope the company of all friends round the Wrekin—

"All you who would wish to cry, or laugh,
"Had better spend your money here than in the
"alehouse by half,
"And if you wish more about these things to
"know,
"Come at six o'clock to the barn in the High-
"street, Ludlow,
"Where, presented by *live actors*, the whole
"may be seen,
"So *Vivant Rex*, God save the King, not for-
"getting the Queen."

A correspondent passing through a village in Lincolnshire, not many weeks ago, his attention was excited by an annunciation from the mouth of the parish clerk, in the following words:—"I am to give notice, that whereas King George the Third of London has ordered his proclamation to be read in our church next Sunday, for the suppression of *immortality*—after which there will be a piece of beef roasted at my house, the King's Head, for all *comers and goers*;—and on Monday a large badger will be baited up my *backside*."

A barber near Shoreditch, who has lately added bookselling to his former profession, has humorously attempted to make himself conspicuous by the exhibition of a painted board in his window, on which is the following singular couplet—

"Two trades in one, as here, you'll seldom find,
"Wigs grace the head, and books adorn the mind."

WONDERS OF NATURE.

(From the *New York Evening Post* of August 16.)

Description of the great Cave in Warren County, Kentucky, in a Letter from Dr. Nahum Ward, late of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, now residing in the Western Country, dated at Marietta (Ohio), April 4, 1816.

The country for a considerable distance round the cave is not mountainous, yet broken and rolling. It was seven in the evening when I reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Miller (the overseer of Messrs. Wilkins and Gratz, in whose land the cave opens), who met me at the gate, and as he anticipated my object, bade me welcome to all his house afforded.

During the evening, Mr. Miller made arrangements for my visiting the cave next morning, by procuring me two guides, lamps, &c. I could hardly rest during the night, so much had my curiosity been excited by my host's account of the "regular confusions" in this subterranean world.

At eight in the morning I left the house, in company with my guides, taking with us two large lamps, a compass, and something for refreshments; and entered the cave about 60 rods from the house, down through a pit 40 feet deep, and 120 in circumference, at the bottom of which is a fine spring of water. When at the bottom of this pit, you are at the entrance of the cave, which opens to the north, and is from 40 to 50 feet high, and about 30 in width, for upwards of 40 rods, when it is not more than 10 feet wide and 5 feet high. However, this continues but a short distance, when it expands to 30 or 40 feet in width, and is about 20 in height for about one mile, until you come to the First Hoppers, where salt-petre is manufactured. Thence it is about 40 feet in width and 60 in height to the Second Hoppers, two miles from the entrance. The loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls, on either side, almost the whole distance from the entrance to the Second Hoppers. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. The walls of the cavern are perpendicular in every passage that I traversed; the arches are regular in every part, and have bid defiance even to earthquakes. One of my guides informed me, he was at the Second Hoppers, in 1812, with several workmen, when those heavy shocks came on, which were so severely felt in this country. He said, that about five minutes before the shock, a heavy rumbling noise was heard coming out of the cave like a mighty wind: that when that ceased, the rocks cracked, and all appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large rocks fell in some parts of the cave.

As you advance into the cave, the avenue leads from the Second Hoppers, west, one mile; then S. W. to the "chief city," which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue is from 60 to 100 feet in height, and about the same in width, the whole distance, after you leave the Second Hoppers, until you come to the cross roads, or chief city, and is nearly upon a level; the floor or bottom being covered with loose lime-stone and salt-petre earth. When I reached this immense area (chief city), which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

I can give you but a faint idea of this chief city.—Nothing under heaven can be more sublime and grand than this place, covered with one solid arch at least 100 feet high, and to all appearance entire.

After entering the chief city, I perceived five large avenues leading out of it, from 60 to 100 feet in width, and from 40 to 80 in height. The walls (all of stone) are arched, and are from 40 to 80 feet perpendicular height, before the arch commences.

The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact, we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at any loss for the way out on our return), was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it and took another, that led us east, then north, for more than two miles further; and at last, in our windings, were brought out by another avenue into the chief city again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area, and after having refreshed us and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time, through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the second

city. This is covered with one arch, nearly 200 feet high in the centre, and very similar to the chief city, except in the number of avenues leading from it—this having but two.

We passed through it over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east, about 300 rods, when we came upon a third area, about 100 feet square, and 50 in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about 30 feet high, and which fell upon some broken stone, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

We then returned about 100 yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our right, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about 60 yards, which carried us within the walls of the fourth city, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the further end of which must be four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large piles of salt-petre earth on one side of the avenue, and broken lime-stone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

I had expected from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the chief city; but was sadly disappointed when I found the end a few hundred yards from the fourth city, which caused us to retrace our steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and once completely lost for 15 or 20 minutes.

At length we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the chief city at 10 at night, however, as much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out.

We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief city, which carried us south-east about 900 yards, when we entered the fifth city, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewn with broken lime stone. Fire beds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about 250 rods, when, finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed, but a few yards from this last mentioned city, as I came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of lime-stone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any that we saw, running almost due south for 500 rods, and very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of the cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stone, called out, requesting me to follow him.

I gathered up my papers and compass, and after giving my guide, who sat with me, orders to remain where he was until we returned, and moreover to keep his lamp in good order. I followed after the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued to step from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty from the smallness of the passage, which is about 40 feet in height, we entered upon the side of a chamber, at least 1800 feet in circumference, and whose arch is about 150 feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows (pointing downwards) upon the slabstones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, "where all shings are hush'd, and nature's self lies dead." I must acknowledge I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed since I entered the cave at eight in the morning; and at that "time o'night, when church-yards groan," to be buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern—the grave perhaps of thousands of human beings—gave me no very pleasant sensations. With the guide who was now with me I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it for the distance of a mile in a southerly direction, when my lamps forbade my going further, as they were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered, and how far we might have travelled had our lights held out, is unknown. It is supposed by all who have any knowledge of this cave, that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three branches of this cave.

It was nearly one o'clock at night when we descended "the passage of the chimney," as it is called, to the guide whom I left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, halloing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above.

Very near the vertical passage, and not far from where I had left my guide sitting, I found some very beautiful specimens of soda, which I brought out with me.

We returned over piles of saltpetre earth and fire beds, out of one avenue into another, until at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the chief city, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the second hoppers.

I found, when in the last mentioned large avenue or upper chamber, many curiosities, such as glauber salts, epsom salts, flint, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifications, which I brought out, together with the munimy which was found at the second hoppers. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted and worn down with nineteen hours continued fatigue.

I was near fainting on leaving the cave and inhaling the rapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the pure air which is occasioned by the nitre of the cave. The pulse-beat stronger when in the cave but not so fast as when upon the surface.

I have described to you hardly one half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the second hoppers have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about 60 rods from the entrance, like that of a trap door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend 16 or 18 feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the second hoppers. It is called the "glauber salt room," from salts of that kind being found there. There is also the sick room, the bat room, and the flint room, all of which are large, and some of them quite long. The last that I shall mention is, a very winding avenue, which branches off at the second hoppers, and runs west and south-west, for more than two miles. This is called the "haunted chamber," from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautifully incrustated with limestone spar; and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently 50 feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the stalactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a cellar formed of this spar, called "Wilkins' armed chair," which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar, fluted and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner are shown with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps.

A part of the "haunted chamber" is directly over the bat-room, which passes under the "haunted chamber," without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about 100 yards from "Wilkins' armed chair," over the side of a smooth limestone rock, 10 or 12 feet, which we passed with much precaution; for, had we slipped from our hold, we had gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." If I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard at a very considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the "haunted chamber," and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage 20 or 30 feet in width, and from 10 to 18 high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as in other parts of the cave. At the further part of this avenue we came upon a reservoir of water, very clear, and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue which leads to the north west. We had entered it but about 40

feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, 60 or 70 feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar, and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty, surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about 20 feet apart, and the arch not more than 7 high, white as white-wash would have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit holes in my path that appeared to have been lately sunk, and which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water, which is called the "pool of Clitorius," after the "Pons Clitorius" of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that after drinking of it a person has no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and continual in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us until we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by "Wilkins' arm chair," and back to the second hoppers.

It was at this place I found the Mummy which I before alluded to, where it had been placed by Mr. Wilkins, from another cave for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried as to weigh but 20 pounds when I found it—the hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue—the top of the head is bald—the eyes are sunk into the head—the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face—the lips are dried away, and discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect even to the nails, and very delicate like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty.

She must have been some personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me she was first found by some labourers, while digging salt petre earth in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, and in the posture she is exhibited in the drawing I sent you. [Seated, the knees brought close to the body, which is erect, the hands clasped and laid upon the stomach, the head upright].—She was muffled up, and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow, which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry, all which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the Indian kind ever exhibited in this country. Among the articles was a musical instrument, made in two pieces, of cane, put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers—she had likewise by her a bowl of uncommon workmanship, and a vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.

My friend, Mr. Wilkins, gave me the Mummy, which I brought away, together with her apparel, jewels, music, &c."

Admiral Lord Hood, who died lately at the very advanced age of 92, was supposed to have one of the largest and longest noses in the kingdom. One day when he was dividing in the House of Commons, an acquaintance said to him, "I am surprised to see you amongst the *Ayes*; I should thought you would have been led by the *Noes*."

A clergyman having married a Bishop's daughter, and having long in vain expected some preferment as the consequence of it, at last sent his wife back to her father with a note, expressing that he hoped his lordship would excuse his sending her back, since really there was no living with her.

Genuine Anecdote of FARINELLI.

Farinelli, who, perhaps, rather owes the living of his name to the wayward pencil of Hogarth, than to his own intrinsic merit, or the munificence of his patrons, was a subject of the Duke of Modena. When the tide of his popularity was at the height, he made no scruple of treating the very first of our Nobility with the most unceremonious rudeness. The Duke of Modena happening to be in England was invited to Northumberland-house. For the amusement of his Serene Highness, Farinelli was also invited.—At the very moment when he was expected, he sent a verbal message, that he was engaged at Lady Coventry's, and could not possibly come. His Grace of Northumberland was much mortified, and made apologies to his noble guest. The Duke of Modena called one of his attendants: go, said he, to Farinelli, and tell him instantly to come here. In a very few minutes Farinelli appeared. All the company, except the Duke of Modena, rose, and a chair was placed for the singer. My Lord Duke, exclaimed his Highness, do you permit a singer to sit in your presence? Farinelli, continued he, go and stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song in your best manner. Farinelli obeyed without hesitation, and excelled himself. When he had finished, the Duke his master nodded with great dignity, and Farinelli retired humbly bowing from the room. The above was a censure upon our countrymen no less severe than just, who too frequently, upon similar occasions, and to similar characters, have not been sufficiently tenacious of their own and the nation's dignity.

The following whimsical case, as it happily turned out, is now much talked of as a fact:—A person of high character, rank, and fortune, received lately a challenge from an attorney, for having said, on some law transactions, he had not, *professionally*, behaved as a gentleman. The meeting was accepted; and when on their ground, the attorney's second stepped up, and asked, "Whether his principal was to be considered as a gentleman?" The answer politely was, what alone it could be, "I had not *else* met him here." The reply was as proper as the answer; "Then, Sir, the business is *settled*." Would to heaven, all the base business of duelling could be settled by such a fair deduction of *true* logic: if *I am not a gentleman*, he will not kill me; and if *I am a gentleman*, I will not kill him!

The following pious fraud lately occurred at the opening of a new methodical meeting at Bell-bar, near Enfield Chace: A person, apparently a gentleman, passing by on horseback, and seeing a great number of people waiting at the doors, after enquiring the cause, and understanding that it was the day appointed for the opening of the same by a Minister from London, and that a collection was to be made, &c. waited till after service began, when alighting from his horse, he went in, and joining in the service, in a short time pulled out a purse, and putting a guinea into his hat, went round the congregation, who, influenced by this example, contributed very liberally. Though this conduct in a stranger was rather unaccountable, it passed off very well with the Minister, who imputed his zeal to a sudden conversion of the subject; and collections in the middle of the service are common in conventicles: notwithstanding this, the surprise of the whole congregation was inexpressible, when, instead of going into the vestry, they saw the new convert making towards the door; the Minister and others called upon him to deliver up the charge, which he refused, saying, "My Brethren, *freely have ye given, and freely have I received*," and instantly remounting his horse, which was an exceeding good one, he left the saints to expatiate on the damnable nature of apostacy.

A singular circumstance lately took place at Tralee, an Assize town in Ireland. The Judge was passing sentence in the usual form on—Macarthey, a noted sheep-stealer:—"You shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead—and the Lord have mercy on your soul!" The culprit immediately rejoined—"And my Lord you may save your Lordship's Honour any farther trouble, for by J—I never knew any one to *thrive* after your prayers!"

THE BASTILE.

Among the multitude of anecdotes to which the Bastile has given birth, there is one that has been told me with great assurances and circumstances of truth, and that I think merits relation.

A gentleman and his servant, newly become inhabitants of that gloomy fortress, were often awakened from their reveries by a rapping against the vaulted floor of their dungeon from the cell beneath. After some time, they remarked that the number of strokes was invariably four-and-twenty.

They had wearied conjecture in endeavouring to divine the meaning of this regularity, when at last it struck the gentleman, that twenty four being the number of letters in the French language, it might be intended to indicate a mode of communication, by rapping the number of strokes, corresponding in the series of the alphabet, to each letter wanted.

Immediately availing himself of the idea, he asked *Que êtes vous?* (Who are you?) and was answered *Vous m'avez deviné* (you have discovered my meaning). From that time they continued to communicate their sorrows to each other, as far as so tedious a way of conversation would admit, till one day the prisoner beneath gave the one above to understand, that being tired of his existence, he was at that instant going to hang himself.

It is easy to conceive with what anxiety the gentleman and his servant waited for the approaching visit of the keeper. When he came, they begged him to go down; and if in time, prevent the person below from being his own executioner. He directly went away, but, instead of returning, as they hoped, to tell them the event, he sent a guard to conduct them to another part of the prison; nor could all their entreaties ever prevail on their sullen guardians to satisfy their curiosity as to the fate of their fellow-prisoner, so great was the silence systematically observed in that sepulchre of the living.

Amongst the many singular anecdotes which Lord Mansfield has been accustomed to relate of himself, he used to speak of the following with the most unaffected good humour:—A St. Giles's bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel in the street, and so confounded his Lordship with slang that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting any thing from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew. "My Lord," says he, "as I was coming by the corner of the street, I *flagged* the man."—"Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what is *flagging* a man?"—"Stagging, my Lord, why you see I was *down upon him*."—"Well, but I don't understand *down upon him* any more than *flagging*—do speak to be understood."—"Why, an't please your Lordship, I speak as well as I can—I was up, you see, to *all he knew*."—"To all he knew!—I am as much in the dark as ever."—"Well then, my Lord, I'll tell you how it was."—"Do so."—"Why, my Lord, seeing as how he was a *rum kid*, I was *one upon his tibby*." The fellow was at length sent out of Court, and was heard in the Hall to say to one of his companions, that he had gloriously *queered* old Full Bottom.

About fourteen days since, a worthy Friend was stopped a few miles from town, and robbed.—The highwayman insisted likewise upon his exchanging horses.—When the Quaker returned to London, he clapped the bridle over the horse's head, and so followed the dumb creature to his proper stable.—When the Quaker addressed himself to the hostler with, "Friend, dost thou know any thing of this beast?"—"O yes, Sir, it belongs to Mr. such-a-one."—"Well, friend, do thee take care of it." He immediately posted to the house of the tradesman, and was informed he was not expected home till late. The next morning he was sufficiently early in his visit, and waited the gentleman coming down stairs, when he addressed him with "Don't be frightened, friend, thee knowest thee borrowed of me yesterday 9l. 13s., and now I hope thee will have no objection to the return of it," (the tradesman immediately complied) "and further," said the Quaker, "I must beg thee to exchange horses once more, for to tell the truth, I do not like thine so well as I do my own." This he likewise complied with; when the Quaker, after shaking him by the hand, very heartily bade him farewell.

Anecdote of the Duke and Duchess of Nevers, who died, aged 83, in the year 1633.—These two personages were very faithless to each other, and a young coxcomb, a favourite of Henry III. on account of his beauty, had the audacity to boast of having received the *last favour* of her Grace. The Duke was by no means a jealous man, but his relations teased him so much about the vain boastings of the Sieur Maigrin, that he promised to revenge himself first upon his wife. Accordingly he did not lie with her the night following, but at four o'clock the next morning went into her bedchamber with a dagger in his right hand, and a silver porringer in the left full of a blackish liquor. The Duchess was awake, and the Duke bade her with a look of fury, take her choice of the dagger or the poisoned potion. Finding her entreaties availed nothing, she drank off the liquor, and falling upon her knees before her oratory, waited for her dissolution; but feeling no bad effects, the Duke came in and told her it was a basin of good rich jelly soup, and that his relations had urged him to put her to death. The gallant, however, was soon after assassinated, but not by the Duke's order.

Anecdote of JUNIUS.—The letters of Junius having excited the admiration of all Europe, it may not be unacceptable to our Readers to make them acquainted with the elegant author of them. Not long before Junius terminated his literary career, the Duke of R—ch—d was one day taking a morning walk, when he accidentally met with the Right Hon. W—m G—rr—d H—m—lt—n, who asked his Grace if he had that day read Junius, for that he was greater than ever. Mr. H— then began to recite several parts of the letter, which led the Duke to return home in order to peruse the remainder, when, to his very great surprise he found that no such letter had made its appearance in the Public Advertiser of that day. His Grace mentioned the circumstance to several of his friends, and on the *day following* the identical letter appeared; having by accident or mistake been omitted to be inserted, as was intended by Mr. H. the *preceding* day. This led to the long-wished-for discovery of the author of Junius, and a Cabinet Council was forthwith assembled, to determine on what was necessary to be done. The Earl of Suffolk, at that time one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, was very violent on the occasion, and recommended committing Mr. H— (he being a Member of Parliament, and Privy Counsellor in Ireland) close prisoner to the Tower. This measure the *sagacious* Lord Mansfield as violently opposed; wisely observing, that the letters of Junius had already sufficiently *roused and alarmed* the spirit of the nation, and the sooner it was *quieted*, the better. In consequence of this salutary counsel, a message was sent to Mr. H—, to acquaint him, that he *was known*, and that it was his M—j—y's pleasure, he should continue to hold for life, the apartments which he has ever since occupied in the palace of Hampton Court.

Whimsical manner of personifying Lent at Lisle in Flanders.—On Shrove Tuesday the fishmongers dress very pompously a goodly figure representing Lent, and begin to pay their court to this emblematic being, by crowding round him, accompanied by a numerous suit of both sexes. In proportion as Easter approaches the figure loses his courtiers, and his fine clothes; and in Passion-week poor Lent is seen in his morning-gown and night-cap, attended by a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary. On the Saturday preceding Easter, this phantom is supposed to die. Rockets and squibs are tied to the skeleton, and the people are entertained with a splendid fire-work, which reduces the decaying Lent to ashes.

Curious Inscription over a Cobler's Stall at Barnet.—JOHN NUST, Operator in Ordinary and Extraordinary—Mender of Soles—Uniter of the disunited—Restorer of Union and Harmony—though of ever so long and wide a separation.

N. B. Gives advice *gratis* in the most desperate cases—and never pockets his fee till he has performed a cure.

An Account of the Ceremony used on board of Ships when passing the Line.—When a ship passes the line, it is the custom for one of the oldest seamen on board to dress himself, as nearly as circumstances will admit of, in the character of Neptune (whom he represents), and rising as it were from out of the sea, by ascending from without the bows of the ship, with his trident in his hand, and followed by his Meriad train, the offended god walks fore and aft, demanding, in angry terms, the names of those bold mortals, who, strangers to his watry regions, have dared to explore the deep recesses of his pearly coast. The mandates of the god, on this occasion, levels all distinction; and such officers and men as have never before passed the line, are delivered up forthwith as victims to his godlike will, and to receive the punishment due to their offences. It is necessary here to mention, that the punishment may be mitigated by a fine, for his Tritonick Majesty is open to bribery and corruption, and copious libations at the shrine of Bacchus never are refused at the Court of Neptune.—Let us now suppose, that the *jackall*, or secret engine of the great-cabin, has found means to deliver the bribe for the officers, to the principal Meriad, and that his pearly Majesty is intoxicated with the precious gift; the poor fellows who are unable to pay the fine, are then brought one at a time blind-folded upon the deck, and seated on a loose plank, laid across a large tub of salt-water, into which they are unexpectedly immersed, and their faces bedaubed, on rising, with a dirty swab, not of the most odoriferous nature. The day then ends in jollity and mirth, and most of the ship's company retire to their hammocks—half seas over.

N. B. It is usually calm under the line, which makes this scene the more amusing.

Curious Ceremony near Nesham, in Durham.—To the South East of Darlington, and on the high road to the city of Durham, is a village, situated on the Tees, named Nesham: it is remarkable for a ford over the river, where the Bishop, on his first coming to take possession of his See, is met by the country gentlemen, and where the Lord of the manor of Stockburn, a neighbouring village, advances into the middle of the stream, and presents him with a faulchion, as an emblem of the Bishop's temporal power, which as a court palatine, is in most respects equal to the sovereign's prerogative: the Bishop receives the weapon in his right hand, waves it, and returning it again, proceeds on his journey.

First Importation of Potatoes into Europe.—It is 222 years since potatoes were first known in Europe: they were first imported into Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the year 1565. The importer was John Hawkins, who brought them from Sante Fe in Spanish America. They were planted for the first time in Ireland, it is said, by no less a man than Sir W. Raleigh, who had an estate in that kingdom; but the natural history of the potatoe was so little understood at that time, that Sir Walter resolved to renounce the expectation he had formed of bringing this exotic to perfection in Ireland. When in due time after he had planted the first potatoes the stalks grew up and he perceived upon the stem a green apple, he thought that was the fruit, which he had no idea of being concealed under the earth: he caused some of the apples to be boiled; but finding them nauseous to the taste, he concluded that he had lost his labour, and for some time thought no more of potatoes. However having some time after given directions that the ground should be dug up or ploughed, to his very great surprise he found a plentiful crop of fruit, which proved most grateful to the taste: they soon got into general use, and became the principal food of the Irish peasantry. From Ireland they spread into England, where it has generally and erroneously been believed that potatoes were natives of Ireland.

Mr. LUTWYCHE.—Tom Stanley one day was standing up with Lord Derby for the honour of Lancashire, as the *ne plus ultra* of English manufactures, and giving praise to the Manchester velvets, &c. "O no," said Mr. Lutwyche, "*Genoa for my money—that's your true knee-plush ultra!*"

ANECDOTES OF LOUIS XVII,
THE SON OF LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE

(FROM THE JOURNAL DES DAMES.)

Louis XVII lived only ten years and some months; he had the title of King only for a short time, without exercising the august functions attached to it: hence many persons infer, that his life affords not materials enough to any historian who might wish to undertake it. It would nevertheless be difficult to find in history, either ancient or modern, any subject capable of presenting to the mind in a manner more horrible, more interesting, and more certain, the full extent of the wickedness of man, and of the nothingness of human greatness. What events to reflect upon! A King, the heir of sixty-six Monarchs, deprived of every thing! without relations, without friends, without asylum! expiating as a crime his illustrious birth, and, after four years of suffering, terminating his life in fetters! Such a subject, no doubt, requires an able hand to tear asunder entirely the veil which covers the memory of this young Prince, and to cancel the reproach addressed to the French of having forgotten this Royal orphan in their annals as in his prison. But as to ourselves, whose design is to collect the particulars of the life of this august child, we shall relate them with a feeling of melancholy, and retrace with pain the crimes committed against him which marked his unhappy appearance in the world.

Louis Charles of France was born at Versailles on the 27th March, 1785: immediately after his birth he became Duke of Normandy, and on the death of his brother, the Dauphin, he was presumptive heir to the Crown. He was then rather more than four years old; his form was elegant, his face noble and smiling, his head covered with beautiful ringlets which were allowed to fall upon his shoulders; In his looks was the kind disposition of Louis XVI, mingled already with the dignity of the Queen. Full of grace and animation, he ran every morning into the garden of Versailles to gather flowers, which he placed upon the toilette of his mother before she was up. When the bad weather prevented him from bringing his nosegay, he said sadly—"I am not pleased with myself this morning, I have done nothing for mamma; I have not merited her first kiss."

Few children have shewn greater forwardness of intellect; the following anecdote is a proof of this. Once, on the day preceding the Queen's birth-day, Louis XVI wished him to prepare a finer nosegay than usual, and to compose a compliment himself. "Papa," replied the Prince, "I have a beautiful *immortelle* (amaranth) in my garden, and that alone shall be my nosegay and my compliment; in presenting it to mamma, I will say to her—May you resemble this flower."

The elegance and shrewdness of his repartees were not less admired. One day, studying his lesson, he began hissing; his preceptor, the Abbé d'Avaux, reprimanded him for it, and the Queen coming in at the time, also reproved him.—"Mamma," replied he, "I repeated my lesson so ill, that I was hissing myself." Another day, in the garden of Bagatelle, carried away by his spirits, he was about to break through a thicket of rose trees. "I ran to him," says M. Hue, "and stopping him exclaimed, 'Sir, one of these thorns alone might wound your eyes or tear your face.' He turned round, and looking at me in a noble and decided manner replied, 'Thorny paths lead to glory.'"

After the deplorable days of the 5th and 6th of October, Louis XVI arrived to occupy the Tuileries, which had not been inhabited since the minority of Louis XVI. The Palace became in some measure the prison of the Royal Family. A little garden was procured for the Dauphin at the end of the terrace, and at the side of the water. Detachments of the National Guard conducted the young Prince thither, and when they were not numerous he invited them to go in with him. One day, when a great number were obliged to remain outside, he made this delicate excuse to them:—"I am very sorry, gentlemen, that my garden is so small as to deprive me of the pleasure of receiving all of you."

One day as he was going out and exercising himself in handling a gun, the Officer of the National Guard on service said—"Since you are going out, Sir, surrender your gun to me." The young Prince bluntly refused. The Marchioness of Tourzel, his governess, having reproved this hasty refusal, "If he had told me," cried the Prince, "to give it to him, it would have been all well, but to surrender!"—

A woman came to him to solicit a favour through his interference—"Ah! Sir," said she, "if I obtained it I should be as happy as a Queen—"Is that your wish? as happy as a Queen! I alas! know one who does nothing but weep."

The Dauphin had the most ardent desire of learning, and always waited with impatience for the hour of his lessons. One day, in the presence of the Queen, the Abbé d'Avaux questioned him on grammar:—"Your last lesson," said his instructor, "related to the three degrees of comparison, the positive, the comparative, and the superlative, but you will have forgotten all." "You are mistaken," replied the Royal pupil, "and to prove that you are so, listen to me. The positive is when I say, my Abbé is a good Abbé; the comparative, when I say my Abbé is better than another Abbé; the superlative," continued he, looking at the Queen, "is when I say, Mamma is the most tender and amiable of all Mamma's." The Queen took him in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and could not restrain her tears.

Being another time in the apartment of the Queen, he perceived the Abbé d'Avaux crossing the garden of the Tuileries to come to him. He asked the King to assist him in putting on the military dress and some arms which he had received as a reward for his application to his studies. He wished to shew himself in this dress to his tutor, and said to the Queen, "Mamma, I beg you to say that it is the Chevalier Bayard." After this little pleasantry, the Abbé d'Avaux asked why he preferred the name of Bayard. "M. l'Abbé," replied the august child, "it is because I wish, like him, to be without fear and without reproach."

On the 20th June, when an unbridled populace forced the Palace of the Tuileries, overwhelmed the Royal Family with insult, and insisted that the red cap should be placed on the head of the Dauphin, he preserved the tranquillity inseparable from innocence, and remained immovable at the side of the Queen, looking round at the mob of infuriate banditti who were far more agitated than their illustrious victims. The next day the factious leaders again endeavouring to cause a rising of the people, the drums gave the signal for the muster of the soldiers; the Queen directly went to her son, who on seeing her exclaimed—"Mamma, is not yesterday over?"

It is always an object of curiosity to know what becomes of the descendants of remarkable men. A Nuremberg Paper gives the following information respecting the family of LUTHER:—LUTHER himself, though he married, as is known, a Nun, died without posterity. His brother, who remained in the village of Moera, in Saxony, where he was born, left several sons, of one of whom there still exist two descendants. The wife of the first lives in a hamlet with her son, who is epileptic. She and her husband are in the greatest distress. The other is engaged in rustic occupation, in another hamlet. While the Germans, therefore, celebrate solemnities in honour of LUTHER, they suffer his family to struggle with poverty in obscurity.

There is an old Spanish Proverb, which says, "It is but right to hear before you condemn; but a Miller and an Attorney you may hang at a venture."

The following is a correct copy of a certificate, signed by a medical practitioner, specifying the cause of an unfortunate man's insanity, and sent to the establishment of Dr. FINCH, near Salisbury.—The Paper was brought to Dr. FINCH by one of the relatives, and produced before the Committee of the House of Commons:—

"Hey, Broadway A Potcarey of Gillingham Certefy that Mr. James Burt Misfortin hapen'd by a Plow in the Hed which is the Ocaism of his Ellness & By the Rising & Falling of the Blood And I think A Blster and Bleeding and Meddeson Will be A Very Great thing But Mr. Jame Burt wold not A Gree to be don at Home

"HAY. BROADWAY

"March 21. 1809."

A young Hibernian, a few nights since, met a person in the Strand, whom he thought he knew, and who looked at him rather earnestly, when he thus accosted him—"I beg your pardon—I thought it was you, and you thought it was me—but it is none of us!"

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

On the 23d instant (May 1917) the first stone of the south abutment of that most stupendous work, the Gravesend Iron Bridge of Tenacity, was laid with great solemnity by his Imperial Majesty, who was accompanied on the occasion by 27 of his sons, and a large concourse of nobility. Among the latter we counted 79 Dukes and 315 Marquisses. The contractor has undertaken to complete the bridge within the year. Its construction is remarkably elegant, and its span the largest at present in the known world, being upwards of 5,000 feet. It is expected they will begin the north abutment at Tilbury in the course of next month.

Under the improved system of Boreing (as now practised) the work of the tunnel at Gravesend will be resumed, and by the application of the patent windlass and forcing pump, all obstructions will be removed in a fortnight; there is nothing wanting to complete this desirable object but a few more subscriptions. The tunnel will be brilliantly lighted with gas by the Woolwich Company.

The good people of Hammersmith, Barnes, Mortlake, Putney, &c. &c. are earnestly requested not to be alarmed nor deterred from subscribing towards this new undertaking by the delay which has taken place in the East London Bridge of Tenacity; that it merely postponed until a contract can be made for a sufficient quantity of water-proof glue and beggar's inkle, to bind the whole together (the principle of tenacity), is now in a train of preparation.

To protect the piers, which will be 'light, elegant, and airy,' from damage by vessels coming up the river in the dark, an optician of the highest reputation has engaged to furnish every ship with a pair of spectacles, which, put across the bowsprit, will enable them to see their way at all hours in the night. Some persons may be surprised at undertaking to build a bridge at the small expense of 50,000l., a sum scarcely sufficient to complete the abutments in ordinary cases; such persons have no conception of a Bridge of Tenacity (here it will be necessary to explain a little); the bridge is to be of cast-iron, every part of which has been strongly touched by a magnet, so that when they come within the sphere of attraction the parts will rush together to their proper places, without trouble or labour, or further expense.

The tolls too have been made a subject of animadversion and doubt at only 6,000l. per annum, notwithstanding this is a greater sum than the *nett produce* of all the other bridges put together from Richmond to Westminster: yet that is nothing. It has already been stated, that this bridge will be built not only upon the principles of Tenacity, but Attraction also; the passengers will therefore be naturally drawn to it, and from all the other bridges, which will suddenly fall to decay. From hence it is plain that this will be the only passable bridge, and the tolls will then increase amazingly.

A modern engineer will shortly undertake to erect a bridge upon improved principles of tenacity, from the top of St. Paul's to the Moon, for 30,000l. only, and he is ready to bind *himself* to the performance of the contract, from the immense number of persons who might naturally be disposed to visit the New World, not only for pleasure, but profit; as no person would undertake such a journey without purchasing as much moonlight (which burns without snuffing) as would serve every domestic purpose a whole year at least, without the expense of candles. It is presumed an income of many millions per annum would be received from the vast number of persons who are ready to subscribe to such extraordinary speculations.

The subscription of the bridge of three arches between Dover and Calais is filling rapidly. It is intended to be built upon the principle of tenacity, and when completed, will be one of the wonders of the world, as the arches are constructed upon the strongest and most unerring principles, although the span of each will be little less than seven miles.

The plan for the amelioration of the human race, which was suggested about a century ago, has, notwithstanding the illiberal opposition to it, completely verified the predictions of the projector. The whole of the county of Kent is now devoted to these establishments, which are as thriving as the most sanguine promoter could desire. It is said, that the gentleman to whom the world was originally indebted for this most admirable plan, first took the idea from many years of persevering and unwearied attention to a large flock of

sheep, in the course of which he discovered that the system of *penning* was beyond all doubt the best system for improving and increasing both the mutton and the wool.

Mr. Turmerick respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the sale of his pocket-gas-apparatus is removed from his late manufactory in Grosvenor-square to his former residence in Pall-mall. The retort gasometer, necessary stock of coals, &c. for a month's consumption, are all contained in a moderate sized snuff-box.

It will be recollected, that in consequence of the discovery of the soap mine at the Giant's Causeway about thirty years since, the whale fishery entirely ceased; and such has been the multiplication of that once useful fish, that the North Sea is absolutely impassable; and it is supposed, that in the course of a very few years, it may be possible to establish a turnpike-road upon the backs of these fishes, from Yarmouth to Gottenburgh.

The discovery of the longitude, so long desired by the nautical world, is at length accomplished. Professor Muggins, of the University of Salisbury Plain, by a series of experiments, has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion, that the potatoe possesses the quality of increasing in specific gravity in proportion as it is distant from the place of its growth. The experiment is very simple, and consists merely in immersing the potatoe in a bowl of treacle, about fifteen inches in depth, when, for every degree, it is found to sink a French line exactly. Mr. Muggins has just received the Parliamentary reward.

The new tunnel under the Alps is going on rapidly. The workmen are now working under Mont Blanc. It is supposed that this undertaking will throw considerable light upon the internal structure of the globe, and it is not unlikely but it may be a forerunner of a road to the Antipodes.

An author, accustomed to write for the Odeon Theatre, lately read one of his productions to M. PRICARD. He had said, on coming in, that he had two new pieces in his pocket, a Tragedy for the Français, and a Comedy for the Odeon; and when he had finished his task, the Manager addressed him, with a good deal of embarrassment, in these words, "Pray, Sir, have the kindness to inform me, whether it is your Tragedy or your Comedy that you have been reading?"

The late Sir JOHN DUCKWORTH was always a *careful* and *prudent* man, and could not escape a *sailor's joke*, as the following humorous anecdote told of him, and well known in the service, testifies:—"When Captain of one of his Majesty's ships on the Jamaica station, a report reached the quarter deck, while the ship was under a press of sail, that a pig was overboard; at the same moment the Captain's steward informed him, that the pig was his property. The necessary orders were immediately given to the officer—"Man the fore and main clue-garnets, weather main-brace, clear away the quarter-boat for lowering down, square the main yards, or *poor piggy will be drowned*."—The steward again reached the ear of the Captain, and communicated the pleasing information that the pig was the property of the ward-room mess, and not his. The orders now were—"Stand fast the fore and main tacks, keep fast the boat, for *poor piggy cannot be saved*."

A traveller from Gottenburgh arrived at an inn in a provincial town, where the loquacious innkeeper inquired, among other things, how the people of Gottenburgh did? "Oh!" answered the traveller, "many of them have got upon their legs again." "How so, has trade become more brisk?"—"Ah, no! I mean that many, who for some years kept their carriages, are now obliged to learn to walk."

A county of Roscommon fox-hunter, lately treating for the purchase of a fine horse, asked the owner if he *refused timber*?—To which the latter answered, "He would leap over your head, and what do you say to that?"

"Refusing timber" means, in the Sportsman's Calendar, refusing to leap a five-barred gate.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS WHIG AND TORY.

I. "This year (says Hume, Hist. Eng. 1680) is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The Court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventiclers in Scotland, who were known by the name of *Whigs*: The country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of *Tory* was affixed. And after this manner, these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented."

II. Mr. Laing takes no notice of the term *Tory*—but of *Whig* he gives the following as the origin:—

"Argyle and Lothian had begun an insurrection in the Highlands," and so forth. "The expedition was termed the *Whig-amores' inroad*, from a word employed by these western peasants in driving horses; and the name, transferred in the succeeding reign to the opponents of the Court, is still preserved and cherished by the Whigs, as the genuine descendents of the covenanting Scots."*

III. Bailey, in his Dictionary, gives the following:

"WHIG (Sax.), whey, butter-milk, or very small beer,"—again,

"A WHIG—first applied to those in Scotland who kept their meeting in the fields, their common food being *sour-milk*,†—a nickname given to those who were against the court interest in the times of King Charles and James II., and to such as were for it in succeeding reigns."

With regard to *Tory*, he says—

"A word first used by the Protestants in Ireland, to signify those *Irish* common robbers and murderers, who stood outlawed for robbery and murder; now a *nickname* to such as call themselves high church men, or to the partizans of the Chevalier de St. George."

IV. Johnson, again, has "WHIG (Sax.) 1. Whey.—2. The name of a faction,"—and as to *Tory*, he supposes it to be derived from an *Irish*-word, signifying a savage.—"One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England—opposed to a Whig."

Torbhee is the *Irish* appellation for a person who seizes by force, and without the intervention of law, what, whether really so or not, he alleges to be his property.

V. Daniel Defoe, in No. 75 of Vol. VII. of his 'Review of the British Nation,' (1709) gives the following history of these terms:—

"The word *Tory* is *Irish*, and was first made use of in Ireland, in the time of Elizabeth's wars there. It signifies a kind of robbers, who being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon their country, without distinction of English or Irish.

"In the Irish massacre in 1641, you had them in great numbers, assistant in every thing that was bloody and villanous, and particularly when humanity prevailed upon some of the Papists to preserve Protestant relations; these were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, and dearest friends and nearest relations—and these were called *Tories*.

"In England about the year 1680, a party of men appeared among us, who, though pretended Protestants, yet applied themselves to the ruin and destruction of their country. They quickly got the name of *Tories*.—Their real godfather, who gave them the name, was *Titus Oates*; and the occasion as follows: the author of this happened to be present. There was a meeting of some people in the city, upon the occasion of the discovery of some attempt to stifle the evidence of the witnesses (about the Popish plot), and tampering with Bedlow and Stephen Dugdale. Among the discourse, Mr. Bedlow said, he had letters from Ireland, that there were some *Tories* to be brought over hither, who were privately to murder Dr. Oates and the said Bedlow.

"The Doctor, whose zeal was very hot, could never hear any man talk after this against the plot, or against the witnesses, but he thought he was one of these *Tories*, and called almost every man who opposed him in discourse—a *Tory*; till at last the word *Tory* became popular, and they owned it, just as they do now the name '*highflyer*.'

"As to the word *Whig*, it is *Scots*. The use of it began there, when the western men, called *Cameronians*, took arms frequently for their religion. *Whig* was a word used in those parts for a kind of liquor the western Highlandmen used to drink, the composition of which I do not remember, but so became common to those people who drank it. These men took up arms about the year 1681, being the insurrection at Bothwell Bridge. The Duke of Monmouth, then in favour here, was sent against them by King Charles, and defeated them. At his return, instead of thanks for his good service, he found himself ill treated for using them mercifully. And Lauderdale told Charles, *with an oath*, that the Duke had been so civil to the *Whigs*, because he was a *Whig* himself in his heart. This made it a Court word, and in a little while all the friends and followers of the Duke began to be called *Whigs*; and they, as the other party did by the word *Tory*, took it freely enough to themselves."

Edinburgh, May 1817.

STRILA.

* For a further account of the term "Whigamore" see Burnet, as quoted in Johnson's Dictionary.—EDITOR.

† In different parts of Scotland the term *Whig* is still commonly applied to a sort of sour liquid which is obtained from milk or cream. The whig is taken from cream after it has been collected six or eight days for a *kirning*, and is drawn off by a spiggot from the bottom of the cask or can. It is also taken from sour milk, when in a coagulated state, or what the Scotch call *lappert milk*, being merely the thin watery substance which is separated from the curd on stirring it about. The whig, both of sour milk and cream, is extremely tart to the taste. It is not, so far as we know, used in any way for food by the common people. Might not this term have been first applied to the covenanters, in derision of their austere manners and unpalatable opinions?—EDITOR.

THEOLOGICAL DIALOGUE.

CATHOLIC—Where was your religion before Luther?

PROTESTANT—Did you wash your face this morning?

CATHOLIC—Yes.

PROTESTANT—Where was your face before it was washed?

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

It is a very common prejudice in old people to undervalue the present generation, and to expatiate on the merits of those long since descended into the tomb. The Clergy, too, often take delight in traducing their own age, and exalting the piety and subordination of our forefathers; but if by these epithets be understood superstition, and a blind devotion to their spiritual pastors, we cannot but rejoice at the change. We are inclined also to believe, that notwithstanding all the slang about "*the madness of the people*!" the people were never in better possession of their faculties, nor ever "*bore them more meekly*."

But to return to the "*good old times*;" and in proof of them we shall give merely two examples. Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Henry VI. acknowledged that robbery was much more frequent in England than in France or Scotland; and, what is more remarkable in a Judge, he *boasts of it*, as a proof of superior courage in the English: "it hath been often seen in England, that three or four theves hath sett upon 7 or 8 true men, and robyd them al. But it hath not been seen in France, that 7 or 8 theves have been hardy to robbe three or four true men. Wherefor it is right seld, that no Frenchmen be hangyd for robberye, for that they have no hertys to do so terrible an acte. There be therfor mo men hangyd in England, in a yere for robberye and manslaughter, than there be hangyd in France, for such cause of crime, in 7 yers. There is no man hangyd in Scotland in 7 yers together for robberye; and yet they be often tymes hangyd for larceny and stelying of goods in the absence of the owner thereof; but their hearts serve them hot to take a many's goods while he is present, and will defend them; which manner of takying is called robberye. But the English men be of another corage; for if he be poor, and see another man having riches, which may be takyeu from them by might, he wol not spare to do so."—Again, in the time of Henry VI. the English were remarkable among the nations of Europe for the absurd and impious practice of prophane swearing in conversation.

The Count of Luxemburgh, accompanied by the Earls of Harwich and Stafford, visited the Maid of Orleans in her prison at Rouen, where she was chained to the floor. The Count, who had sold her to the English, pretended that he had come to treat with her about her ransom. Viewing him with just resentment and indignation, she cried, "Begone! you have neither the inclination nor the power to ransom me." Then turning her eyes to the two Earls, she said, "I know that you English are determined to put me to death, and imagine that after I am dead you will conquer France. But though there were a hundred thousand more G—d-damn-me's in France than these, they will never conquer that kingdom."—So early had the English got this odious nick-name by the frequent use of that horrid imprecation.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF A CHIMNEY SWEEP AND A NEGRO.—Not long since a family from the West Indies arrived at Bristol, and brought with them a female negro servant, mother of two or three children left in that country. A few days after their arrival, and that they had gone into lodgings, a sweep boy was sent for by the landlady to sweep the kitchen chimney. The negro woman being seated in the kitchen when little soot entered, was struck with amazement at the spectacle he presented, and with great vehemence clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "*Wha dis me see! La, la, dat buccara piccaninny! So help me, nyung Misse* (addressing herself to the house maid then present), *sooner dan see one o' mine piccaninies tan so, I drown he in de sea.*" The progress of the poor child in sweeping the chimney closely engrossed her attention, and when she saw him return from his sooty incarceration, she addressed him with a feeling that did honour to her maternal tenderness, saying, "*Child! come yaw child;*" (and without waiting any reply, and putting a sixpence into his hand), "*Wha you mammy? You hab daddy too? Wha dim be, da la you go no chimney for?*" and moistening her finger at her lips, began to rub the poor child's cheek, to ascertain, what yet appeared doubtful to her, whether he was really a *buccara*. This negro woman, ever after, when she saw any of these unfortunate climbing boys, used to congratulate herself that "*her children were not born to be sweeps.*"

DOMESTIC GRIEVANCES.

John Cooke, an eccentric character, well known as the "*Loyal Saddler*," at Exeter, has had, it appears, one of those squabbles which exist sometimes in the best regulated families; and has deemed it necessary so make in the Exeter Paper, a long "Appeal to the Public;" from which we cannot forbear making the following extract, for the amusement, if not the edification, of our readers:—

"I have brought up sixteen apprentices, seven of whom are in trade, the others foremen; my present has lived near 14 years with me, and his father 30 years with my parents. I appeal to all of them, if ever I shewed them one bad example; and to the relations too of my former wives, and the present, I appeal. My present wife objects to my grand children staying at my house; I reasoned on the ties of nature, and used every palliative, in vain. I said the grey mare should not be the best horse, although it had been so in her former marriage. She said enough to provoke a parson. I threatened to strike, not intending to do so. I had not before, or since; she said if I did she would swear the peace of me, this wicked threat caused a pat on the cheek; as two children, when either see their teeth bleed, cry out, so she did to the passer by, and told him to report the affair at Waterloo Cottage. Hostilities ceased; I wrote a few words, as preliminaries, to prevent a repetition, a secret between man and wife; she caused them in print; out of evil may come good—whereas we were at variance, we are now in amity—whereas I was market-man (by desire) and done every thing to please, in vain—she now goes to market;—my grand-children shall come and stay at my house; and I not stand the former fidgets of sending for a doctor for a callous on a great toe."

A JUDGE IN THE STOCKS.—Lord CAMDEN, when Chief Justice, was on a visit to Lord DACRE, his brother-in-law, at Alely, in Essex, and had walked out with a gentleman to the hill, no great distance from the house, where, on the summit of the road side, were the parish stocks; he sat down upon them, and after some little time, asked his companion to open them, as he had an inclination to know what the punishment was; this being done, the gentleman took a book from his pocket, and sauntered on, until he forgot the Judge and his situation, and returned to Lord DACRE'S. The learned Judge was soon tired of his situation, but found himself unequal to open the stocks, and asked a countryman who happened to pass by, to assist him in obtaining his liberty, who said "No, old gentleman, you were not placed there for nothing," and left him, until he was released by some of the servants, who were accidentally going that way. Not long after he presided at a trial, in which a charge was brought against a Magistrate for false imprisonment, and setting the plaintiff in the stocks. The Counsel for the defendant, in his reply, made very light of the whole charge, and particularly of setting in the stocks, which he said every body knew was no punishment at all. The Lord Chief Justice rose, and leaning over the bench, said, in a half whisper—"Brother, were you ever in the stocks?"—the Barrister replied, "Really, my Lord, never;"—"Then I have been," rejoined his Lordship, "and I do assure you, Brother, it is no such trifle as you represent."

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.—The German General Decken has published at some length an essay on the English national character. His introductory remarks are singular, and we give them as nearly as possible in his own peculiar way:—"Shall I venture to sketch a picture of the character of a people, as remarkable as any that ever occupied a station on this globe? Tranquil without, stormy within, as the element that surrounds them; destined, by the situation of their country, to enjoy peace, yet ever waging war; possessing the greatest wealth united with still greater poverty; commanding all the gold and silver in the world, and possessing none from their own resources; fancying themselves more free than the Greeks and Romans, and the slaves of their laws, customs, and prejudices; esteeming riches above every thing, and yet honourable and benevolent; selfish from principle, humane from the impulse of feeling; economic from habit, profuse from caprice; ever active, and yet oppressed with ennui; not extremely formidable to their enemies, but invincible themselves, and only exposed to failure by the pressure of their own weight; often standing on the brink of an abyss, and as quickly ascending to the pinnacle of fortune:—it is the English nation I would describe."

EXTRAORDINARY LEGISLATION.

The passion for legislating is certainly carried to a greater degree in Sweden, than in any country under the sun, except, perhaps, China. The Crown Prince has, it appears, derived from his ancestors in Gascony, a rooted antipathy to dogs, and the following is a literal translation of a Royal Edict, which has been lately promulgated at Stockholm:—

"We, CHARLES, &c. do hereby make known and command, &c. &c."

"1. All proprietors of dogs are to enter their names, and those of their dogs, in a book to be kept for that purpose, at the General Office of Police, distinguishing the age, sex, size, colour, customs, and propensities of each dog, in columns opposite to their names."

"2. All dogs are henceforward to wear muzzles of leather, secured by four straps to a collar of the same material, which is to be worn round the neck; and they are never to appear in the streets or public walks without this apparatus, on pain of death."

"3. Whereas certain ill-disposed persons, for the purpose of discrediting the honourable uniform worn by persons in the service of our Court, have caused the muzzles and collars of their dogs to be adorned with embroidery of the same pattern as that which belongs to the said uniform;—all decorations of this nature are strictly prohibited, under a penalty of eight skillings banco money, to be paid into the Chancery of Foreign Affairs."

"4. The only distinction which is to be permitted is, that the muzzles and collars of dogs belonging to persons having the title of *Excellency*, may be of blue or red leather; those of dogs belonging to the inferior classes are to be of black, or common tanned leather."

"5. Large sums of money having been sent out of these Kingdoms for the purchase of dogs in foreign countries, which have produced a sensible effect upon the course of exchange, it is hereby ordered, that every proprietor on entering the name of his dog, shall accompany the same with a fee, to the amount of one dollar banco, in case the dog so entered shall be a foreigner, or of foreign extraction, or not have been resident three years in the Swedish dominions."

"6. Dogs belonging to the Corps Diplomatique, are not to enjoy any privilege or exemption, in virtue thereof. They are, however, to be permitted to pass freely through the streets, in compliance with the above regulations; but they are not to enter the Court-yard of the Palace, which privilege is hereby declared to belong only to dogs whose masters have the style and title of *Excellency*."

"Countersigned,

"RUDOLPH CEDERSTROM."

"Stockholm, Sept. 1st, 1817"

THEATRICAL POLITENESS.—During one of Mr. GARRICK'S visits to his friend Mr. RIGBY, at his seat in Essex, a wretched company of strolling players occupied a neighbouring barn in the village as a Theatre, in which they were murdering the tragic and comic muses with great applause! Mr. RIGBY was waited upon by the Manager (an invalided Sergeant of Marines) to honour the company with a *bespeak*. The solicitation was complied with, and *The Constant Couple; or Trip to the Jubilee*, announced for performance, the following day. The patron of the evening's entertainment and his family, accompanied by the British *Roscus*, accordingly took their places in the Stage Box (the only one in the House). Mr. GARRICK was immediately recognised from behind the curtain; a consultation of the humble children of Thespis was immediately held, when it was unanimously resolved, that the old soldier, who was ready dressed to play the youthful, gay, and gallant *Sir Harry Wildair*, should be deputed to make Mr. GARRICK their united respects and congratulations on his arrival; which he did in the following words:—

"SIR—The dramatic corps, which I have the honour to command, beg leave to return the *two shillings* you paid my wife, at the box door, as they cannot behave so ungenteel as to accept money of a *brother Actor* for admission, and at the same time to present you, as a mark of their favour, with the *Freedom of the House*, and should you, Sir, feel inclined to perform with them, until the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, their boards, and any characters you may choose in the Stock list and the wardrobe (which is to be sure rather out at the elbows) are all much at your service."

HONEY MOON.—It was the custom of the higher order of *Teutones*, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, and from whose language the English is chiefly derived, to drink *Mend*, or *Me-theaglin*, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression "to spend the *Honey Moon*."—Attila, King of Hungary, drank so freely of this liquor on his wedding-day, that he was found suffocated at night, and with him expired the Empire of the Huns.

DEATH SONG.—FROM THE ARABIC.

[FROM THE MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL OF A LATE TRAVELLER IN EGYPT.]

The current was against us, and as we came near the city (Cairo) the wind lulled almost into a calm. While we were busy at the oar, we heard some unusual sounds on the river's side, and our watermen suddenly threw themselves on their faces, and began a prayer. A procession was seen in a few moments after, advancing from a grove of date trees at a short distance from the bank. It was a band of *Bedouins*, who, in one of their few ventures into the half civilised world of Lower Egypt for trade, had lost their Chief by sickness. The train were mounted, and the body was borne in the middle of the foremost troop in a kind of pelanquin, rude, but ornamented with the strange mixture of savageness and magnificence, that we find not unfrequently among the nobler barbarians of the East and South. The body was covered with a lion's skin; a green, gold embroidered flag waved over it; and some remarkably rich ostrich feathers on lances made the pillars and capitals of this Arab hearse. The tribe seemed not to observe our boat, though they moved close to the shore: their faces were turned to the setting sun, which was then touching the horizon in full grandeur, with an immense canopy of gorgeous cloud closing round him in shade on shade of deepening purple. The air was remarkably still, and their song, in which the whole train joined at intervals, sounded almost sweet. Their voices were deep and regular, and as the long procession moved slowly away into the desert, with their diminishing forms, and fading chorus, they gave us the idea of a train passing into eternity. I send you a translation of their song or hymn, such as I could collect it from the unclassic lips of a *Cairan* boatman:—

Our Father's brow was cold; his eye
Gazed on his warriors heavily;
Pangs thick and deep his bosom wrung,
Silence was on the noble tongue;
Then writhed the lip, the final throe
That freed the struggling soul below.
He died!—Upon the desert gale
Shoot up his eagle shafts to sail.
He died!—Upon the desert plain
Fling loose his camel's golden rein.
He died!—No other voice shall guide
O'er stream or sand its step of pride.
Whose is the hand that now shall rear,
Terror of man, the Sheik's red spear?
Lives there the warrior on whose brow
His turban's vulture plume shall glow?
He's gone, and with our Father fell
Thy sun of glory, Ishmael!

The following Poetical Address was an effusion of the present Laureat, on the Transportation of Messrs. MUIR, and PALMER:—

TO THE EXILED PATRIOTS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Martyrs of Freedom, ye who, firmly good,
Stept forth the champions in her glorious cause:
Ye who against Corruption nobly stood
For Justice, Liberty, and equal laws.

Ye who have urged the cause of men so well,
Firm when Corruption's torrent swept along;
Ye who so firmly stood—so nobly fell—
Accept one honest Briton's grateful song.

Take from one honest heart the meed of praise;
Let Justice strike her high-toned harp for you;
Take from the Minstrel's hand the garland bays,
Who feels your energy—and sorrows too.

But be it your's to triumph in disgrace—
Above the storms of Fate be your's to tower,—
Unchang'd is Virtue, or by time, or place,
Unscared is Justice by the throne of power.

No, by the tyrant's heart let fear be known;
Let the Judge tremble who perverts his trust:
Let proud Oppression totter on his throne,
Fear is a stranger to the good and just.

And is there ought amid the Tyrant's state,
Or ought in mighty nature's ample reign—
So excellently good—so grandly great
As Freedom struggling with Oppression's chain?

Swells not the soul with ardour at the view?
Bounds not the breast at Freedom's sacred call?
Ye noble Martyrs—then she feels for you—
Glow in your cause and crimsons at your fall.

And shall Oppression vainly think—by fear
To quench the fearless energy of mind?
And glorying in your fall exult it here,
As tho' no free-born soul was left behind?

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE BERLIN LANDSTURM.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.]

The writer of this Poem was one of that multitude of gallant young men, who, on the raising of the Prussian volunteers, threw up their studies, and took the field against NAPOLEON. After distinguishing himself in several of the desperate actions in the beginning of 1813, and obtaining for his bravery a Commission in the Hussars, he died of wounds received, we believe, in the great battle of Juterback, the engagement by which Berlin was saved, and the final blow given to the French predominance in the north of Germany. In the intervals of the campaign, and on his dying bed, he occupied himself by the pursuits natural to his accomplished mind; and some of the most striking national poetry of his brief day was from the pen of KORNER.

BATTLE HYMN.

Father of Earth and Heaven! I call thy name!

Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;

My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;

Father—sustain an untried soldier's soul.

Or life, or death, whatever be the goal

That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,

Thou know'st, if ever from my spirit stole

One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might low'r

On my young fame!—O, hear! God of eternal pow'r!

God! thou art merciful,—the wintry storm,

The cloud that pours the thunders from its womb,

But shew the sterner grandeur of thy form;

The lightnings glancing thro' the midnight gloom

To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come

As splendours of the autumnal evening star,

As roses shaken by the breezes's plume,

When like cool incense comes the dewy air,

And on the golden wave, the sunset burns afar.

God! thou art mighty.—At thy footstool bound,

Lie gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death,

Nor in the Angel-circle flaming round,

Nor in the million Worlds that blaze beneath,

Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.

Wee in thy frown,—in thy smile victory!

Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath;

I let but these eyes my rescu'd country see,

Then take my Spirit all,—Omnipotent, to thee.

Now for the fight,—now for the cannon-peal,—

Forward,—thro' blood and toil and cloud and fire;

Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,

The volley's roll, the rockets blasting spire;

They shake,—like broken waves their squares retire,

On them, Hussars!—Now give the rein and heel;—

Think of the orphan'd child, the murder'd sire,

Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel.

This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal.

SONG FOR A GARDENER MARRIED TO A VIXEN

Sung at the Anniversary Dinner, at the Horticultural Society in Dublin.

When the tendrils of love once strike root in the heart,
They shoot freely without cultivation;
If the Sun of Encouragement warmth but impart
To the soil of a sweet inclination.

Yet in this wide world's borders, wherever 'tis found,
The Bindweed of interest gets seed in;
Any-Money and Marygold cover the ground,
While beneath the sweet Rose, Love Lies Bleeding.

Tho' single for some time, an Adonis may keep,
Sagely railing at Wedlock so witty;
While in Venus's Looking Glass, at ev'ry peep,
A Narcissus appears None so Pretty.

At last if he spies, 'mong the fair Queens of the Mead,
A good Shepherd's Purse full of bright money,
His Bachelor's Buttons then begin to look dead,
And he longs to be Suckling the Honey.

Of Raking now tired (tho' as chill Cucumber cold,
The fair daughter should prove to their union),
His eyes gaily glisten at the thought of her gold,
And you'd think he'd been slicing an Onion.

In for love, lack-a-daisies, he ruefully pines,
Of a Willow he talks, and his Garters,
Ev'n the Sultan's Imperial Crown he'd resign,
To be sav'd from the fate of Love's martyrs.

Thus I, when a trenching the stiff heart of my dear,
So well drilled and lin'd out my whole carriage,
That fair words (though they butter no Parsnips, 'tis clear)
Full soon butter'd her over to marriage.

When I had Cabbag'd her heart, and got her to wed,
O! this rare Nonpareil, thought so oft on!
A Briar (not a sweet one) I found in my bed,
A Crab good for nought but to graft on!

PRIZE ODE,

READ BEFORE A SELECT MEETING OF ADMIRERS OF SHAKSPEARE, AT THE BOAR'S HEAD, LOWER ORMOND-QUAY, DUBLIN, ON TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1817, BEING THE FOURTH COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

WRITTEN BY P. V. F. ESQ.

In that fair season when the pulse beats high,
And Youth's vain visions greet the erring eye;
When Nature hastes to perfect all her plan,
And the green stripling ripens into Man;
'Tis then, my Friends—when Hope without alloy
Bids the heart hail anticipated joy—
Two kindred fires in generous bosoms burn,
Pure as the flame which play'd round Vesta's urn;
This lights the path to Love's alluring goal,
Bright emanation of th' expanding soul!
That the young passion from all dross refines,
Sheds a mild beam, which chastens whilst it shines;
Illumes with glowing verse the love-lorn heart,
Adorning Nature with a blameless art.

Here in the West, where Erin's matchless Isle,
Lifts her blue hills to catch Sol's lingering smile;
While Ocean's tide, in glittering eddies thrown,
Girds her green bosom with an azure zone;
Here, where the harp's soul-soothing music swells,
Child of the soil, imperial Beauty dwells;
Shews her soft cheek, suffus'd with blushes warm,
And woos young Manhood in her fairest form.

Here, too, the Muse extends her genial reign,
While ardent vot'ries crowd her sacred fane;
Where rang'd in grand and glorious files along,
Shine the bright spirits of the Sons of Song;
Thron'd in the midst immortal Shakspeare stands,
And Fancy crowns him with her hallow'd hands;
Wreath'd round his brows unfading laurel blooms,
Heaven's holiest light his glowing lyre illumines.
Unnumber'd seraphs sweep the silver strings,
And wake their wild notes with impatient wings.
See at his side on glittering scrolls enroll'd,
His magic verses blaz'd in vivid gold.
While Garrick's shade—in fame for ever young,
Pours the sweet numbers from his tuneful tongue,
And, as they raise th' alternate smile and sigh,
Expression's meteor, lights his speaking eye!

As the bold Aeronaut, ascending far,
Launch'd in the azure void his air-borne car,
High on the winds with silken sails unfurl'd,
He waves his pennons o'er the admiring world;
Then calmly floating in the blue profound,
Scatters his wild and wondering glances round,
And low'ring far beneath his eager eyes,
Sees Nature's mighty panoramas rise!
Thus pois'd on eagle wing, and wrapt in song,
Great Shakspeare soar'd beyond earth's vulgar throng.
Wide and more wide his mind's horizon grew,
And grasp'd Creation in its boundless view;
With faithful touch he sketched the scene sublime,
Flung the bright piece athwart the wings of time,
And then descending, traced upon his scroll,
The living picture of the varying soul,
In deep dark tints delusive Vice he scann'd,
And brighten'd Virtue with a master's hand;
Convers'd with Man—his mortal portrait drew,
And candid Nature own'd the likeness true!

A GOOD RECEIPT, MUCH IN USE, FOR WRITING A TOUR.

First describe your desire and intention to roam,
But express some regret at your leaving your home;
Take three or four dinners which badly were cook'd,
Lose three or four parcels which never were book'd;
Then sleep in some beds which were filthy and damp,
Get your carriage much damag'd, and stuck in a swamp;
Then abuse all the roads, being billy and stony,
And call on some friends who'd be glad to disown ye:
But perhaps now and then, for variety's sake,
You may praise an old castle, a brook, or a lake—
And swear that the scenery's remarkably fine.
That the hills in the distance are really divine:
On a Nobleman's seat you in favor may look,
For who knows but perhaps he'll subscribe to your book;
Then after this praise, thrown but partially in,
Turn quick and your strain of abusing begin;
And a Tourist would be but an ignorant elf,
If he did not cram in some account of himself.
Attend to these rules, and with ease, ere an hour,
You may write a correct and complete Modern Tour.

THE IRISH BARD, CAROLAN'S MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[From the new Edition of PHILLIPS'S "Emerald Isle," just published, with great additions.]

Were mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spellful song and eloquence divine,
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre and Ossian's harp were mine,
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In Mary lost, would lose their wonted grace;
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace!

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow—
In vain—I rest not—sleep brings no relief—
Cherless, companionless, I wake to woe!
Nor birth, nor beauty shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride;
Alone I'll wander and alone endure,
'Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once, ev'ry thought and ev'ry scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now, doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life, a solitude—my heart, a void.
Alas, the change! to change again no more,
For every comfort is with Mary fled,
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
'Till age and sorrow join me with the dead!

Adieu! each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorn'd me in life's early prime,
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,
The soul ethereal, and the song sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more;
The muse deserts an heart with grief oppress'd,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.

[The following Verses on the Fall of the Leaf are ascribed to Bishop Horne.]

FALL OF THE LEAF.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound—

"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted whence, like us, ye fell;—
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell."

"Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead."

"Gripping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare."

"Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Fluttering high in fancied worth;
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth."

"Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have its fall."

"Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace;
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place."

"Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn a willing eye;
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh."

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

"On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears 'a leaf that shall not fade'."

It is greatly to the honour of modern Newspapers, that their records of manners have within a short time been carried to an extent and minuteness, which many years ago would have been thought inconceivable by an Editor, and incomprehensible by a reader. If we look back to the Papers of a former period, we shall perceive it was no more expected that the announcement of card parties, routes, at homes, &c. should be given in a Newspaper, than that the names of the persons who happened to walk in the streets, should be posted on the church doors. But to such perfection are our fashionable Journalists arrived, that perhaps they will soon go on to greater extremes. Already those who happen to walk or ride in Pall-mall or Bond-street, are admitted to "honourable mention," and if the same attention shall extend to Cheapside or the Strand, a Newspaper will be able to run parallel with the utmost stretch of human curiosity.

May we not, in an age so fertile in these improvements, anticipate a Biographical Memoir, for which these intelligent Papers will furnish the materials?

Sir John —, a man of great and eminent dash, was born in 1791. The first accounts we have of him occur in the Papers of June, 1812, when he was presented at Court. His dress was a puce-coloured velvet coat, and inexpressibles of the same; his waistcoat white satin, richly embroidered. It is mentioned by a cotemporary historian, that a few days after he was seen walking up Bond-street, arm in arm with the Duke of —; but from whence he came that day, and whither he was going, and upon what errand, we have no account.

In the following month (some writers fix July 27 as the date, and some July 29), it appears that he was preparing to leave London for Brighthelmstone, or, as it is called by one of our Annalists, Brighton, but no doubt it was one and the same place. We have not been able to ascertain, however, at what time these preparations were completed, or when this distinguished character actually left town. By a manuscript account, which we have seen in the hands of an eminent Conveyancer, it appears that about this time he had a house in Piccadilly; the probability is, that he went over Westminster-bridge, although this is likely to remain a matter of doubt.

In the year 1813, Jan. 27, we find him "driving four in hand up St. James's-street," and unfortunately "breaking a spring;" that this celebrated event should be thus briefly narrated, is much to be lamented, but among the infelicities of biographical research, must often be enumerated the laxity of relation, and imperfection of intelligence, which gives us only a transient glimpse of the actions of great men, and which frequently vanishes before it can be caught. This is the more to be regretted in the present instance, as the event now recorded is the only one we find in his history for the whole year.

In the following year, memorable to all Europe for the important crisis in the events of war, we are called to admire the pacific philosophy of our hero, who, on the 1st of May, gave a public fête, at which the following personages were present.—[Here follow four pages of names.]—Soon after we learn that he has some thoughts of disposing of "the Nottinghamshire estate;" but there is a chasm in this intelligence which it would be desirable to fill up, as well also as in the subsequent announcement of his arrival at Dover, where he *instantly* embarked for Calais. Some light may perhaps be thrown upon this, when the reader is told, upon the authority of two Newspapers, that he was four times at Brooks's in the course of the season.

From this time, by what fatality we are not told, he began to wear out of ton. According to some accounts, he withdrew the usual fees of Newspaper Office; but this is doubtful, as we find that he returned to England, and in extracts (inserted in the Papers of the day) from very long lists in the porters' books of some fashionable ladies, his name occasionally occurs. Gratitude for former favours might perhaps incline the Editor still to retain his name, or he might have been induced so to do by a wish to prove to the public the superiority of his intelligence over that of his cotemporaries.

Many interesting particulars, however, may now be found of his history in the volumes of the Racing Calendars, a performance to which posterity will resort with equal eagerness and edification.

His residence, upon his return to England, is not clearly ascertained; but in 1816 he addressed a letter to a friend (of which we have been favoured with the perusal), dated from Belvidere-place, St. George's-fields; to this place he probably resorted for three or four summer months.

We trace him shortly afterwards as defendant in an action which was tried in a Court in which a Mr. Sergeant Runnington seems to have presided, but of the nature of this Court we have lost all trace; it was probably some Court of *Conscience*, of which, at the west end of the town, none are now in existence.

In the early part of the year 1817, we find him in a stage box at the Opera, intently admiring the newly-created Duchess of —. What effect this had upon him we know not, but in the following month we see his death announced in due form, and his elegance, liberality, taste, ton, integrity, and genius, displayed in glowing terms.

Such are the Memoirs of this truly estimable man. For their brevity no apology would be sufficient; but we have given all we find upon record, and are less desirous of the praise of romantic invention, than of biographic fidelity. Half a century has now elapsed since this great man expired, and the profound silence which has been since preserved relative to his life and character, deprives us of adding to what his cotemporaries have handed down. That they have told us so little is to be lamented, but that they have told us so much, and have thus gratified the curiosity of the public to a certain extent, is not an idle reflection; on the contrary, our most grateful thanks are due to them for keeping alive and handing down to us and our children's children these events, which might otherwise have perished with the being to whom they owed their existence.

A Parson having married a Quaker, demanded five shillings as his due. "How dost thou prove from Scripture," said the Quaker, "that thou oughtest to have from me such a share of earthly mammon?"—"Why," replied the Parson, "I take it for granted, that the woman you have just been married to is of good character; and SOLOMON, in his *Proverbs*, observes, 'that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.'" The Quaker paid the money.

—like "food for the convent" was the immortal GARRICK first smuggled into the presence of his countrymen!

The bill in which his appearance is announced is so analogous to the above case, as also so curious in itself, that we are persuaded our readers will be gratified by seeing the following exact copy of it:—

GOODMAN'S FIELDS, Oct. 19, 1741.

At the late Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, this day will be performed, a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into Two Parts. Tickets at three, two, and one shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N. B. Between the two Parts of the Concert, will be presented an Historical Play, called

The LIFE and DEATH of KING RICHARD III. Containing the distresses of King Henry the VI. the artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard. The murder of young King Edward the V. and his Brother in the Tower;

The landing of the Earl of Richmond;

And the death of King Richard, in the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster; with many other true historical passages.

The part of King Richard by A. GENTLEMAN (who never appeared on any stage);

King Henry, Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, Miss Hipplesey; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Peterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blades; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressel, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrel, Mr. Pattenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; the Queen, Mrs. Steele; the Dutchess of York, Mrs. Gates; and the part of Lady Anne, by Mrs. Giffard.

With entertainments of Dancing, by Mons. Promet, Madame Duval, and the two Masters and Miss Granier.

To which will be added a *Ballad Opera* of one Act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

The part of Lucy, by Miss Hipplesey.

Both of which will be performed *gratis* by persons for their diversion.

The Concert will begin exactly at six o'clock.

An ingenious mechanist, who had discovered a new mode of washing linen by machinery, commenced his advertisement thus—"Washing exploded, or every man his own washer-woman."

A Highland Gentleman of the name of M'LEAN, more remarkable for hatred to the Clan CAMPBELL, than for his mental endowments, was listening one day to the history of Job's possessions and losses. On hearing that Job had so many thousand Asses, and as many Camels, he exclaimed, "Och, Och! poor man, he had too much to do with the Campbells; you'll see he'll come to no good end."

THE FAMILY OF SHAKSPEARE.

It is known that the line of Shakspeare's own body terminated in his grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, of Abington, near Northampton; but Shakspeare had a sister, Joan, who married Wm. Harte, of Stratford; and this branch, partly under the name of Harte, and partly under that of Smith, may be regarded as the last remains of that family, which as long as transcendent genius merits distinction, ought not to be suffered to pine in want, or to struggle against the miseries which beset poverty, however industrious. In passing lately through Tewkesbury, a well-known literary character was led, by a reported inscription on the tomb-stone of a John Harte, buried there in 1800—which inscription described him as “a sixth descendant of the poet Shakspeare”—to inquire whether there lived in that town any survivors of the family. After much search, he discovered a son of this Harte, who had been christened by the name of William Shakspeare. This poor man is a chair-maker by trade, and works as journeyman to a Mr. Richardson: the contour of his countenance strikingly resembled the portrait in the first folio edition, a circumstance of itself sufficient to excite an interest in his favour. In one room of the ground floor of a wretched hovel, lived this man, his wife, and five children. In a corner stood a stocking frame, in which the mother said she worked after the children were in bed at night, and before they awoke in the morning, adding thereby 3s. or 4s. per week to her husband's 15s. In answer to inquiries about the great Bard, Harte said his father and grandfather often talked on the subject, and buoyed themselves with hopes that the family might some time be remembered; but for his part the name had hitherto proved of no other use to him than as furnishing jokes among his companions, by whom he was often annoyed on this account. On the writer presenting him with a guinea, he declared it was the first benefit which had arisen from his being a Shakspeare. It appeared that his father held the property in Shakspeare's two houses at Stratford, but they had long been under mortgage; and his mother, a few years ago, sold them by auction, deriving a balance, after paying the mortgage and expences, of only 30l. The family pedigree he had preserved; but he had no other relic of the great Poet, save a long walking stick, which was given to him by his father, as one which had belonged to Shakspeare. It appeared also that his father had given a Mr. Kingsbury, of Tewkesbury, a jug, or beaker, with Shakspeare's portrait on it, and a sort of pencil case, with a cypher W. S. upon it—both of which he asserted had been the property of the Poet. On inquiring after other branches of the family, he referred the writer to the Smiths of Stratford, who were his cousins, and children of his father's sister; and also to an aunt whom he supposed still to reside at Stratford. The writer of this account afterwards proceeded to Stratford, and on applying to Mrs. Hornby, an amusing gossip, who now resides in the house in which Shakspeare was born, he was readily introduced to the Smiths, but the aunt had removed to Leamington. Of the Smiths, there are two brothers and a sister; one is a bricklayer, and the other had kept a grocer's shop, but had recently failed. The sister is married to a bricklayer, who works under his brother-in-law. It was no fancy to trace in the faces of the two Smiths the same family resemblance which had been observed in Harte at Tewkesbury. The frame-work of their faces was all over the Bard of Avon. They were characterised by the same modesty as poor Harte.—Having as yet profited nothing by their family renown, they expected nothing; but they acknowledged they felt it hard that Stratford should profit so much by the name of their kinsman, and the country boast so much of his works, while his family were suffering every kind of privation; the very house of Shakspeare having fallen into the hands of strangers, by shewing which the family might have been kept from want. At Stratford the writer received much aid in these inquiries from the politeness of Mr. Wheeler, author of the History of Stratford. Owing, however, to a mistake in the published pedigrees, he said the inhabitants of Stratford had to this time lost sight of the Smiths, as connected with the family of their illustrious townsman; and till the visit of the writer they had supposed that every branch of the family had left Stratford. From Stratford the writer proceeded to Leamington, where he found Jane, the aunt of Harte, of Tewkesbury, in the humble situation of a washerwoman. She had married a soldier of the name of Iliffe, by whom she has two girls, the eldest of whom is kindly patronised by Mr. Bisset,

of the Museum, and has been recognized in her relationship to the Bard of Avon by many of his distinguished visitors. In the course of these inquiries, the writer collected some novelties connected with Shakspeare, a detail of which would now be out of place; but not so a call to the literary world to attend to the condition of the interesting, industrious, and virtuous family of a man who possesses such pre-eminent claims on the veneration and gratitude of his country.

In one of the late numbers of the *Wanderer*, a Journal published at Vienna, is an article entitled, *A Beggar's Will*, in which he bequeaths *the patience he found it requisite to practice during his life-time*, to a *Theatrical Manager*.

The last use made of a Writ of Appeal, occasioned on the conviction of the prisoner, some strong expressions of dissatisfaction in Court, on the part of his Counsel. Mr. MINGAY, who had been the leader in his cause, declared aloud, after the proceedings closed, that he would not have submitted to them so tamely “had he not had the prisoner's pardon in his pocket.” Mr. Serjeant KEMP looked conscious at the time of the awkwardness of the affair; and after dinner, at the Counsel's table, endeavoured to palliate the blunders that were made, by imputing them to the ignorance of his countrymen. He was himself a native of Sussex, and indeed of Lewes; and, forcing a smile, observed, “that his countrymen had certainly been inoculated for dullness that day.” “Inoculated!” exclaimed Mr. ERSKINE, who was one of the party, “inoculated? Mr. Serjeant—I thought you all had it here in the natural way.”

An account of the prices of provisions in the year 1454, was lately found among the archives of an Abbey on the right bank of the Rhine. At the top is written, in large characters, “A year of great scarcity:”—A fat ox cost three florins and a half (the florin was then about 3s. 4d. sterling); a cow, two florins; a calf, half a florin; 25 sheep, eight florins; a pig, one florin; 25 young pullets, one florin; 40 dozen of eggs, a quarter florin; 15 pounds of butter, a demi-florin.—(*Paris Paper.*)

When M. Suard, the French Academician, who died lately, was young, he was remarkable for his candour, his love of truth, and his independent spirit. These sentiments never yielded to any motive of ambition, of hope, or of fear. He was without fortune. Madame de Geoffrin, who interested herself for him, recommended him to a man in power, by whom he was not received very courteously, and to whom therefore he would not pay a second visit. Madame de Geoffrin was angry, and, will it be believed, with M. Suard. She understood benevolence better than dignity.—“When a man has not a shirt,” said she, impatiently, “he must not have any pride.”—“On the contrary,” replied her young protégé, “’tis then that a man ought to have pride, in order that he may have something.”

A female dasher, of gambling notoriety, lately asked a country Clergyman, whether he thought *Faroo* criminal; the worthy Rector answered—“Yes, *Pharaoh* and all his host.”

Advertisement, copied from the *Monaghan Paper*, Ireland:—“Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of my wearing apparel, without my knowledge, this is, therefore, to inform him, that if he does not forthwith return the same, his Name shall be made public.”

A Lord of the Household Ministry walking the other day down Holborn, stopped to examine a new-invented trap for vermin. After turning it round several times, he addressed himself to a bye-stander, who he supposed did not know him, and said, “I cannot comprehend the principle of this machine.”—“Can't you?” said the supposed stranger: “why, my Lord, it was not intended that a rat should comprehend it.”

The great Duke of Montague was not less remarkable for his wit and humour, than for acts of benevolence, which he conferred in a manner peculiar to himself: the following fact is an instance:—His Grace observed for some days a middle aged man, in a military dress, the lace of which was much tarnished, and the cloth worn threadbare, appear at a certain hour in the Mall of St. James's Park, with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the seats, without noticing any thing that passed. This gentleman his Grace fixed upon as a fit object for one of his frolics. Upon inquiry, he learned that he was an unfortunate reduced officer, who having expended the whole of his little property in the purchase of his commission, was, after having behaved in the field with the greatest gallantry, placed on the half-pay list, with a wife and several children to support, whom he had been obliged to send into Yorkshire, to subsist on the moiety of his slender income. These particulars afforded a new scope for the Duke's genius. Some time after, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the Captain was sitting alone, as usual, on one of the benches, and sent a person to him with his compliments and an invitation to dinner the next day. When he came, the Duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside, with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dinner, chiefly on account of a Lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible to accomplish without the assistance of a friend, and he had taken the liberty to bring them together, whatever opinion the world might entertain of his conduct. During this discourse the Duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the Captain's face. At this moment word was brought that the dinner was served; the Captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder, but how much was his wonder increased, when he saw at the table his own wife and children! The Duke had begun his frolic by sending for them from Yorkshire, and had as much if not more astonished the Lady as he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity of sending a letter. After dinner his Grace's Solicitor was introduced, who pulled out a deed that the Duke was to sign, and who was directed to read it aloud, when, to complete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor Captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement, which the Duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life, which having signed and sealed, he delivered into the Captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliment, "For," added his Grace, "I assure you it is the last thing I should have done, if I had known how to have employed my money and time more to my own satisfaction."

NAVAL BISHOP.—Dr. WILLIAM LYONS, *Bishop of Cork*, in the latter end of the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, was originally a Captain in the Navy, who greatly distinguished himself in several actions against the Spaniards. On being introduced afterwards at Court, her MAJESTY told him that he should have the *very first vacancy that offered*. The See of Cork soon after became vacant, and the honest seaman, who understood the QUEEN literally, immediately claimed the Royal promise. ELIZABETH was astonished at the request; but after some delay, finding him a strictly sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid Commander, she gave him the Bishopric, saying at the same time, "She hoped he would take as good care of the Church as he had done of the State." The date of his appointment (1583) is on record in the Consistorial Court of Cork. He enjoyed the See above twenty years with great reputation, but never attempted to preach except once, and that was to pay the last honours to his Royal Mistress. This Prelate's picture, in his Captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is still to be seen in the Bishop's Palace, at Cork.

BON MOT.—Mr. P. BURROWES said of a certain Irish Judge, noted for his punning, rather than for wit or learning, "Poh! my Lord is a very lively animal, but a very dull man."

[FROM THE BELFAST COMMERCIAL CHRONICLE.]

Ballygroogagh House, the hospitable mansion of Timothy O'Mullaghan, Esq. was last month graced by the most elegant festivities, on the happy return of their eldest son from the North of Europe, where he had been *incognito* in the humble guise of cook to a whaler.

The principal entrance to the house was most handsomely ornamented for the occasion; on one side was seen a heap of manure, shaped like an ancient tumulus, and tastefully decorated with hanging straws, &c.; on the other side appeared a stagnant pool, whose smooth surface was gently moved by a duck and drake, who muddled through it with uncommon vivacity and spirit; in perspective was seen a venerable turf-kish, around which a pair of trowsers being carelessly thrown, gave a light and graceful finish to the whole scene.

About two o'clock, the approach of company was proclaimed by the distant clatter of wheel-cars; this deep sound, mingling with the finer tones of cur-dogs barking, whipped children crying, &c. produced a full and mellow volume of the most delightful harmony. The first arrival was that of the Dowager Mrs. Fluggins, an eminent *accoucheur*; she was soon followed by the rest of the expected company, who speedily repaired to a grand rustic saloon, the walls of which were painted *a la soot drop*.

Here a rich and finely-flavoured beverage was handed round in noble wooden vases, which the charming hostess, with bewitching simplicity, denominated *broth in noggins*. Dinner was shortly afterwards served up; a *platedu* was dispensed with, but its place was most substantially supplied by a fine skate, cooked in the Turkish fashion, with all its tails; near it was a quarter of delicate veal, which had breathed its last sigh after an existence of five hours. On a central dish was placed a male bird, which, during a life of nine years, had increased to such a size as to excite the admiration of the whole company. There were many other rarities, such as are seldom to be met with at the most sumptuous tables.

After dinner, some original sentiments and well-selected songs were given, a few of which are the following:—

Mr. O'Mullaghan.—"A speedy rise to the price of pigs."
Song.—*The night that I put the pig under the pot.*
Mr. O'Loughlin.—"A merry go round to the foot* organ."
Song.—*The weary pound of tow.*
Mr. M'Dade.—"The weaver's harpsichord."†
Song.—*A weaver boy shall be my dear.*

When the pleasures of the festive board were concluded, preparations were made for dancing. The orchestra, a unique of the most simple beauty, was an inverted creel, on which a single minstrel sat, the interest of whose appearance was much heightened by the loss of his left eye. Mr. Patrick O'Mullaghan, disliking the monotony of the waltz, and the vagaries of a quadrille, opened the ball by dancing a jig with Miss Judy Higgins; they were soon followed by Master Charley M'Dade, who floated into a reel with Miss Nancy Fluggins. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, when the elegant revellers parted with mutual regret. We subjoin a description of some of the most admired dresses worn on the occasion, which, from their striking costume, will doubtlessly be the standard for fashionable imitation.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Mrs. O'Mullaghan.—A loose bedgown robe of linsy woolsy, petticoat to match, two-and-six-penny shawl thrown with graceful negligence over the shoulders; pincushion and scissors suspended from the right side by red tape. Head-dress, dowl and skull-cap.

Miss O'Mullaghan.—Round gown of striped calico, habit-shirt embroidered *en gobble stitch*. Head-dress, bandelettes of scarlet six-penny riband.

Miss Nancy O'Mullaghan.—A superb old cotton, dyed blue for the occasion. Head-dress, crooked horn comb, and splendid brass bodkin.

Dowager Mrs. Fluggins.—Body and train of snuff-coloured stuff, petticoat of deep crimson; the brilliancy of this truly beautiful dress was increased by a pair of large ticken pockets, worn outside of the petticoat. Head-dress, a most valuable antique straw bonnet.

Miss Fluggins.—A light drapery of plain yellow linen over a sprigged cotton gown, petticoat gracefully sprinkled with puce-coloured spots. Head-dress, large velveteen band, with a mother of pearl button in front; black worsted stockings, *a la Caraboo*.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Mr. O'Mullaghan.—A wallocoat of white druggat, deep blue inexpressibles—wig unpowdered.

Mr. Patrick O'Mullaghan.—Jacket and trowsers of blue frize—cravat, a blue and white handkerchief.

Mr. Gully.—A brown jacket, handsomely patched at the elbows with grey cloth—waistcoat chequer. This gentleman's declining to wear shoes, gave a peculiarly cool and easy freedom to his fine figure.

* A Spinning Wheel.

† A Loom.

Thomas Lodge, M.D. "has the double honour of being the first who published in our language, a collection of Satires, so named; and of having suggested to Shakspeare the plot of his *As You Like It*." * * * The work which gives him precedence as a writer of professed Satires, is entitled "*A Fig for Morbus*"; containing pleasant varietie, included in Satyr's, Eclogues, and Epistles, by T. L. of Lincoln's Inne, Gent. 1595." It is dedicated to William, Earle of Darbie, and, though published two years before the appearance of *Hall's Satires*, possesses a spirit, ease, and harmony, which that more celebrated poet has not surpassed. Than the following lines, selected from the first satire, we know few which, in the same department, can establish a better claim to vigour, truth, and melody:—

All men are willing with the world to haule,
But no man takes delight to knowe his faulte—
Tell bleer-eyd Linus that his sight his cleare,
Heele pawne himselfe to buy thee bread and beere;—
Find me a niggard that doth want the shift
To call his cursed avarice good thrift;
A rakehell sworne to prodigalitie
That dares not term it liberalitie;
A lecher, that hath lost both flesh and fame,
That holds not lecherie a pleasant game:—
Thus with the world, the world dissembles still,
And; to their own confusions, follow will:
Holding it true felicitie to flie
Not from the siane, but from the seeing cie.

The debt of Shakspeare to our author is to be found in a pamphlet entitled, "*Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*, found after his Death in his Cell at Silexdra, by T. L. Gent." The poetical pieces interspersed through this Tract correspond with the character given of Lodge's composition by Phillips; for they are truly pastoral, and are finished in a style of great sweetness, delicacy, and feeling.****

In Lodge, we find whole pastorals and odes, which have all the ease, polish, and elegance of a modern author. How natural is the sentiment, and how sweet the expression of the following in *Ola Damon's Pastoral*:—

Homely hearts do harbour quiet;
Little fear, and mickle solace;
States suspect their bed and diet;
Fear and craft do haunt the palace.
Little would I, little want I,
Where the mind and store agreeth;
Smallest comfort is not scanty;
Least he longs that little seeth.
Time hath been that I have longed,
Foolish I to like of folly,
To converse where honour thronged,
To my pleasures linked wholly:
Now I see, and seeing sorrow
That the day consumed returns not:
Who dare trust upon to-morrow,
When not time nor life sojourns not!

How charmingly he breaks out in the *Solitary Shepherd's Song*:—

O-lady vale, O fair enriched meads,
O sacred bowers, sweet fields, and rising mountains,
O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,
Refresh'd by wanton winds, and watery fountains!

We shall close this notice of Dr. Lodge with one exquisite quotation more from *Rosalind's Madrigal*:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his rest;
Hi- bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, Wanton, will ye?

CURIOUS ANECDOTE—In the year 1720, celebrated for the bursting of the South Sea bubble, a gentleman called late in the evening at the banking-house of Messrs HANKEY and Co. He was in a coach, but refused to get out, and desired that one of the partners of the house would come to him. Having ascertained that it was really one of the principals, and not a clerk, who appeared, he put into his hands a parcel, very carefully sealed up, and desired that it might be laid on one side till he should call again, which would be in the course of a few days. A few days passed away—a few weeks, a few months, but the stranger never returned. At the end of the second or third year, the partners agreed to open this mysterious parcel in the presence of each other. They found it to contain 30,000l with a letter, stating that it was obtained by the South Sea speculation, and directing that it should be vested in the hands of three trustees, whose names were mentioned, and the interest appropriated to the relief of the poor, which was accordingly done.

I forgot to mention to you a prank which the Abbe de Pradt went to play off upon M. Hoffman, who, in the *Journal des Debats*, gave an account of his book on the Colonies; in the course of which he animadverted on a great number of those inaccuracies which ill-natured persons call *blunders*. Every one is touchy when self-love is concerned, and in M. de Pradt this organ is always in a state of extreme tension and irritability. He went then to the critic, and began by telling him that he knew very well that the articles were not his—that the first was by the Duke de —, the second by the Count de —, the third * * *. Here M. Hoffman interrupted him by asking why he applied to him when he knew so well whose the articles were. "Why?—Was it not you who signed them?" "I did, and do not hesitate to declare that I never sign any thing not written by myself." Some explanations followed. On one side was much boasting and pettishness; on the other great coolness and moderation. M. Hoffman was on the right side; of this he availed himself, and M. de Pradt went off in high dudgeon. As he had made a great noise in the world about the visit he intended to pay to M. Hoffman, some one asked whether he had met with him at last? "Yes," replied he, "I found him in his garret as proud as Diogenes." Do you perceive all the arrogance of the expression? It is clear that in this case M. de Pradt was neither more nor less than Alexander.

M. Raynouard has long had in his port-folio a Tragedy called *Charles the First*, of which several readings have already taken place. One of these readings gave rise to a singular incident which I shall relate to you. The company was numerous, and among the audience was a person whom the very name of the piece should have kept away—this was Fouché! All eyes were directed towards him. He preserved a composure of countenance. The reading commenced, and many allusions turned upon him the scrutinising looks of the auditors; but he was immovable. At length, when the Minister of Charles, pleading the cause of his master, exclaims—

"Le jugement d'un Roi n'est qu'un assassinat"—
"A sentence on a monarch is a murder"—

a general expression of approbation was on the point of bursting forth, but was restrained by the presence of the great Dignitary. This did not escape him, and appeared to cause him some embarrassment.—When the reading was concluded, every one went out except Fouché. After some general observations to the author on the plan and characters of his piece—"As to that verse of yours," said he, "I utterly despise it." (In French the expression is excessively coarse.) M. Raynouard made no answer, and Fouché walked backwards and forwards with long strides. "It appears to me," he resumed some moments after, "that the political part of your Tragedy is weak; you have not traced things high enough; you are on the towers of Notre Dame instead of having penetrated into the clouds. * * * In politics every thing wears a different aspect—circumstances—you do not know the effect of circumstances—you are ignorant of—" M. Raynouard interrupted him by repeating the line—

"Le jugement d'un Roi n'est qu'un assassinat."

Fouché left the room.

ANECDOTE.—At the marriage of Monsieur, the Count d'ARTOIS, the city of Paris, by his Royal Highness's desire, agreed to distribute, as marriage portions, to a certain number of young women, the money usually expended on fireworks, and other transient demonstrations of festivity. A smart little girl of sixteen, named LISE NOIRIN, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover. "Oh!" said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover. I thought the city furnished every thing." This answer created much mirth, and in the event a husband was found for her.

GERMAN QUEUS.—An order of the day published at Cassell, on the 12th of last month, directs, that on and after the 22d of November, all the troops of the Electorate shall wear queus 15 inches long, in pursuance of the ordonnance of the 2d of September, 1787. The serjeants are to carry the measure of the queu as a string to their canes—for the good of the service.—(*Gazette of Cassell*.)

MATHEWS, DOWTON, AND KNAPP.

A ludicrous Scene from the new Vols. of Riley's "Itinerant."

"THIS evening we had an additional proof of the wonderful powers of imitation possessed by Mathews.—There was a man of the name of Knapp, formerly a respectable member of society, and a tolerable actor; but from idle dissipated habits, he was now become a sort of travelling mendicant, collecting from the sons and daughters of Thespis, contributions towards the support of his necessities, real or pretended.

"In the early part of Dowton's theatrical career, he and I were in company with this person, and he frequently applied to the Drury-lane Green Room for pecuniary aid, through the medium of his old acquaintance Dowton. At length his applications became so numerous, that, extensive as Dowton's liberality was, and no man can be more so, he became tired of affording relief to one who had lost all sense of duty towards himself, and the very name of Knapp threw him into a frenzy; for though one of the best-natured creatures in the world Dowton is at the same time one of the most irritable; and the disgust he felt at the frequent calls of this man, generally in a state of ebriety, proved an excellent subject for Mathews; and the Green Room was often kept in a roar of laughter, from the supposed approach of Knapp.

"But to return to our supper friends. The cloth was drawn; Mathews had given some of his excellent stories in his best style; and Dowton's round, good-natured face, exhibited a full participation of this feast of Momus; when the servant announced that a person wished to speak with him.

"With me! with me!" cried Dowton; "who is it, and what can he want with me at this time of night?"

"He is a very suspicious looking man," replied the servant, "shabbily dressed, and I think intoxicated."

"Why did he not send his name?" enquired Dowton.

"He did, Sir; he says you are an old friend, and know him well, his name is Knapp."

"To describe Dowton's countenance is impossible. Passion deprived him of articulation; he sputtered, and stormed, and stamped, and was on the point of running down stairs, with a fixed determination to kick Knapp into the street, when Mathews interfered; "He could not," he said, "permit the poor man to be inhospitably treated in his house, and would himself endeavour to get rid of him." Dowton now gave full vent to his passion; "the scoundrel," exclaimed he, as he paced the room; "am I to be haunted to death by this prince of paupers, The d—d rascal, not content with picking my pocket, exposes me to all my friends, and follows me wherever I go; but I'll stop him; I'll apply to a magistrate."

"A noise on the stairs gave us reason to suppose that Mr. Knapp was forcing his way into the room, and we could plainly distinguish the following dialogue:—

"Mathews.—Really Knapp I wish you could be persuaded to go home. Dowton is not here, you may depend upon't."

"Knapp.—My dear fellow, I know you wish me well, but my friend Dowton appointed me to meet him here, to receive a subscription he meant to set on foot after supper; so pray let me go up for I must see him.

—At the word *subscription*, Dowton foamed with rage but as Mathews had denied his being in the house, he restrained himself, and the dialogue proceeded.

"Mathews.—Mr. Knapp, you must give me leave to be master of my own house, and I insist upon your going down stairs."

"Knapp.—My dear fellow, don't be positive; I am going to my engagement in the morning, and my friend Dow, owes me a trifle of money, which I must have."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Dowton, unable to contain himself any longer. "I owe you money, you ungrateful vagabond! you—you—you"—and in a paroxysm of rage which deprived him of utterance, he would have run down stairs if we had not prevented him.

"Knapp.—Ah; his voice! I knew he was here! Dow, my dear friend, we must shake hands."

"Here a struggle took place on the stairs, followed by blows; at length Mathews exclaimed, foul play! foul play!"—Dowton now broke from us vociferating "let me come at him! I'll teach the beggarly scoundrel to follow me!"—But judge what was the general astonishment when we rushed out, followed by Mrs. Mathews with a light, to find Dowton collaring Mathews, and that Knapp had never been upon the spot at all."

RETORT COURTEOUS.—When the British under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined Fleet off Trafalgar, the first Lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English Sailor excited his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid? "Afraid?" answered the honest Tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain. "No! I was only praying that the Enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize money—the greatest part among the officers."

ANECDOTES of, and EPIGRAMS by the late Hon. HENRY ERSKINE—brother of the Earl of Buchan, and of Lord Erskine.

THE following anecdote is strikingly characteristic of Mr. Erskine's well known humorous disposition:—During a theatrical representation at Edinburgh, a presuming young coxcomb chose to render himself conspicuous by standing up in the midst of the pit, all through the progress of the first act of the play; his neighbours were at first too polite to insist on his conforming to the usual regulations, and merely represented to him the inconvenience those behind must suffer, to which he paid no manner of attention; the audience at last began to testify their displeasure, and the cry of "*turn him out*," became universal, and a riot would probably have ensued, from the indignation of one party, and the tenaciousness of the other, had it not been for Mr. E., who laying a wager with a gentleman near him, that he would accomplish the matter by a single sentence, stood up and addressing himself to the persons who were forcing compliance on the obstinate youth, exclaimed, "*Leave him alone, Gentlemen, it is only a Tailor resting himself*;"—a roar of laughter followed the exclamation; the efficacy of which was immediately testified, by the disappointed object of it, whose only motive was a desire to impress those around him with a high idea of his fashion and gentility.

Mr. E.'s character was truly estimable, and the just appreciation of his virtues extended far beyond the circle of his own family and friends; and it is a well authenticated fact, that a writer (or, as we should say, attorney) in a distant part of Scotland, representing to an oppressed and needy tacksman, who had applied to him for advice, the futility of entering into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbour, having himself no means of defending his cause, received for answer, "*Ye dinna ken what ye say, Maister, there's nae a pair man in Scotland need to want a friend or fear an enemy, while Harry Erskine lives!*" How much honour does that simple sentence convey to the generous and benevolent object of it!

SINGULAR PLAY-GOING CHARACTER AT PARIS.

—Feydeau (the Comic Opera) has just been visited with a loss which it is impossible to repair. Death has robbed it of one of its oldest and most faithful visitors, at the age of 88. Since the year 1750, M. Vezian was never absent for a single evening from the stage-box of the Italian Opera. He followed the company through all the changes of place from the rue Mauconseil. He was of as old standing at the Comic Opera as *Rose et Colas*. He applauded the first successes of Gretry, and saw Cailleau at his *debut*—a free admission from the players was the reward of his discreet commendation. So rigorously exact was he as to the propriety of his costume, that on the days of a royal hunt, even though he had been the whole day at his desk in the treasury, he came to the saloon of the theatre in the court sporting-dress complete, not omitting the short sword and small boots.—(*Paris Paper.*)

STEWARDS OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

Of the hundreds into which many of the English counties were divided by King Alfred, for their better government, the jurisdiction was originally vested in particular courts, but came afterwards to be devolved to the county courts, and so remains at present, except with regard to some, as the Chiltern Hundreds, in Buckinghamshire, which have been by privilege annexed to the crown. These having still their own courts, a steward of these courts is appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a salary of 20s. and all fees &c. belonging to the office. This is made a matter of convenience to the Members of Parliament; when any of them wishes to resign, he accepts the stewardship of the Chiltern hundreds, which vacates his seat.

NELL GWYN.—It is not generally known that *Bagnigge Wells*, in the hollow near Spafields, was the country seat of the celebrated Nell Gwyn, the mistress of Charles the Second. This extraordinary woman, before her appearance on the stage, was servant to the fruiterer of the Theatre. She was a great favourite of Dryden's, who always allotted to her the most attractive characters in his Comedies, and wrote several Prologues and Epilogues, of which she was allowed to be an admirable speaker. Her becoming an object of the Monarch's affection, is said to have arisen from her speaking an Epilogue of Dryden's, under the umbrella of a bar nearly of the circumference of a coach wheel. No sooner did she appear, than the audience were convulsed with laughter. Among the rest, the King gave the fullest proof of his approbation by going behind the scenes and taking her in his own coach to supper with him. When in the highest favour at Court, she never forgot her old theatrical friends.

SUPERSTITIONS in the ISLE of MAN.

IF a fisherman makes one or two unsuccessful trips, he instantly proceeds to exorcise his boat, by burning gorse or straw in the centre, and carrying the flaming material to every crevice where it is supposed the evil spirit may continue to lurk. If a cow is diseased, or any difficulty occurs in churning, the operation of the *evil eye* is immediately suspected, and a strict inquiry is made as to who may have been lately upon the spot, for the power of doing mischief is by no means confined to a few malignant individuals, but seems to be generally ascribed by every one to an adversary, or a rival.

The witches and fairies of Man are neither supposed to combine, nor to produce exactly the same effects by their power, the former being wholly employed in acts of aggression, whilst the latter have a mixed jurisdiction and can produce both good and evil by their operations. They are accustomed to perform certain frolics, which shew some degree of humour and whim in their propensities: they are also easily assailable by bribes: thus the dairy-maid, who would spare herself unusual exertion, regularly makes the offering of a small pat of butter, or a piece of cheese curd, which is affixed to the wall of the dairy, and is believed to propitiate these invisible agents. The livers of fowls and fish are uniformly sacrificed to the fairies. At Midsummer eve, when their power is of unlimited extent, flowers and herbs are the only barriers to their incursions; and these are regularly spread on the door and window sill to protect the inhabitants. But one of the most curious ceremonies, and which is peculiar to the Isle of Man, is, that of *hunting the wren*, founded on a tradition, that in former times, a fairy of uncommon beauty exerted such undue influence over the male population, that she at various times seduced numbers to follow her footsteps, till, by degree, she led them into the sea, where they perished. This barbarous exercise of power had continued for a great length of time, till it was apprehended the island would be exhausted of its defenders, when a knight-errant sprang up, who discovered some means of countervailing the charm used by this syren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by taking the form of a *wren*; but tho' she evaded instant annihilation, a spell was cast upon her, by which she was condemned on every succeeding New Year's Day, to reanimate the same form, with the definitive sentence, that she must ultimately perish by a human hand. In consequence of this *well-authenticated* legend, on the specified anniversary, every man and boy in the island (except those who have thrown off the trammels of superstition), devote the hours between sun-rise and sun-set, to the hope of extirpating the fairy, and woe be to the individual birds of this species, who shew themselves on this fatal day to the active enemies of the race: they are pursued, pelted, fired at, and destroyed, without mercy, and their feathers preserved with religious care, it being an article of belief, that every one of the relics gathered in this laudable pursuit, is an effectual preservative from ship-wreck for one year; and that fisherman would be considered as extremely fool-hardy, who should enter upon his occupation without such a safeguard.

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.—It is not generally known, that the extraordinary perseverance which was the feature most remarkably displayed in Timour's character during a fifty years continued series of battles, was excited first by an incident almost similar to that which, in a better cause, encouraged Robert Bruce to similar exertions. "I was once," said Timour, "forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation on an Ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall. This sight," said Timour, "gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgot the lesson it conveyed."

GEOGRAPHY.—A person, tired of the prolix stories of a great traveller, said to him. "Sir, you have doubtless become acquainted with Geography in the course of your voyages."—"Sir," answered the learned traveller, "I have never been so far!"—*Literary Gaz.*

A circumstance somewhat similar to the above actually occurred in our own recollection.—Some years since a young Lady jeering her brother during the vacation from their Schools upon his boasted acquirements in Latin and Greek—tauntingly remarked, "I learn, Sir, what you have never learnt." "What is that, Ma'am?" "Ge-og-rap-hy"—she emphatically replied. "Then pray tell me the four quarters of the Globe?" "Oh! I'm not got so far as that yet"—was her answer.

RURAL FELICITY!

Letter from the late Sir J. DALRYMPLE, bart. to the late Admiral DALRYMPLE.

PRESERVED IN NICHOLSON'S "ILLUSTRATIONS OF LITERARY HISTORY."

MY DEAR SIR,—

Cranston, Jan. 1, 1772.

YOUR shirts are safe. I have made many attempts upon them: but Bess, who has in honesty what she wants in temper, keeps them in safety for you.

You ask me what I have been doing. To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows:—Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves. I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer; but now that winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again that it cost me to take them down. I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall to throw the passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle from the over-size of the room; upon which I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of summer.

I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut down, destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction in hearing that the carpenter I employed had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed, when, upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me of 20 per cent.

Instead of saddle-horses, I bought mares, and had them covered by an Arabian. When I went out, some months after, to mount them, the groom told me I should kill the foals; and now I walk on foot, with the stable full of horses, unless when, with much humility, I ask to be admitted into the chaise, which is generally refused me.

Remembering with a pleasing complacency the Watcombe pigs, I paid 30s. for a sow with pig. My wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, Lord A. Gordon, who distrained them for damage, and the mother with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage.

Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more; she learned the way to market for their produce, and I have never got a bowl of cream since.

I made a fine hay-stack; but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay, and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire, and I had the double mortification of losing my hay, and finding my wife had more sense than myself.

I kept no plough, for which I thank my Maker; because then I must have wrote this letter from a jail.

I paid 20l. for a dunghill, because I was told it was a good thing; and now I would give any body 20s. to tell me what to do with it.

I built and stocked a pigeon-house: but the cats watched below, and the hawks hovered above; and pigeon-soup roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon-pie, I have never seen since.

I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house; but I hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house, by which I can get no water for my victuals.

I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm; but I went to take off the ground, he laughed, said he had choosed the lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits for a breach of bargains I could not perform.

I fattened black cattle and sheep; but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere economy we eat them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits. I bought two score of six-year-old wethers for my own table; but a butcher, who rented one of the fields, put my mark upon his own carrion sheep, by which I have been living upon carrion all the summer.

I brewed much beer; but the small turned sour, and the servants drank up all the strong.

I found a ghost in the house, whose name was M'Alister, a pedlar, that had been killed in one of the rooms at the top of the house two centuries ago. No servant would go on an errand after the sun was set, for fear of M'Alister, which obliged me to send off one set of my servants. Soon after, the housekeeper, your old friend Mrs. Brown died, aged 90; and then the belief ran, that another ghost was in the house, upon which many of the new set of servants begged leave to quit the house, and got it.

In one thing only I have succeeded, I have quarrelled with all my neighbours; so that with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk along like a lion in a desert.

I thought I should have been happy with my tenants, because I could be insolent to them, without their being insolent to me. But they paid me no rent; and in a few days I shall have above one-half of the very few friends I have in this country in a prison.

Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring in London, where, I am happy to hear, that Mrs. Dalrymple is doing well. May God preserve her long to you, for she is a fine creature.

Just when I was going to you last spring, I received a letter from Bess, that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found Madam in perfect good health.

Yours always, my dear Jack,

JOHN DALRYMPLE.

DON JUAN.

Don Juan was a Libertine,
And lived in the city of Cadiz;
When he went out to dine, he drest very fine,
And when he had stow'd away plenty of wine,
A courting he went to the Ladies.

Don Juan, whom nothing could tame,
His amours they were so many,
So out of pure shame, he at length chang'd his name,
But his vices continued precisely the same,
Though committed by Don Giovanni.

One night, when 'twas dark as pitch,
He heard a soft sigh from a window,
If from poor or rich, he did not care which,
For the moment he heard it he felt the same itch,
Beginning to burn like tinder.

"Is it my loved *Honore*?"
Said *Isabel*, sighing above,
Quoth he, "Yes"—sigh no more, but open the door,
"I've been waiting below for these two-hours and more,
"So pray let me now come in, Love."

She screamed, and, to combat her foes,
Papa came in the foremost;
Don Juan arose, but 'ere out he goes,
He dealt her poor father a couple of blows
Which laid him as dead as a door-post.

Don Juan felt no remorse
At the murder'd Don Benedict's doom,
While a mighty concourse, on foot and on horse,
Assembled to follow the Princely corsé,
And a *Statute* was plac'd o'er his Tomb.

Here often fair *Isabel* came,
Sure sorrow could never be truer,
Till a sight of the dame once more raised a flame,
And Don Giovanni astonished the Dame,
By boldly attempting to woo her.

He smother'd her cries with kisses,
Albeit the Damsel forbade him,
Quoth he, my dear Mistress, what happiness this is,
To meet once again, what a delicate bliss is—
When the *Statute* began to upbraid him.

"Don Juan," it said, "be civil,
"Thou art a sad profligate sinner,
"Your soul is so evil, you'll go to the Devil!"—
Says he, "my old Buck, I'll give you a revel;
"If you'll but accept of a dinner."

"I accept your offer"—the Spectre said,
"(And Satan shall be my proxy)."
Juan called up Ned, ere he went to bed,
And bespoke a dinner, a guinea a-head,
And then went away to his doxy.

To the dinner room Don Juan goes,
And with him led his priest in:
There the Spanish Beaux, all as hungry as crows,
Were assembled together in Sunday clothes,
Impatient for the feasting.

Don Juan waited for one guest more,
And while they stood debating
The clock struck four, when rushed open the door—
"Ah ha!" says Don Juan, "you shall pay your score,
"For you've kept us prettily waiting."

"Peace," said the Spectre,—an odious smell
Pervaded the room in a minute,
The guests all fell, but no one could tell,
What was the cause of the shocking smell,
But 'twas terribly bad to stay in it.

"Thou Don Giovanni,—Don Juan,
"On the brink of a precipice sporting—
"Of fathers you slew one—brought their daughters to ruin,
"And every evening have found out a new one,
"But now there's an end of your courting."

Don Juan he touched with his dart,
His eyes goggled out of their sockets,
His nerves sorely smart, and asunder they part,
And the skin and the bones and the skeleton's heart
Went to hell in a bundle of rockets.

Prose

cannot so well describe the effect as the following
tasteful lines from *The Sheffield Iris*:—

Soft, as when faintly from the evening sky
The rainbow steals, and bitter tempests cease,
Fading from beauty to eternity
Recline these forms of gentleness and peace.
The softly twining arm—the leaning head,
By fondness couched—the sacred calm that throws
Its halycon spell around the holy bed
Where loveliness and innocence repose:—
Oh, they are more than art—I see the breath
Fan those pure lips—the hovering smile I see
Hang on those brows, and cannot deem that Death
Could hold them thus entranced so tenderly.

In confirmation of the foregoing verses, it may be
added, that the beauty of the thought consists in the
conveyance of the idea of a serene anticipation of Hea-
ven—a gentle, satisfied, half-smiling resignation of in-
nocent being.—*Chester Guardian*.

TRIBULATION; OR, THE WASHING DAY;

From Lee's "Poetic Impressions," just published.

Is there a day within the circling year
That shakes the nerves and fills the heart with fear,
Destroys all comfort and distracts the head,
In short, what husbands deem, a day of dread?
Yes, there is one—that one of dire dismay,
The dismal, doleful, woeful WASHING DAY!

Imagine, then, young Sally and her mistress,
Up to their elbows soufed in suds and business.
"How, Sal! two sheets dy'e want? (said Mrs. Pother)
"Pshaw! make a shift with one, and wash the other."
Sally, who's head on finery was dreaming,
A curtsy dropt, well pleased, and thankful seeming.
Mid froth and fume she now drudged on in haste,
Too anxious e'en a moment's time to waste;
All day she rubb'd yet still kept up her spirits,
Her hands and wrists as red as eyes of ferrets!
But heedless Sal; nor did she once complain,
Till all was wash'd and wrung, or hung to drain.
At night, up stairs she march'd—but not to bed,
"Making a shift" still running in her head;—
To work she went—cut out a shift and sew'd it;
Wishing it smart, she frill'd and furbelow'd it.
Next morn her mistress chanced the shift to see,
She scolded—storm'd!—Poor Sal replied 'Dear me!
'Have I offended, ma'm? how know your drift?
'You said I must with one sheet make a shift.
'Tis done; and with the other, if I'm right,
'I'll try to make another shift to-night."

"Zounds, what! (exclaim'd the mistress) steal my goods!
(Her anger foaming like the hot soap suds)
"Quick, jale, and fetch the sheet from off your bed,
"With rug and blanket make a shift instead:
"I won't with shifty tricks like this agree;
"Make-shift excuses will not do for me."
(This said, she bounced and bluster'd—toss'd her nose,
Her frame and features rumpling like her cloaths)
'Well then, (cried Sal) if thus you scold and flout me,
'Your place I leave—so make a shift without me!

THE RULE AND THE EXCEPTIONS.

FO, OF MINIST' TO HIS FAITHFUL COMMONS.

"We strictly charge you to apply,
"Your minds unto ——— Economy!!!"

Fo spake—the Commons op'd their eyes
And stared with comical surprize.
When lo! Fo's Minister O'Fie

Rose to *except* and *qualify*:

"*Except* (I'd have you understand,
Not *absolute* is this command),
Except all matters that relate
To questions of *Finance* or *State*.
Except both *Customs* and *Excise*,
Rather augment them, I advise;
Except the *Admiralty* Lords,
All *Clerks*, *Commissioners* and *Boards*;
Except fat *Sinecures* and *Places*,
Reversions, *Pensions*, in *all* cases;
Except such *bagatelles* as please
Fo's fancy, *German*, *French*, *Chinese*—
Except all matters that may clash
With harmless plans of *thrifty* Nash;
Except what sums great Fo may chuse
For ends *legitimate* to use;
Except (I'll prove they are his own)
All monies ceded to the *Crown*;
Except what trophies he may place
On *STUART* tombs (God rest the race!);
Except all these in loyal fervour
To 'rd peaceful "Europe's twice preserver."
Except me these, and do not bar me
(Tis Fo's delight) a *Standing Army*.
Except—no—why *except* the *Navy*?
Ships are but vulgar means to save ye—
Except the *Tax* your *Income*s bring,
And *EVERY TAX ON EVERY THING*.
Excepting these, and *these alone*,
ECONOMY, THY WORK BE DONE!"

FE—FO—FUM.

DIVINITY and PHYSIC;

Or, D. D. and M. D.

HOW D. D. swaggers! M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of Noddies!
Old D. D. has the cure of souls,
And M. D. has the cure of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure;
One has the *Cure* without the *Care*,
And one the *Care* without the *Cure*!

FAREWELL TO SNUFF,

AN ELEGY.

Box, thou art clos'd—and Snuff is but a name!
It is decreed—my nose shall feast no more;
To me no more shall come, whence erst it came,
The precious pulvil from Hibernia's shore!

Virginia, barren be thy teeming soil,
Or, may the swallowing earthquake gulf thy
fields:

Fribourg and Pontet! cease your trading toil,
Or bankruptcy be all the fruit it yields!

And, artists, ye who frame in tin or gold,
Horn, pewter, silver, coal, or skin, the chest
Fore-doom'd in small circumference to hold
The titillating treasures of the west;

Quit, quit your craft, that 'minds me without
cease,

When I, too, had my coffer still in hand;
When, through the day, I gave its lid no peace,
By night, the pinch prolong'd in visions bland.

But now, each needy nostril snuffs in vain,
Or drudges but to draw the breath of life;
Or knows no food, save when the summer's plain
Upsends a choking cloud, when dust is rife.

Five senses are the gift of heav'n to man;
But not to me:—my list is shrink to four:
'Tis true, my nose is left, and smell I can;
But—Irish Blackguard visits it no more!

And what's a nose?—a carcase without soul,
Unless the vivifying grains be there;
So, with the blind and deaf we still condole,
Though one an eye-ball shew, and one an ear.

Nor seem I barely of a sense curtail'd,
But eke in knowledge levell'd with the rout;
The solemn, scientific pinch hath fail'd
And wisdom's at two inlets quite shut out!

Who doth not know what logic lies conceal'd
Where diving finger meets with diving thumb!
Who hath not seen th'opponent fly the field,
Unhurt by argument—by Snuff struck dumb!

The Box drawn forth from its profoundest bed,
The slow-repeated tap, with frowning brows,
The brandish't pinch, the fingers widely spread,
The arm toss'd round returning to the nose.

Who can withstand a battery so strong?
Wit, reason, learning,—what are ye to these?
Or who would toil thro' folios thick and long,
When wisdom may be purchas'd—with a sneeze?

Shall I, then, climb where Alps on Alps arise?
No—Snuff and Science are to me a dream:—
But hold, my heart! for that way madness lies!
Se f's in the scale—Tobacco kicks the beam.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

Why mourn ye, why strew ye those flow'rets around,
To yon new-fodded grave, as your flow' steps advance?
In yon new-fodded grave (ever dear be the ground!)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor Exile from France.

And is the poor Exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of Misfortune and Chance!
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor Exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew; in his straw cover'd shed
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, tho' still poorer than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last;
But he still had a pray'r for his Country and King.

Poor Exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
How oft shall we wander, by moonlight to weep,
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor Exile of France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart
One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One flow'r from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the Exile of France.

PROLOGUE TO BERTRAM.

WRITTEN BY JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.—SPOKEN BY MR. RAE.

Taught by your judgment, by your favour led,
The grateful stage restor'd her mighty dead,
But not, when wits of ages past revive,
Shall living genius therefore cease to thrive:
No!—the same liberal zeal that fondly tries,
To save the poet though the mortal dies,
Impartial welcomes each illustrious birth,
And justly crowns cotemporary worth.

This night a Bard, who, yet, alas! has known
Of conscious merit but the pangs alone:
Through dark misfortune's gloom condemn'd to cope
With baffled effort, and with blighted hope,
Still dares to think one friendly voice shall cheer
His sinking soul, and thinks to hail it *here*;
Fann'd by the breath of praise, his spark of fame,
Still, still may glow and burst into a flame.

Nor yet will British candour mock the toil
That rear'd a laurel on our sister soil—
That soil to fancy's gay luxuriance kind—
That soil which teems with each aspiring mind,
Rich in the fruits of glory's ripening sun,
Nurse of the brave—the land of WELLINGTON.

Here, too, this night another candidate
Aspires to please, and trembles for her fate—
And, as the flower whose ever constant gaze,
Turns to her sun and wooes the genial blaze,
To your kind eyes our blushing suppliant bends,
And courts the light that beams from smiling friends;
Oh! calm the conflict of her hopes and fears,
Nor stain her cheek with more than int'ic tears.

Since, then, alike each bold adventurer seeks
The votary and the handmaid of the Muse—
Think that the same neglect, the same regard,
Must sink, or save, the actress and the bard.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE HONOURABLE GEORGE LAMB.—SPOKEN BY MISS KEELY.

Say, for our Author whose proud hopes aspire,
To sound the Tragic Bard's neglected lyre:—
Say, for our novice—who at once the weight
Bears of her own and of the Poet's fate:—
Oh say, what hope? 'Tis mine with doubt and fear
In this dread hour to ask your judgment here;
Yet, for my sake, before your sentence, stay,
And hear me draw one moral from the play.

Enough for IMAGINE the tears ye gave her,
I come to say one word in BERTRAM's favour.
BERTRAM! ye cry, a ruthless blood-stain'd rover!!
He was—but also was the truest lover:

And, faith! like cases that we daily view,
All might have prosper'd, had the fair been true.
Man, while he loves, is never quite deprav'd,
And woman's triumph, is a lover sav'd.

The branded wretch, whose cal'ous feelings court
Crime for his glory and disgrace for sport;
If in his breast love claims the smallest part,
If still he values one fond female heart,
From that one seed, that ling'ring spark may grow
Pride's noblest flow'r, and virtue's purest glow:
Let but that heart—dear female lead with care
To honour's path, and cheer his progress there;
And proud, though haply, sad regret occurs
At all his guilt, think all his virtue hers.

The fair not always view with fav'ring eyes
The very virtuous or extremely wi e;
But, odd it seems, will sometimes rather take
Want with the spendthrift, riot with the rake.
"None, howe'er vicious, find all women froward,
"None—did I say?—none, save the sot and coward."
The reason's plain; the good need nought to warn them,
And we must love the wicked to reform them.

"Yet we some wives, some sweethearts may discover,
"Almost no better than the spouse or lover;
"Nought can to peace the busy female charm,
"And if she can't do good, she must do harm—
"Can chill warm youth, yet fails to warm chill age,
"Makes sages fools, but rarely makes fools sage;
"Some women, like all men, have taste for evil,
"And where they should be angels, play the devil."

Still woman draws new power, new empire still
From every blessing and from every ill.
Vice on her bosom lulls remorseful care.
And virtue hopes congenial virtue there.
Still she most hides the strength that most subdues,
To gain each end its opposite pursues,
Lures by neglect, advances by delay,
And gains command by swearing to obey.

Women have pow'r too in these gallant days,
(So Authors think) of recommending plays.
The prologue prosed, ere the play is known,
Rugged and dull as the male speaker's tone:
When the scene's done, and many a fault provokes you,
Women and Epilogue come forth to coax you.
Yet dare I plead, who in this wondrous age,
Can only speak and walk upon the stage,
Who know not carte, nor tierce, nor fencing odds,
Nor by a rope's assistance seek the Gods.

Yes, I will dare; for if ye're pleased to-night,
The genuine drama re-asserts its right.
Bertram in crime elate, of murder proud,
Ruthless to man, to woman's accents bow'd;
Be mov'd like him, your sterner thoughts resign
At woman's voice, and let that voice be mine.

Lines between the "inverted commas" are omitted in speaking.

I saw a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beat the dingy Collier white;
The wretched Collier rais'd his dismal sack,
And, big with vengeance, beat the Barber black.

In came a Brick dust man with grime o'erspread,
And beat the Barber and the Collier red;
Black, red, and white, were thus in columns tost,
And in the cloud the combatants were lost.

A SINGULAR IMPOSTOR.

A Narrative has lately appeared, purporting to have been written by a Mr. Bates, High Sheriff of King's County, in New Brunswick, detailing some very extraordinary circumstances in the conduct and adventures of a young Englishman, named Henry Frederick Moon, who has rendered himself notorious in North America, as a robber and swindler. Like every similar adventurer, he of course bears a variety of names; but his real name is believed to be Moon, although he acquired his celebrity principally under that of More Smith. He appears to be a native of Brighton, and is evidently endowed with extraordinary mental and bodily powers. His artifices, impostures, and deceptions, are truly amazing; and the mechanical ingenuity he is said to have displayed, is sufficient to stagger the most ready credulity. The statements are, however, vouched by a man in a respectable public office, who refers to others to bear testimony to his assertions. He became acquainted with the subject of this memoir in his magisterial capacity, when this extraordinary person was confined in the gaol of Kingston, in New Brunswick, under a charge of horse-stealing. His first imposition was a pretence of illness, in which he succeeded so effectually as to deceive an experienced physician, and contrived to effect his escape. The gaoler, in the assurance that his prisoner was on the point of death, having left the prison door open for three minutes, while he went to heat a brick to be applied to the prisoner's feet. But we hasten over this point, which in itself is sufficiently extraordinary; to present our readers with another, that throws to a great distance all the accounts of Baron Trenk's power over his chains, and exhibits instances of physical strength and ingenuity that have never been equalled.

After several adventures, Smith (as he then called himself) was arrested, and conveyed again to his former prison at Kingston, where he was lodged on the 31st of October, 1814, in the same room he had formerly occupied. The room, however, had been carefully examined and swept, in doing which, the remains of several watch wheels, and a knife cut in two, apparently by a saw made of a watch-spring, were found. Smith was also searched with great care; his clothes were stripped off to his shirt, the wristbands, collar, &c. of which were examined; other clothes were then given to him, his own taken away, and nothing left in the room that could in the remotest degree assist in effecting his escape.

The prison-room was 22 feet by 16, built of stone and lime on three sides, where the wall was three feet thick; the fourth side, being the partition between the prisons, was of timber, twelve inches thick. The floor was of timber, ten inches square. There was one window through the stone wall, iron-grated within and without, enclosed with glass outside, so that no conveyance could be had undiscovered, and to increase his security, he was heavily ironed.

On the twelfth night of Smith's confinement, however, a noise was heard from his prison like rubbing and filing, and in consequence the room, grating, &c. underwent a strict examination. On entering the room Smith was found lying in his birth, chained just as he had been left, and Mr. Bates observed to him, "Smith, you have not got out yet?" He answered, "No, not quite."—"I then examined," says Mr. Bates, "every bar of the grates as strictly as possible, as did also every one present, until we were all satisfied the alarm must be imaginary—Smith lying quiet and answering readily any question asked him. Mr. Allen Baston however, continued searching the inner grate, and being fully satisfied, his fancy led him to reach through and remove a chip on one of the outer grates, when he perceived it hang a little, and discovered the bar of the grate cut one-third off, which could not be done without first getting through the inner grates." On further examination they found that he had so neatly cut one of the bars that he could remove it at pleasure, and that he had cut the chains with which they had vainly hoped to secure him. A neat watch spring saw was also found and carried away.

The increased weight and solidity of the iron bolts and chains which this discovery seemed to render necessary, was, however, found no more effectual in binding him, for in a few days he was found to have extricated himself from all his irons, had got

through the inner grates, and was in the act of cutting the outer grates, and would have effected his escape before day-light. Handcuffs were no restraint to him, for he uniformly succeeded in freeing himself from the encumbrance of them—so that, after frequent proofs of the inefficiency of chains, it was at length found necessary to staple him to the floor, with an iron collar round his neck and a band round his body.—"Notwithstanding every exertion I could make," says Mr. Bates, "to restrain him, I was still fearful he would find means to effect his escape, as he had already done things that seemed to require more than human power to execute, especially in getting the iron collar off his neck, and drawing the staple from the timber, which two yoke of oxen could not have done. The iron collar, which was made of a flute bar of iron, one inch and a half wide, the edges only rounded, he twisted as if a piece of leather, and broke it in two.—We very often found him bloody, and his wrists swelled and sore, by his exertions; but he never complained, or took any notice of what he had done, or exhibited any regard for his situation or comfort."

Our limits prevent us from giving a detailed account of the very numerous occasions on which he freed himself from his chains, which were in some instances of enormous magnitude. His conduct had, however, undergone a great change. From being quiet and well-behaved, he became violent and mischievous, and amused himself by forming his bedding into an image of his wife, whom he usually represented as sitting beside him reading the Bible to him and comforting him. He used to halloo, sing, clap his hands, and play the part of a fool or lunatic, and desisted altogether from conversation, and even from speaking a word to the gaoler or other visitors. He was at length brought to trial, and played the fool in the Court-house to such perfection, as to deceive the Jury who were empannelled to try whether he stood mute by contumacy or the visitation of God, and they found the latter. His trial, however, for horse-stealing proceeded, and he was found guilty, but neither this awful word when pronounced by the Foreman of the Jury, nor the sentence of death passed upon

him, seemed to the nicest observer to have the slightest effect upon him. He was remanded to his prison, kept upon bread and water, but he still played the fool, and in that dreadful state, without the assistance of the commonest tools, even without light, "he had prepared undiscovered, and at once exhibited the most striking picture of genius, art, taste, and invention, that ever was, or ever will be produced by any human being in his situation. This exhibition consists of ten characters, men, women, and children, all made and painted in the most expressive manner. To view them in their situation, they appear as perfect as alive, with all the air and gaiety of actors on the stage. Smith sits in his bed by the side of the gaol; his exhibition begins about a foot from the floor, and compasses the whole space of the ceiling. The uppermost is a man whom he calls the tambourine player, standing with all the pride and appearance of a master musician. Next him is a lady, genteelly dressed, sitting in a handsome swing; at her left hand stands a man, neatly dressed, in the character of a servant, holding the side of the swing with his right, his left hand on his hip, in an easy posture, waiting the lady's motion. On her right hand stands a man, genteelly dressed, as a gallant, in a graceful posture for dancing. Beneath these three figures sit a young man and a girl at each end of a board, decently dressed. Directly under these stands one whom he calls Bonaparte, or sometimes the father of his family; he stands erect, his features are prominent, his cheeks red, his teeth white," &c. There are some other figures.—"They commence the performance. The first operation is from the tambourine-player or master, who gives three single strokes on his tambourine, that may be heard in any part of the house, without moving his body. He then dances gracefully a few steps, the lady is then swung two or three times, and so of all the figures, every one of which, Mr. Bates says, moves "with ease and exactness not to be described."

His visitors, as might be expected, were very numerous, and not a few of them thought they saw visible proofs of the agency of the "foul fiend."

We are unwilling to extend this article to any greater length. We shall merely add, that Smith was pardoned, and was with apparent difficulty induced to leave the prison, still supporting his

character as an idiot. He has, however, since been distinguished in the United States under the name of William Newman; as a swindler and robber, and in the perfect enjoyment of his wits, now lies in prison in Connecticut under sentence of three years confinement for burglary and robbery.

An extraordinary fraud was recently practised on Dr. BRIND, of Portsmouth, in the following manner: The Doctor had been walking with Miss BRIND, near the fortifications at Portsea, when he picked up a red Morocco pocket-book, containing a 50l. note. On the following day he advertised it in the County Papers, and offered to deliver it to the owner, provided the marks were described.

A Gentleman consequently applied who had the appearance of a Clergyman; he stated, that he had lost his pocket-book with a Fifty Pound Note in it on the Wednesday preceding, and that the Note was indorsed I. SMITH. Dr. BRIND informed him the Note in his possession bore no such mark, but after some conversation, he was prevailed upon, under a belief that the stranger was a man of fortune and honour, to shew him the Note, which he examined, and being satisfied it was not his property took his leave.

A few days after, a Farmer applied, and claimed the note, under pretence that it had been stolen from him. He was consequently requested to describe the marks, which he did in the most accurate manner, and received the book from the hands of the Doctor, who was unconscious of the least deception from the apparent rusticity and honesty of the claimant.

Within a few days after the real owner of the note was discovered, and it turned out that the Rev. Gentleman, who had first made his appearance, had communicated the marks on the note to a confederate sharper, who dexterously availed himself of the information to obtain the property.

When the brave Sir George Rook was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave.—“Why,” said the worthy man, “I do not leave much, but what I do leave was honestly acquired; for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing.”

Against one of the sets of chambers near Lincoln's Inn Hall, is a sun-dial with this motto:—“*Ex hoc memento pendet eternitas.*” The other morning it was discovered that some wag had hung a book to the gnomon, which, on being cut down, proved to be an old edition of the *Practice in Chancery*.

Advertisement stuck up at Charleston, Carolina, by a German who had lost his horse:

He is run away agen, mine little plack horse, I rite him two tays en middle de nite, and ven he not vill see shumting, he shumps as if te divel vas int, an he trows me down, I not have sich fall since pefore I was pornt. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer; he hav five vite feet peiore, mit von plack snip on his nose, von eye vill look plue like glass. He is pranded mit John Keisler Stanger, on his pehind side py his tail.

Whoever will take up de said horse an pring him to me, top on mine house near Congaree, shall pay me two tollars reuard, en if dey vill not pring me mine horse agen, I vill put de law in force ginst all de peoples.

A person of the name of Arthur Gun, delivered the report of a transaction to his employers, concluding with the words—“This is the report of A. Gun.”—The falsehood of this being afterwards developed, they agreed that it authorised them to dismiss him from their employment, which was done in the following words, subjoined to such statement:—“Discharge A. Gun for making a false report!”

A young Gentleman of Ireland observed, that he was possessed of but one dog, a great favourite; and lamented that he was left in the country. A friend of his inquired “what sort of dog?” “He answered “he was a Newfoundland dog;” “Was!” repeated his friend. “Oh! indeed he is (replied the young Hibernian), but he is dead, and I’ve got another.”

Lord BUCHAN relates that he knew a Gentleman, who, having been long a sufferer by the gout, sought, from principle, an uniform employment of mind, that should leave him in possession of his elbow chair, while it diverted him from feeling the *tedium vite*, and soothed the irritation he experienced from his arthritic pangs. His employment was writing—not original matter, but transcripts from whatever manuscript, or other materials he had happened to obtain and relish. The extracts he made filled nine huge volumes folio, “which,” says his Lordship, “I have had in my hand, and contemplated with wonder, which ceased when I considered the *sedative* end he had in view. This Gentleman having set down every curious authentic particular he could lay his hand upon, I found considerable entertainment at times from reading the articles of his selection. Among others I found, one day, a copy of part of the professional accounts kept by a confidential clerk of DUNNING (afterwards Lord Ashburton), containing a statement of his principal earnings in the course of his practice while at the Bar. In the first year the earnings were stated to be 34l. 16s. 8d., and in the last 9744l.”

A poor but sturdy author once presented a book to JAMES the Second, in the great Chamber at Whitehall; as he passed from the Chapel, but omitted the usual ceremony of kneeling to the KING. The Duke of RICHMOND, who was in attendance, said, “Sir, where did you learn the manners not to kneel?”—The author replied, “If it please your Grace, I do give now; but when I come to beg any thing, then will I kneel.”

It is reported of COSMO DE MEDICI, that having built a large church, with a monastery, two hospitals, and other monuments of piety, and endowed them with large revenues, he was complimented on these extraordinary works, and told that he merited a high reward in Heaven.—“’Tis true (said the great Cosmo) I employed much treasure that way; yet when I look over my ledger-book of accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one penny; but I am still in arrear to him.”

The following Proclamation was lately issued in a Scotch Borough to the North of Tay:

Oh yez! Oh yez! Oh yez! There is a cow to be killed at Flesher Gillies', on Friday next, gin there sall be encouragement for the same. The Provost is to tak a hale leg; the Minister is to tak anither leg for sartin; the Domini and Gauger a leg between them. Sin there is only anither leg on hond, gin there sall be ony certainty of taking this odd leg, the cow sall be killed withouten fail, for the Flesher himsel is to take his chance of selling the head and har-rahges.

An advertisement lately appeared in a West India paper, offering a high premium for a substitute to be hanged in the room of a gentleman ordered for execution.

In the Court of Chancery, in Dublin, a few days ago, Mr. C. PLUNKET applied for the adjournment of an argument, stating, “that he had but just received his brief, and had not had time properly to prepare himself.” The Solicitor General (Mr. BUSHIE), whose political conduct is of a *versatile* character, opposed this motion, and observed, that “he supposed Mr. PLUNKET had been too much occupied by his Cabinet-making.” “No,” retorted the witty *Ex-Attorney General*, “that could not be, for I am neither a joiner nor a turner!”

The following Paragraph lately appeared in an Irish Provincial Newspaper:

“Travellers should be careful to deliver their luggage to proper persons, as a Gentleman, a few days since, on alighting from a Stage-coach, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and he has not heard of her since.”

A CABINET DINNER.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.
SIR,

Whether, from the perusal of the paragraphs, announcing the numerous *Cabinet Dinners*, without which, it would seem, no administration can long hold together, or from certain imaginary connection which had possessed my waking thoughts, between our sapient Ministers and "*the meat they feed on*," I cannot determine; but, after passing much of a restless night, disturbed with horrid visions, among which was a personification of the *Property Tax*, who appeared in the shape of an old man *gasping for breath*, and bearing on his shoulders numerous small figures, with labels about their necks, purporting that they were *Commissioners, Inspectors, Collectors, Clerks, Assessors, Gatherers, Surveyors, Informers, &c. &c.* all exhibiting the *ghastly hue* of the apparently *expiring* object which supported them, I was most agreeably relieved by an introduction into the residence of our *Premier*, at the moment his followers were about to commence their operations at the *Cabinet Dinner-Table*. Methought the *company, dishes, and liquors* were as follow. If you think the particulars may be useful to the *gourmands* of the day, you are at liberty to give them publicity.

Lord ELDON—(Doubtful, but supposed) the head of a *Crocodile*—Small beer.

Lord HARROWBY—*Sour crout* and *hasty pudding*—Water.

Lord WESTMORLAND—A *Cormorant* (variously garnish'd)—Champagne.

Lord BATHURST—*Sheep's trotters* and *Silly-bub*—Brandy.

Lord SIDMOUTH—*Boil'd veal*—A *Doctor*.

Mr. VANSITTART—*Guinea fowls* (eggs gone)—Milk and water.

Mr. BATHURST—*Calves' Head*—Port.

Lord MULGRAVE—*Goose* (without seasoning)—Ditto.

Mr. W. POLE—*Irish stew* and *Mint sauce*—Claret.

Lord MELVILLE—*Scotch Collops*—Farentosh whiskey.

Lord CASTLEREAGH—(Two dishes) *Maccaroni* and *bubble* and *squeak*—*Poppy-juice*.

Yours, &c.

THE SLEEPER AWAKE.

CHEMISTRY A CORRECTIVE OF PRIDE!—We know that Religion has, on many occasions, been a corrective of pride; but never, till we perused the following anecdote, did we imagine that the abstract science of Chemistry might be applied to that moral purpose:—"In Germany, the rage for Chemistry extends as rapidly as liberal ideas. The following anecdote proves the truth of this observation. A Nobleman of a very ancient family received lessons at Berlin from the celebrated Klaproth, whose recent death has proved so great a loss to the sciences. One day, as he was proceeding to the laboratory of the philosopher, his carriage overturned, and he and his coachman were so severely bruised, that they were under the necessity of being bled. The noble German immediately conceived the idea of profiting by this accident, to discover whether the blood of a gentleman differed in any way from that of a common person. He sent the produce of the two bleedings in separate vessels to Klaproth, and requested him to make a comparative analysis of them. The skilful Chemist, after the most scrupulous attention, found that each blood contained the same quantity of iron, lime, magnesia, phosphate of lime, albumen, muriat of potash and soda, sub-carbonate of soda, sulfate of potash, extractive, mucous matter, and water. The quantity of water was two hundredth parts greater in the blood of the Nobleman than in that of his Coachman. This might have been an advantage to the latter, had so slight a difference been worthy consideration. It may therefore be presumed that the blood of a Nobleman and that of a Plebeian are physically and chemically identical. The Nobleman, who was delighted with this result, transmitted a copy of the analysis to his son's tutor, in order that the young man might be reminded of it whenever he affected to believe that his blood was purer than that of other men."

GAMBLER'S WIT.—A notorious gamester having, at a game of loo, accumulated a large quantity of fish before him, an opponent observed, that he had got so much, he might commence *fishmonger*; a bye-stander drily remarked, "Yes, he may; but his dealings will be confined to *flat fish*."

THE WILL OF A GREAT PERSONAGE.

This is the last Will and Testament of me, *Property Taxatum*, Esquire, the making whereof I think it proper to postpone "*no longer*," being conscious that I have for some time been falling off, and that the period when I must expire is fast approaching, with certainty of which I am the more impressed in consequence of a most severe and unexpected blow which I received about seven or eight nights since, in the neighbourhood of *Palace-yard*; I can, however, contemplate the crisis with calmness, by reflecting that my existence has long been extremely burthensome.

In the first place, I desire to be buried immediately after my decease, without being stretched, having undergone that operation sufficiently during my life-time; and as I have considerable apprehensions that some of the *Resurrection Men* will endeavour, for their own emolument, to prevent my resting quietly in my grave. I particularly desire my Executors will use every precaution to render abortive all such infamous attempts. And whereas I have for several years been entitled to, or in the receipt of, a very considerable portion of all the property in Great Britain, now I do hereby give and bequeath the same unto the High Court of Parliament, In Trust, to apply or remit the amount thereof for the Benefit of his Majesty's Subjects, not doubting but that they will receive the Bequest with a satisfaction equal to the exertions which have been made by designing persons to deprive them of so just a legacy. To the several Commissioners, Collectors, and other Persons in my service at the time of my decease, I give all such Books, Papers, and Returns, as they have in their respective custodies, for their own use and benefit; but as to any Money in their hands, I direct the same to be paid and applied for the assistance of my numerous poor Relations of the Tax Family. I direct my Executors to collect the several Statutes relating to myself, together with Notes explanatory of the means pursued by the Commissioners, Assessors, Collectors, and others thereunder appointed, and present the same elegantly bound to the *Inquisition of Madrid*!

I am not vain enough to believe my life has been faultless; on the contrary, I freely admit, that many of my Acts have been most vexatious and oppressive; I, however, sincerely repent myself of them, and trust the world will never witness their Repetition.

It was my wish to have been buried in *St. Steven's Chapel*, but as the Ministers of that dissenting place of worship have done every thing in their power to prevent my dying in peace, I conceive they would in all probability object to perform the ceremonies necessary for my funeral, I therefore desire to be interred on the Scite of *Holloway Mount*, which was the general burial-place on the termination of the great Plague in 1665. As I have for a long time done the Government most essential service, I trust I shall not be accused of vanity in expressing an expectation that my Decease will be followed by a Court Mourning of more than usual sincerity, in which case I request Mr. Croker will compose a Dirge long enough for the occasion, but "*no longer*."

Death is a Tax we all must pay, without the liberty of appealing; and however severe and unexpected a blow my loss may prove to the Gentlemen of the Treasury, I sincerely hope they will meet the event with resignation, and attend me to my last home as *Chief Mourners*. To the Chaplain of the House of Commons I give five guineas, to preach my Funeral Sermon from the following text, viz:—

Prov. c. 16. v. 8.—"Better is a little with Righteousness, than a great Revenue without Right."

Lastly, I give five shillings to James Alexander, Esq. M. P. to purchase Mourning for his Constituents at *Old Sarum*; and I appoint the House of Commons Executors of this my Will, with a view to insure the fair distribution of my effects, as I very much approve their equitable manner of dividing.—In witness, &c.

Witness,

P. TAXATUM.

JOHN BULL.

By this Codicil to my will, I appoint the Opposition Guardians of his Majesty's Ministers during their respective Minorities; and having been informed by the public newspapers, that Mr. Vansittart has discarded the use of *Hardham's 37*, and adopted the *Prince's Mixture*, I bequeath to him a *Chagrin Sauff-box*, trusting he will long preserve it, and that every pinch will remind him of me.

P. T.

LAW.—"As if from a rubbish cart a continually increasing and ever shapeless mass of Law is from time to time shot down upon the heads of the people; and out of this rubbish, and at his peril, is each man left to pick out what belongs to him. Thus, in pouring forth Law, does the Government, as it is written, *rain down snares*."—BENTHAM.

"Second thoughts are best."—The following singular circumstance occurred a few Sundays ago at Seaford. The Clergyman, whilst publishing the banns, on coming to the names of a pair of neighbouring rustics, was suddenly surprised by an interruption from one of the congregation, who loudly bawled out, "I forbid the wedding." On being desired to retire to the vestry, he was asked if he was a relation of either of the parties? "No, no," replied Hodge, "I am the happy bridegroom himself; and having learned that Ciss has a tongue that, after marriage, will run faster than the clack of her master's mill, (second thoughts are best), I am resolved to be off, so your Reverence may marry her yourself, if you please."

COURIER-COURT-STREET, STRAND.

WILSON CRACKER and EASY FITZDUNGHILL,
Rat-catchers, Firework-makers, Dustmen, Scavengers, &c. &c.
to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, Viscount
Castlereagh, &c. &c. &c.

Have the pleasure of informing their numerous friends and the public in general, that they have just entered into Partnership with that able and distinguished ornament of their profession, Mr. George Canning, from Liverpool.

Ever grateful for past favours, they cannot but flatter themselves, in announcing this valuable addition to their concern, that an assiduous discharge of their duties will continue to ensure them that support with which they have been hitherto so liberally honoured.

N. B. Coats turned, all sorts of dirty work, and any kind of job done, Agency transacted, and Majorities procured.

Old Brass to be parted with at a fair valuation, being overstocked

Kitchen Stuff thankfully received in exchange for work done
Cabinets changed, altered, or repaired.

Genuine Irish Blackguard, with the Prince's mixture. Likewise a few proof impressions (very scarce) of Sir John Marjoribanks as a Master Chimney-sweeper, and Lord Compton as his boy; a fine bronze figure of Mr. Teed as Vulcan, one of Lord Binning as Narcissus, in plaster of Paris; and a colossal figure in wax of Lord Elmley, in the character of Tom Thumb. There is something very peculiar in this, from the size of the figure, contrasted with the insignificance of the character. Though the composition is of no value, the thing itself is well worth the attention of cap, hat, bonnet, or wig-makers, having been constantly used as a block.

The public are respectfully referred to the following attestations as to character:—

We the undersigned do, on our oaths, swear that George Canning did formerly serve ourselves, our family, and our Noble Relative with squibs, which we on our conscience believe are not to be equalled by any rival artist. Though we do not equally approve of his Roman Candles, it is fair to state we have here the misfortune to differ with Lord Castlereagh, at least with what he professes as his opinion of their merits.

(Signed)

BOGG BATHURST.

Witness my mark,

BROTHER M. HILEY.

Home Department, June 20, 1816.

I, G. P. having lately much employed Wilson Cracker and Easy Fitzdunghill in conveying filth from my various offices, and in divers jobs, night-work, &c. &c. do declare that they have undertaken and executed work which no other scavengers or nightmen would have been concerned in, on account of its nauseous nature, for any remuneration whatever. I must also state, that Yarmouth assures me he has never met with such pure and unadulterated Irish Blackguard as theirs.

(Signed)

G.

P. S. The greater part of the first, and the whole of the nine last editions of the Battles of Talavera, to be had on condition of removal.

PERSIAN ANECDOTE.—The forgetfulness of Princes has formed the subject of complaints in various times. The following is a beautiful comment on this topic:—A young Persian Prince having received an essential piece of service from an Englishman, said to his father, "The pecuniary recompense you may think right to give him, my father, I leave to you; but, for myself, I request that on all public occasions he may walk by my side, that, if I could be inclined to forget what he has done for me, when I look at him I may learn it is impossible."

ELECTIONEERING.—The late JOHN ELLIS, Esq. who was termed "a violent party man," was employed as agent in an election, which was not only strongly contested on the spot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of some irregularity, brought by petition before the House of Commons. To the bar of the House Mr. ELLIS was brought, on the part of the petitioning Candidate, when he underwent a cross-examination, of which the following is the substance:—

"We understand, Mr. Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?"

"Indeed, Sir, I do: as agent, I know that our party bribed all that we could get to accept our money!"—At this acknowledgment, a pause of astonishment seemed to pervade the House; a murmur succeeded, which only subsided on a Member's saying to the witness, "Your party did not carry the election?"—"No," returned Ellis, with great composure, "we did not."—"Well, but Mr. Ellis," said the first querist, "is it not extraordinary, as you say you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your Member?"—"Not in the least," said Ellis—"No! why how do you account for it?"—"Easily! the opposite party out-bribed us."—At this there was an universal burst of laughter—"I shall not ask you any more questions, Mr. Ellis," said the interrogator, with great indignation.

ORDER OF THE BATH.

We have received the copy of a very ingenious speech, which may be spoken with very good effect in the debate upon Mr. Gordon's intended Motion relative to the New Order of the Bath. Any Hon. Member, who may think it worth his attention, is very welcome, as far as we are concerned, to make use of it.

"MR. SPEAKER—It is my bounden duty to call the attention of the House to a measure, which invades not only the privileges of Country Gentlemen, and all the Esquires of England, but which must be considered as a direct attack on one of the fundamental principles of the Constitution. I mean the late extraordinary addition to the Order of the Bath. I am aware that the law considers honour, in its technical sense, as flowing from the Crown. But honour is not confined to the Crown. And there are in this happy Country honours which the Crown cannot confer. I have myself a *Seat of Honour*, which no one shall with impunity invade. It is a personal distinction, which adheres to me, and which follows me. It is above the Garter, and I feel that much of my weight in this House, and out of it, is owing to it. A Seat of Honour, which, notwithstanding the Manifestoes of a Herald in the *London Gazette*, I shall never consent to subject to the Bath.

"In the observations which I make, I do not confine myself exclusively to my own case. Each of the three parts of the United Kingdom have an almost equal concern in these affairs. The Member for Kent, the Member for Mayo, and the Member for Glasgow, have nearly the same interest with myself, though they may have reason for keeping their claims in the back ground, whilst it is my good fortune to have an opportunity of bringing mine forward, and placing them, as it were, in the very front of the battle. I will not here enter into the de-tail of the measure, but is it not hard to see our posteriors in rank thus exalted above us, and to find myself compelled to bring up the rear in every civilized society. What excuse can the Minister make for thus pushing us from our stools? But it is not the Country Gentlemen only which he has offended, the City feels, and has a right to feel, through all the branches of its Magistracy and Common Council, the degradation thus inflicted by the Minister.

Sicras jaculatus arces

Terruit urhem.

"I hope, Sir, the City Members will not fail to resent it. A worthy Alderman and Baronet whom I have in my eye, can shew as I shew, and have shewn, a breach of privilege. One thing the Minister has indeed gained by the measure—he has insured support at a small premium, but this is a species of Ministerial bottomry, against which I think it my duty effectually to set my face. It is an innovation which would have astonished our ancestors, and which would have not been borne in the worst of times, not even in those of the Rump Parliament.

"It has been said that the heads of his Majesty's Government have never been consulted upon this point, and I am sure that no Privy Counsellor will have consented to put this affront upon us. But whoever may be the author of this monstrous proceeding, I shall not cease to declare against it as long as I have a seat in this House, and whatever may be the result of the motion, I shall not fail to congratulate myself, even to my latter end, on the step which I this day take. I therefore, Sir, move you," &c. &c.—(Hear, hear! from the lower part of the House.)

CONNUBIAL CARTE AND TIERCE.—A few nights ago the good people of Horncastle were amused by the following announcement of the bellman:—

"J. J. wishes to inform the public, he will not be answerable for any debt or debts his wife MARI-ANNE J. may contract after this public notice."

As soon as possible afterwards, the bellman was again sent round with the following:—"M. J. begs to inform the public, she never has, nor ever intends to contract any debts on her husband's credit, well knowing it stands on too slender a foundation."

THE PANTOMIMIC CHARACTER.

Of the *Mimi* and the *Pantomimi* of the Romans the following notices enter into our present researches:—the *Mimi* were an impudent race of buffoons, who excelled in mimicry, and, like our domestic fools, admitted into convivial parties to entertain the guests; from them we derive the term, *mimetic art*. Their powers enabled them to perform a more extraordinary office, for they appear to have been introduced into funerals, to mimic the person, and even the language of the deceased. Suetonius describes an *Archimimus*, accompanying the funeral of Vespasian. This Archmime performed his part admirably, not only representing the person, but imitating, according to custom, *ut est mos*, the manners and language of the living Emperor. He contrived a happy stroke at the prevailing foible of Vespasian, when he enquired the cost of all this funeral pomp? “Ten millions of Sesterces!” On this he observed, that, if they would give him but a hundred thousand, they might throw his body into the Tiber.

The *Pantomimi* were quite of a different class. They were tragic actors, usually mute; they combined with the arts of gesture, music and dances of the most impressive character.—Their silent language has often drawn tears by the pathetic emotions they excited: “Their very nod speaks, their hands talk, and their fingers have a voice,” says one of their admirers. Seneca, the father, grave as was his profession, confessed his taste for Pantomimes had become a passion; and by the decree of the Senate that “the Roman Knights should not attend the Pantomimic players in the streets,” it is evident that the performers were greatly honoured. Lucian has composed a curious treatise on Pantomimes.

These Pantomimes seem to have been held in great honour; many were children of the Graces and the Virtues! The tragic and the common masks were among the ornaments of the sepulchral monuments of an Archmime and a Pantomime. Montfaucon conjectures that they formed a select fraternity.

The particoloured hero, with every part of his dress, has been drawn out of the greatest wardrobe of antiquity; he was a Roman Mime, Harlequin is described with his shaven head, *rasis capitibus*; his sooty face, *fuligine faciem obducti*; his flat unshod feet, *planipedes*, and his patched coat of many colours, *Mimi centunculo*. Even *Pullicinella*, whom we familiarly call Punch, may receive, like other personages of not greater importance, all his dignity from antiquity; one of his Roman ancestors having appeared to an antiquary’s visionary eye in a bronze statue: more than one erudite dissertation authenticates the family likeness; the nose long, prominent, and hooked; the staring goggle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast; in a word, all the character which so strongly marks the Punch race, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose.

The genealogy of the whole family is confirmed by the general term, which includes them all; for our Zany, in Italian *Zanni*, comes direct from *Sannio*, a buffoon; and a passage in Cicero, *de Oratore*, paints Harlequin and his brother gesticulators after the life; the perpetual trembling motion of their limbs, their ludicrous and flexible gestures, and all the mimicry of their faces. “*Quid enim potest tam ridiculum quam Sannio esse? Qui ore, vultu, imitandis motibus voce, denique corpore ridetur ipso.*” Lib. II. Sect. 51. For what has more of the ludicrous than Sannio? who, with his mouth, his face, imitating every motion, with his voice, and, indeed, with all his body, provokes laughter.

The Harlequin in the Italian theatre has passed through all the vicissitudes of fortune. At first he was a true representative of the ancient Mime, but, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, he degenerated into a booby and a gourmand; the perpetual butt for a sharp-witted fellow, his companion, called Brighella; the knife and the whetstone. Harlequin, under the reforming hand of Goldoni, became a child of nature, the delight of his country; and he has commemorated the historical character of the great Harlequin Sacchi.

LOUIS XII.

The King being told that a gentleman of his household had treated some farmers very ill, ordered his daily allowance of bread to be lessened. When the gentleman complained, the king asked him, if his short allowance was enough to support him. “No, sire,” said he; “for bread, you know, is the staff of life.” “If it be so,” said the king, “why are you so absurd as to treat those persons ill, who put that staff into your hands?”

THE DRAMA.

The following curious Letter on the subject of Theatrical Amusements, denouncing them altogether as a common nuisance, we do not recollect to have seen in print. It is anonymous; but will, notwithstanding, be thought far from uninteresting, inasmuch as it may serve not only to shew how terribly that gloomy fanaticism which is now, unhappily, so prevalent can contract a naturally good understanding; but in some degree as a corroboration of several authorities, referred to by writers on the English stage, relating to the custom, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of exhibiting stage-performances on Sundays, and to the condition of the players, whose profession seems, even in those days, to have been lucrative. Stephen Gosson, who wrote seven years before the date of this letter to Walsingham, says of them, “over-lashing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very hirelings of some of our players, which stand at revision of 6s. by the week, *jet*, under Gentlemen’s noses, in *suites of silke*,” &c.

COPY OF A LETTER TO SECRETARY WALSHINGHAM, DATED 1586.

“The daily abuse of stage-plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great an hindrance to the Gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof, and not without cause. For, *every day in the week*, the players’ bills are set up in sundry places of the city, some in the name of her Majesty’s men, some the Earl of Leicester, some the Earl of Oxford, the Lord Admiral, and several others. So that when the Bells call to the Lecturers the trumpets sound to the stagers. The play-houses are pestered, when the churches are naked. At the one it is not possible to get a place; at the other void seats are plenty. It is a woful sight to see two-hundred proud players *jet in their silks*, when five hundred poor people starve in the streets. But if this mischief must be tolerated, let every stage in London pay, weekly, a pension to the poor that *ex hoc malo preveniat aliquod bonum*. But it is now rather to be wished that players might be used as Apollo did his laughing *semel in anno*.”

THE ARTIST AND THE PORTER.—The following story is related in a late Paris Paper:—A painter who wished to represent the tragical end of Milo of Cretona, met in the street a porter of a most athletic form. He admired his colossal figure and vigorous muscles, and offered him a pound sterling on condition that he would stand to him as a model. It was only necessary to tie his hands, and confine them within an iron ring, in order to represent, as well as possible, the trunk of the tree in which Milo’s hands were imprisoned when he was devoured by wild beasts. The porter readily consented to the painter’s proposal: he stript himself and suffered his hands to be bound. Now, said the artist, imagine that a lion is darting upon you; and make every effort which you would do in such a case to escape his fury. The model threw himself into the most violent agitation; but he made too many grimaces; there was nothing natural in his frightful contortions. The painter gave him further directions; but still he failed of producing the desired effect. At length he thought of the following singular method:—He let loose a vigorous mastiff, which was kept in the yard of the house, and desired him to seize the unfortunate captive. This powerfully excited both gesticulation and utterance. The efforts of the porter thus became natural; and the fury of the animal increased in proportion as his struggles were violent. The painter, in a fit of transport, seized his pencils. The patient, however, who had been bitten and torn by the dog, uttered violent cries. Excellent! Bravo! exclaimed the artist. Continue: Oh! that’s admirable! Finally, the sitting, or rather the torture, being at an end, the artist offered the promised salary; but the model replied, that he had agreed to accept of a pound sterling for being painted and not for being bitten; he demanded a large indemnity. The affair has been brought before the Tribunals.

JEWS.—In a Tract lately published at Paris by M. Bail, the following is given as a fair calculation of the number of Jews in the different quarters of the globe:

In all parts of Poland, before the partition of 1772	1,000,000
In Russia, including Moldavia and Wallachia,	200,000
In all the states in which the German language is spoken	500,000
In Holland and the Netherlands	80,000
In Sweden and Denmark	5,000
In France	50,000
In England [of which London contains 12,000]	50,000
In the states in which Italian is spoken	200,000
In Spain and Portugal	10,000
In the United States	3,000
In the Mohammedan States of Asia, Europe and Africa	4,000,000
In Persia and the rest of Asia, including China and India	500,000
Total	6,598,000

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO MADAME HELVETIUS.

"Grieved at the resolution you yesterday evening so positively pronounced, of remaining single in honour of your beloved husband, I returned home—I threw myself on my bed, fancied I was dead, and in the Elysian fields. I was asked there if there were any individuals whom I should like to see. Shew me the philosophers. There are two who live very near this garden, they are very good neighbours and friends to each other. Who are they? Socrates and Helvetius. I have a great regard for them both, but lead me in the first place to Helvetius, because I understand a little French, and not a word of Greek. He received me with much kindness, observing that he had known me by report for a long time. He asked me a thousand questions on the war, and present state of religion, liberty, and government in France. You ask me nothing then of your dear friend, Madame Helvetius, although she loves you so excessively: it is not an hour since I saw her. 'Oh!' said he, 'you make me remember my old happiness; but it is necessary to forget her to be happy here. For several years I thought only of her; I have at last been consoled—I have taken another wife, as much like her as I could find: she is not, it is true, so beautiful, but she has as much good sense and understanding—her continual study is to give me pleasure. She is this moment gone to seek some of the finest nectar and ambrosia, to regale me with this evening.'—'I perceive,' said I, 'that your old friend is more faithful than you, for she has had several good offers, all of which she has refused. To tell you the truth, I have loved her myself, excessively; but she was indifferent to me in honour of you.'—'I pity you,' said he, 'for your misfortune, for she is a good woman, and very amiable.'—'But there is the Abbe de la Roche and the Abbe M——; do they never visit her?'—'Oh! yes, certainly, for she has not neglected one of your friends. If you have gained the Abbe M. with creamed coffee, to speak in your favour, perhaps you would have succeeded, for he reasons as artfully as St. Thomas, and he arguments so well, that they become almost irresistible; or if the Abbe de la Roche had been gained by some charming edition of an old classic, to speak against you, that would have still been better—for I have always observed, that when he advises any thing, she has a very strong inclination to act the reverse.'—At these words, the new Madame Helvetius entered, and immediately I recognised her to be my old American friend, Madame Franklin. I claimed her again, but she said to me coldly—'I was your good wife forty-nine years and four months, almost half a century, be contented with that; I have formed here a new connection, which will last into eternity.'—Displeased with this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately formed the resolution of quitting those ungrateful shades, and returning to this good world to see the sun and you. Here I am—let us revenge ourselves."

A SKILFUL DOCTOR.—A humorous story on this subject is related by a French writer:—A lover, whose mistress was dangerously ill, sought every where for a skilful physician, in whom he could place confidence, and to whose care he might confide a life so dear to him. In the course of his search, he met with a man possessed of a talisman, by the aid of which, spirits might be rendered visible. The young man exchanged for his talisman, half his possessions; and, having secured his treasure, ran with it to the house of a famous physician. Flocking round the door, he beheld a crowd of shades, the ghosts of those persons the physician had killed. The same vision presented itself, more or less, at the houses of every physician of eminence in the city. One at length was pointed out to him, in a distant quarter of the town, at whose door, he only perceived two little ghosts. "Behold," exclaimed he, with a joyful cry, "the good physician, of whom I have so long been in search!" The doctor, astonished, asked how he had been able to discover this? "Pardon me," said the afflicted lover, complacently, "your ability and your reputation are well known to me." "My reputation! why I have been in the city but eight days, and in that time I have had but two patients."

Curious Duel.—A dispute lately took place in Paris between a Military Man and an Apothecary. The Soldier insisted upon satisfaction from his adversary, and appointed a meeting next morning in the Bois de Boulogne. The next morning the Apothecary waited upon his antagonist before the hour appointed, and said to him, with great coolness, "You are a military, I am a medical, man—You understand the use of the sword and pistol—I am only acquainted with drugs." You are the challenger, therefore I have a right to chuse my weapon. Here are two Pills—one is poisoned, the other is hot. Do you chuse one and swallow it, and I will swallow the other." The Officer laughed very heartily at this proposition, and they sat down to breakfast together very good friends.

The following description from "Waverley," affords an accurate representation of the Highland habits so late as the middle of the last century, or "sixty years since."

The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Iannan Chaisel's original erection and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company was numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the Chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, &c., which were at the upper end of the Table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called "a hog in harst," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cooks, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast regaled the sons of Ivor, who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the Chief's immediate neighbours; whisky, plain or diluted, and strong beer, refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and consequently the tacksmen and their dependents always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor, which was assigned to them from economy. The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous war-tune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises, that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologised for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. "These stout idle-kinsmen of mine," he said, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practice the broadsword, or wander about the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? every thing will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or Highlander." Edward made the expected answer, in a compliment upon his possessing so many bold and attached followers.

Songs from a Bard intervened, and after more than due libations to the health of their Chief, the entertainment concluded.

ETYMOLOGICAL ANECDOTE.—A dispute once arose in the way of railery between the Earl of Temple and the first Lord Lyttleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton contended that the name of Grenville was originally Greenfield; Lord Temple insisted that it was derived from Grande Ville. "Well, then," said Lord Lyttleton, "if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity; for *Little towns* were certainly antecedent to *Great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point, for *Green fields* were certainly more ancient than either."

FOX-HUNTING.—A Gentleman, who was endeavouring to follow the pack upon a very lean old horse, was pitied by a friend, lest he should not be able to see the hounds. "Oh," said he, "so much the better; for if they were to see my horse, there is no knowing what might happen."

THE CAVERN OF HOONGA.

From *Mariner's "Account of the Tonga Islands."*

AT Hoonga, one of the Tonga Islands, there is a peculiar cavern, the entrance to which is at least a fathom beneath the surface of the sea at low water; and was first discovered by a young chief, whilst diving after a turtle. The nature of this cavern will be better understood if we imagine a hollow rock rising sixty feet or more above the surface of the water; into the cavity of which there is no known entrance but one, and is on the side of the rock, as low down as six feet under the water, into which it flows; and consequently the base of the cavern may be said to be the sea itself.

An interesting account is related of the use which the chief made of his accidental discovery. The circumstances are as follow.

In former times there lived a *toi* (governor of Vavaoo) who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people; at length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being however treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with his plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain.

One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank, and she too would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would trust to his honor, and with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his: the shades of evening favored their escape; whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her assylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape; her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after: they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and fatigues, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion: but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him: he brought her mats to lie on, the finest gnatoo for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal wood, oil, cocoa nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had regarded him with a favorable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the latest misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power no longer reached them: shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities; secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition: themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this assylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched.

The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every

enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to: not was it a great while before, an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and *matakootes*, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants, but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention; and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for their voyage. As they were on the point of their departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no! but he should probably find one by the way: this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to such a point, and having approached close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife; and without staying to be asked any questions he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure.—Every body on board was greatly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane: and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the greatest concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swam round and was coming up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise them; their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, when they saw him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person, whom they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern, and the whole circumstance of her escape. All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji islands, and resided there for two years, when hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last mentioned island, and lived in peace and happiness.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—On Whit Sunday, at St. Briavals, in Gloucestershire, several baskets full of bread and cheese, cut into small squares of about an inch each, are brought into the church; and, immediately after divine service is ended, the Churchwardens, or some other persons, take them into the galleries, whence their contents are thrown among the congregation, who have a grand scramble for them in the body of the church. This occasions as great a tumult and uproar, as the amusements of a village; the inhabitants being always extremely anxious to attend worship on this day. This custom is held for the purpose of preserving, to the poor of St. Briavals and Hervelsfield, the right of cutting and carrying away wood from 3000 acres of coppice land, in Hudknolls and the Meend; and for which every housekeeper is assessed 2d. to buy the bread and cheese that are given away.

ANECDOTES OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.—This extraordinary personage was often distinguished for his ready talent in paying compliments, though sometimes they were seasoned with a little *spice* of sarcasm. In the year 1782, being then Grand Duke, he visited Paris, when he was received with the highest favour by the Court of France. The Count d'ARTOIS wished to present his Imperial Highness with a sword, and shewing him some of English manufacture, pressed him to accept one, which the Duke at first politely declined, but M. d'ARTOIS having earnestly repeated his request, presenting at the same time the most superb—"I will do more," said PAUL, "if you will permit me," selecting one of the plainest; "I will accept of that sword, with which you would have conquered Gibraltar!"—The GRAND DUKE, on visiting the KING, among other public topics, his MAJESTY mentioned the disturbances which then existed at Geneva—"Sire," said PAUL, "These are to you, but a tempest in a glass of water." This is probably the origin of the well known, though more coarse remark of the late Lord THURLOW, on hearing the report of an insurrection in the Isle of Man—"an insurrection in the Isle of Man, Pshaw! a storm in a glass."

A new Periodical Work has just made its appearance, entitled "*The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*," which promises fully to sustain the high literary reputation, which our Northern neighbours have acquired. Among numerous articles of considerable interest, there is one entitled "*Scottish Gypsies*," collected from various sources, and replete with anecdotes and documents of an extraordinary nature relative to those wandering tribes. The following extract, comprehending the history of one of the Sybils, will doubtless remind the reader of *Meg Merrilies*, and it is more than probable, that the unknown author of *Guy Mannering*, found the original of his "*Gypsy Vagrant*," in the character of

JEAN GORDON.

MY father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a *Meg Merrilies*, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was so much mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years. At length, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to get some money to pay his rent. Returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted, and lost his way. A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house, to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment; and to meet such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a terrible surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin to him) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—"Eh, sirs! the winsome gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night, and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gypsey's offer of supper and a bed. There was a plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful supper, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed, was calculated for 10 or twelve guests, of the same description no doubt with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought up the story of the stolen sow, and noticed how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grows worse daily, and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gypsey regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, that he would make her his purse-keeper, as the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket,

observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shakedown*, as the Scotch call it, upon some straw, but as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.—"E'en the winsome gudeman of Lochside, poor body," replied Jean, "he's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-lickit he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart." That may be, Jean," replied one of the banditti, "but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no." Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change of their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no, but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. So soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *huttan*, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest intreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the Jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly and gave his vote for condemnation, in the emphatic words, "*Hang them a.*" Jean was present, and only said, "The Lord help the innocent

in a day like this!" Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. Jean had among other demerits or merits, as you may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market day, soon after year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city.—Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness in which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, they inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at intervals, "*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*" When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried for poor Jean Gordon.

BELGIAN PHYSICIANS AND OFFICERS.—At Leyden, the fee of a Physician who comes in his carriage to visit a patient, is one guilder, or 21 $\frac{1}{2}$; a surgeon in a whiskey receives only half that sum. At Brussels, the doctor gets only 20d.; and at Maestricht, a town of about 18,000 inhabitants, the fee is no more than sixpence.—Our London practitioners would look blue were the Dutch practice imported among our improvements!

FREE AND EASY.—One of the late Mr. Sheridan's franks being charged at the General Post Office, the M. P. for Stafford called upon his friend the worthy Secretary, to learn how the mistake could have arisen, and was informed that the hand-writing was conceived by the inspecting clerk to be a forgery—to which Mr. S. replied, "No, the address is certainly mine, though I must confess it appears probable that I had taken my third bottle before I wrote it." "Why then my dear Sir," rejoined Mr. Freezing, "you will in future have the goodness to write *drunk*, when you make *Free*." "That I will, with the greatest pleasure, my dear fellow," said Mr. S. on condition that you will not think I use the first syllable of your name too often; and give me credit for the friendly regard I entertain for the two when united."

REAL SOURCE OF CAPT. COOK'S DEATH.—Professor Pictet, of Geneva, has, on the authority of a Negro cook, whom he met on board a vessel at Genoa, and who had resided two years at Owhyhee, where Capt. Cook was killed, published an account of that event, said to be traditional among the inhabitants; according to which, the Captain had met his cruel fate in consequence of ordering a *tabooed*, or consecrated hut, to be pulled down for fire-wood. This account is totally false. No man was ever more careful than our celebrated circumnavigator to avoid the slightest insult to the religious prejudices of the different countries he visited; and he was equally distinguished for his scrupulous regard to their public and private property. We are truly surprised that such a story should be circulated in several of the British Journals, without contradiction or comment. Every one who recollects the history of Capt. Cook, must know that the circumstance which led to the quarrel that occasioned the loss of his valuable life, was the theft of the Resolution's cutter by the natives of Owhyhee, after a long series of petty depredations, which caused repeated wranglings between them and the British crew.

NEWSPAPERS.—After enquiring (says Mr. Chalmers, in his "*Life of Reddiman*") in various countries for the origin of Newspapers, I had the satisfaction to find what I sought for in England. It may gratify our national pride to be told, that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first Newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine Newspaper. In the British Museum there are several Newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during the moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports; by publishing real information; and the earliest Newspaper is entitled the *English Mercurie*, which, by authority was imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her Highness's printer, 1588.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—The longest law-suit which ever took place in England, or, indeed, in any part of the world, arose in a litigated question respecting certain possessions near Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester, between the heirs of Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley, on the other. The suit was instituted towards the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was still pending in the reign of James I. at which time a compromise took place between the parties:—thus embracing a period of 120 years!!

THE THUMBIKENS,

AN ANECDOTE.

During the persecutions of the Presbyterians in Scotland, previous to the Revolution, an instrument of torture was used called the *thumbikens*; it was applied to the thumbs in such a way as to enable the executioner to squeeze them violently; and this was often done with so much force as to bruise the thumb-bones, and swell the arms of the sufferer up to his shoulders. It was during this atrocious persecution, when every right and feeling of humanity were trampled under foot, with a degree of wantonness and barbarity unparalleled in the annals of any other country, that the use of the torture reached its height. Mr. Carstares, afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh, was deeply concerned in those unfortunate transactions, which brought Argyll to the scaffold in Scotland, and Russell and Sydney in England. He was seized in England, and being sent to Scotland, was, on 5th September, 1684, tortured with the *thumbikens* before the Secret Committee of the Privy Council, in order to force him to reveal the names and designs of his associates. The *thumbikens* used in torturing Principal Carstares was an iron instrument fastened to a table with a screw, the upper part of the instrument being squeezed down upon the thumbs by means of another screw, which the executioner pressed at the command of his employers. An hour and a half of this cruel operation, during which the sweat streamed from his face, and some cries of agony were extorted, did not, however, render him subservient to the wishes of his inhuman tormentors; among whom the Earl of Perth, true to the general infamy and atrocity of his character, stood conspicuous; urging the executioner to press the screws, while the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Queensbury left the room, unable any longer to witness the revolting spectacle. After the Revolution, the Privy Council of Scotland presented Mr. Carstares with the identical *thumbikens* with which he had been tortured in 1684. There is an anecdote handed down among the descendants of Mr. Carstares, in regard to this instrument, which we find narrated in the fifth volume of *The Statistical Account of Scotland*. "I have heard, Principal," said King William to him, when he waited on his Majesty after the Revolution, "that you were tortured with something they call *thumbikens*: pray what sort of instrument of torture is it?"—"I will shew it you," replied Carstares, "the next time I have the honour to wait on your Majesty." The Principal was as good as his word.—"I must try them," said the King—"I must put my thumbs in here—now, Principal, turn the screw. O! not so gently—another turn—another—Stop! stop! no more!—another turn, I'm afraid, would make me confess any thing."

GIPSIES.—The following anecdote of a noted gipsy leader, is communicated by an individual who had frequently heard it related by the reverend person chiefly concerned:—

"The late Mr. Leck, Minister of Yetholm, happened to be riding home one evening from a visit over in Northumberland, when, finding himself like to be benighted, for the sake of a near cut, he struck into a wild solitary track, or drove-road, across the fells, by a place called *The Staw*. In one of the dense places through which this path led him, there stood an old deserted shepherd's house, which of course, was reputed to be haunted. The Minister, though little apt to be alarmed by such reports, was, however, somewhat startled, on observing, as he approached close to the cottage, a 'grim visage' staring out past a window-lath, or sort of curtain, which had been fastened up to supply the place of a door, and also several 'dusky figures' skulking among the bourn-tree bushes that had once sheltered the shepherd's garden. Without leaving him any time for speculation, however, the knight of the curtain bolted forth upon him, and seizing his horse by the bridle, demanded his money. Mr. Leck, though it was now dusk, at once recognized the gruff voice and the great black burly head of his next-door neighbour, *Gleidneckit Will*, the gipsy chief—"Dear me, William," said the Minister in his usual quiet manner, "can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me? Ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a good neighbour for the bit trifle I hae to gie, William?"—"Lord saif us, Mr. Leck!" said Will, quitting the rein, and lifting his hat with great respect. "Whae wad hae thought o' meeting you out owre here away? Ye needna gripe for ony siller to me. I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, nor a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tividale. I ken ye'll no do us an ill turn for this mistak, and I'll e'en see ye safe through the eirie Staw; it's no reckoned a very canny bit mair ways nor ane; but I wat weel ye'll no be feared for the dead, and I'll tak care o' the living." Will accordingly gave his Reverend Friend a safe convey through the haunted pass, and, notwithstanding this ugly mistake, continued ever after an inoffensive and obliging neighbour to the Minister, who, on his part, observed a prudent and inviolable secrecy on the subject of this rencontre during the lifetime of *Gleidneckit Will*."

A REASONABLE WOMAN.

The following curious Letter is taken from the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, No. 7003, fol. 105.

LADY COMPTON TO HER HUSBAND.

My Sweet Life,

Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself, what allowance were meetest for me: for considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the Laws of God, of nature, and civil policy, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you my dear are bound to; I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid for the performance of charitable works: and those I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; or have some other let. Also, because it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God had blessed their Lord and Lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold; the other with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, and another for my women. Also at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses, for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's; nor their's with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also for laundresses, when I travel I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaid I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.* and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chamber in all houses I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to the Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tiltyard. If you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friends so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the charter house, but that is the least; he wished me much harm, you know how. God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is. So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray, when you be an Earl, to allow me 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance.

Your loving Wife,

ELIZA COMPTON.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.—Prince D—— collected, within the last few days, at his hotel, a numerous and brilliant society. The evening was a charming one; play occupied but a small part of the guests; the rest danced, or sang, assisted by some instrumental musicians. A splendid supper was served; the table was covered with a *surtout* of extraordinary richness, and of the most elegant design. The Duchess de —— was in an extasy, as she admired this magnificent object, and did not soon cease to praise it. The Prince, a man of genius, superior to certain considerations, approached her and said, "*Madame la Duchesse, the surtout is at your service, if you wish it.*"—"Mine?" said the Duchess, flattered and surprised.—"Certainly," said the Prince, "*I hired it!*"

GENERAL WOLFE.—A premium being offered for the best written epitaph on this officer, a number of poets of all descriptions started as candidates. Amongst the rest, there was a poem sent to the Editor of the "*Public Ledger*," in which the following curious stanza occurred:—

"He marched without dread or fears,
"At the head of his bold grenadiers;
"And what was more miraculous,—nay, very particular,
"He climb'd up rocks that were perpendicular."

ANECDOTES OF MR. SHERIDAN.

(From the Second Volume of Dr. WATKINS'S Work.)

At the latter end of the year 1799, it became a very general subject of argument whether the 18th century expired with the commencement of the year 1800 or with its close. Mr. Sheridan held the opinion that the century was terminated when the year 1800 began: his friend Mr. Richardson held that it did not expire till the night of the 31st of December, when the clock had stricken twelve, and when the 1st of January, 1801, would begin. After canvassing the matter for some time, it ended in a wager, which was referred to their mutual friend Mr. Fox, who, in his usual playful way, gave his decision in favour of Mr. Richardson, though he was himself doubtful on this chronological question, till, on being constituted a judge between his friends, he was under the necessity of investigating the point more narrowly.

The question submitted for his determination was couched in these laconic terms:—

"A. B. affirms that the eighteenth century does not expire till twelve o'clock at night on the thirty-first of December in the year 1800.

"Mr. Richardson contends for the above opinion, which he backs with a bet of five guineas.

"Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Westley bet Mr. Richardson that he is wrong.

"R. B. SHERIDAN.

"T. WESTLEY.

"J. RICHARDSON.

"It is agreed that Mr. Fox is to decide this bet."

"I think Mr. Richardson right.

"C. J. FOX."

This decision was conveyed in the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter with its enclosure on my return to this place on Saturday, and have deferred answering it till to-day; only that I might not appear to give a hasty opinion. Indeed, I had so strong a prepossession that you were in the wrong, from the arrogant manner in which you state the case, that I wanted some time to enable me to believe it possible that you could be in the right; but after searching for all possible grounds, or even pretences for deciding against you, I own I can find none.

"Your's ever,

"C. J. FOX."

"St. Ann's-hill, Monday."

As Mr. Sheridan was coming up to town in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Paull was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster electors. In the course of conversation, one of them asked the other to whom he meant to give his vote? When his friend replied, "To Paull, certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan!"

"Do you know Mr. Sheridan?" asked the stranger.

"Not I, Sir," answered the Gentleman; "nor should I wish to know him."

The conversation drooped here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other Gentleman, and said—

"Pray who is that very agreeable friend of your's? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I should be glad to know his name?"

"His name is Mr. T——; he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's-inn-fields."

Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law.

"It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the State; and it gives vast scope to the display of talent: many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T——, who lives in Lincoln's-inn-fields."

"I am Mr. T——," said the Gentleman.

"And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply.

The jest was instantly seen, they shook hands, and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

PARTY SPIRIT.—A lady who enthusiastically adored *Wilkes and Liberty*, was disputing with a gentleman upon the various accomplishments of her idol, "You will allow he has wit," said she. "Certainly."—"And he is a fine scholar?"—"Undoubtedly."—"And he is intrepid?"—"Yes."—"A patriot, too!"—"Some think him so."—"And surely he is very handsome?"—"Handsome! why my dear Madam, he squints most abominably."—"Squints! I allow it: but not a bit more than a man of genius ought to squint!"

Conjugal Love.—A person praising the affection of the widows of Malabar, who burn themselves on a funeral pile in honour of their husbands memory: FORT, who was present, observed, "that the women of England claimed a higher honour; for they burned before marriage for their first husband, and afterwards for a second."

ECONOMY IN PRAYERS.

It is well known that a Romish Priest must say his breviary five times a day. Among the several stories which are told of Jesuitical casuistry, it is said that the Sons of St. Ignatius invented a convenient method of complying with the injunctions of the Church. At the canonical hour the Jesuit repeats the alphabet from A to Z, to which he adds a short collect, begging that the Christ-cross-row may be taken as an equivalent for all the prayers which can be made out of the combination and repetition of the letters. The Calmucks have displayed still greater ingenuity. We, Europeans, pride ourselves upon the superiority we have attained by substituting machinery for human labour. We think we have accomplished miracles by employing the "strong arm" of "unconquered steam," in twirling the spindle, or setting the woolcard in motion. The followers of the Grand Lama have done more—they have invented *praying Jennies*, which do the business in perfection. It is a doctrine amongst them—and it is so convenient to saints and sinners, that no Calmuck, whether Freethinker or Devotee, has ever ventured to call it in question—that as often as the paper or other substance upon which a prayer is written, is set in motion, this movement of the written prayer is as meritorious as its oral repetition. The *Kurada*, or *praying machine*, is therefore constructed upon this principle—it consists of two cylinders, or drums, filled within-side with rolls of paper covered with prayers and ejaculations, written in the Tangotian or sacred language. The drums are hung in a neat frame, and are kept on the whirl with great facility, by the simple contrivance of a string and crank; and every turn of the cylinder is perfectly equivalent to the repetition of all the prayers contained in it. The turning of the *Kurada* is an agreeable pastime in the long evenings of winter; but Tartar ingenuity has discovered a method of dispensing even with the slight degree of exertion which this compendious substitute requires. We make "swift trochais" roast our meat—they employ the smoke-jack to say their prayers for them; and the *Kurada*, which spins over the fire in the midst of the hut, transfers all its devotional merit to the owner. The Mongols are yet more wisely economical of individual responsibility and labour. Amongst them the inhabitants of a district construct a *Kurada* at their joint expense, which is placed in a mill-house by the side of a running stream; and this subscription *Kurada* is made so large, that it holds prayers enough to serve for all the parish; and consequently, except in seasons of uncommon drought, when the water is too low to turn the mill, which grinds prayers for the parishioners, they are completely exonerated from the obligation of wasting their time in the *Churule*, or temple. The *Kimorin* is another dumb substitute for devotion of the same nature. It is a flag, upon which the air-horse, or *Kimorin*, is painted; together with an appropriate selection from the Calmuck ritual. As long as the *Kimorin* flutters in the wind, the inhabitants of the tent upon which it is hoisted, are making their way to heaven by the help of the air-horse.—(*Edinburgh Review*.)

A DOUBTFUL CASE.—On a trial at the Assizes for the County of Derby, an attempt was made to establish the lunacy of a Lady, and to deduce the proofs of it from certain irregularities in her conduct. On that occasion the following conversation took place in Court:—

Witness (an Apothecary)—"I saw her sweep a large quantity of gallipots, phials, potions, pills, and powders, into the street."

Judge—"I doubt if throwing physic into the street, or as Shakespeare has it, 'throw physic to the dogs,' be any proof of madness."

Barister—"True, my Lord; but people in their senses seldom throw away gallipots and phials, whatever they do with the physic!"

A slight Mistake, the effect of genuine Ignorance.—A servant girl in this town, being accosted a few days since by a butcher's porter, who she imagined did not emit the most fragrant effluvia; saluted him with "Begone, Sir! you stink like a Privy Counsellor!"

A Check to the Vanity of Young Authors.

(FROM THE SEXAGENARIAN.)

A POOR Vicar in a very remote province, had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so exceedingly acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, which, after due and solemn deliberation, he promised to do. This was the most remarkable incident of his life, and filled his mind with a thousand fancies. The conclusion, however, of all his consultations with himself was, that he should obtain both fame and money, and that a journey to the metropolis, to direct and superintend the great concern was indispensable. After taking a formal leave of his friends and neighbours, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in town, by great good fortune he was recommended to the worthy and excellent Mr. Bowyer, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies he would choose to have struck off. "Why, Sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there are in the kingdom so many thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies."

The printer bowed, the matter was settled, and the Reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination, that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Bowyer, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. B.'s convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation and anguish excited by the receipt of the following account, or something very much resembling it.

The Rev. ——— Cr.
By the sale of 17 copies of Sermon £1 5 6

Dr.
By printing and paper, 35,000 copies of said Sermon £85 5 6

By balance due to Mr. Bowyer £781 0 0

They who know the character of this most amiable and excellent printer will not be at all surprised to hear, that in a day or two, a letter to the following purport was forwarded to the Clergyman:—

"Reverend Sir,—

"I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do, the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but 50 copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome, in return for the liberty I have taken with you, &c. &c."

Very similar to the conduct of this clergyman, was that of a young lady, who sent for the printer, and giving him the manuscript, desired him to strike off a thousand copies. The manuscript contained enough for a tolerably thick volume of royal octavo. The printer himself represents the succeeding dialogue to have taken place:

"Have you made any estimate of the expense?"

"No; but I *must* have a thousand copies."

"How many subscribers have you?"

"About two hundred; but I know, indeed I have no doubt of an extensive sale. I *must* have a thousand copies."

"Perhaps, Madam, you may not be aware that of your two hundred subscribers, all will not send for their copies, and of those who do, some will not send the money; that the expense is immediate, as no long credit can be given; so that after the first advertisements, the poems of an unknown author are generally considered as waste paper."

"It does not signify, Sir, I *must* and *will* have a thousand copies."

The result may be easily anticipated; a thousand copies were actually printed, but after a lapse of several years no less than seven hundred and fifty still groaned upon the shelves of the printer's warehouse.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.—On the quay at Nimeguen, in the United Provinces, two ravens are kept at the public expense; they live in a roomy apartment, with a large wooden cage before it, which serves them for a balcony. These birds are feasted every day, with the choicest fowls, with as much exactness as if they were for a gentleman's table. The privileges of the city were granted originally upon the observance of this strange custom, which is continued to this day. Many other charters are held upon terms as extraordinary.—That of the city of Chester is held by the brutal entertainment of a bull-bait; and the descendants of Wm. Penn were obliged to send a bear-skin every year to the British Monarch, before America became an independent State, as an acknowledgment that the province of Pennsylvania was granted to their family by the Crown of England. It was in ancient times the custom to present to male malefactors, on their way to execution, a great bowl of ale, as their last refreshment. This custom last prevailed at York, which gave rise to the saying, that the sadler of Bawtry was hanged for *leaving his ale*. Had he stopt, as usual, which he declined, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived time enough to have saved him.

CHINESE THEATRICALS.

THERE is no such thing as a public theatre in all China. A Chinese company of players will at any time construct a theatre in the course of a couple of hours; a few bamboo poles support a roof of mats, and a floor of boards, raised some six or seven feet from the ground; and a few pieces of painted cotton to cover the three sides, the front being left entirely open, are all that is required for the construction of a Chinese theatre; which very much resembles, when finished, one of those booths erected for similar purposes in Bartholomew Fair, but is far less substantial. Indeed, a common apartment is all that is necessary for the performance of a Chinese play. They have no scenical deception to assist the story, as in the modern theatres of Europe; and the odd expedients to which they are sometimes driven by the want of scenery are not many degrees above Nick Bottom's "bush of thorns and a lanthorn, to disfigure or to present the person of moonshine;" or the man with "some plaister, or some lome, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall;" thus a general is ordered upon an expedition to a distant province; he mounts a stick, or brandishes a whip, or takes in his hand the reins of a bridle, and striding three or four times round the stage in the midst of a tremendous crash of gongs, drums, and trumpets, he stops short, and tells the audience where he is got to; if the wall of a city is to be stormed, three or four soldiers lie down on each other to "present wall."

It would seem, however, that meanness and vulgarity are not the most objectionable charges to which the exhibitions of the Chinese stage are obnoxious; some of them being grossly indecent and obscene. An instance is mentioned by Mr. Barrow, of a woman being condemned to be flayed alive, for the murder of her husband, she appears on the stage not only naked, but completely excoriated: and he adds, that the European Gentlemen at Canton, are sometimes so disgusted with the filthy and obscene exhibitions, as to leave the theatre. "The history of husbands deceived by their mistresses," says M. de Guignes, "being frequently the subject of their comedies, there occur therein sometimes situations so free, and in which the actor exhibits so much truth, that the scene becomes extremely indecent"—and he mentions an instance of which he was an eye-witness, where the heroine of the piece "*devint grosse, et accoucha sur le théâtre d'un enfant*."

A COMMENT UPON AN EPITAPH.—A gentleman of Trowbridge, with a party of friends, visited lately the enchanting gardens at Stourhead, and after taking tea at the inn in the village, he strolled into the adjoining churchyard. While he was reading an epitaph on one of the stones, that described in very humble verse, the excellent qualities of "*a tender wife, a mother dear, &c.*" he was interrupted by an old man, who was hobbling on, supported by a stick, with the following exclamation:—"Nay, nay, sir, daunt believe it—'tis all a pack o' lies—there was nar a greater vixen in all the parish!"

ANECDOTE.—Some few months ago, Mr. ———, a Frenchman, being much in debt, was beset continually by the Bailiffs: and being one morning informed by the maid of the house where he lodged, that the Philistines were hanging about the door, he immediately packed up every article he had of apparel, even to his shirt, hastened into bed, and requested the servant to secure his box in her room, telling her, if they asked for him, to say he was at home. They knocked and inquired, and being answered in the affirmative, were directed to his garret; tapping at his door, they were told to come in, and going to the bedside they asked if he was Mr. C— "Yes,"—"Then we have a writ against you for—" "Ah! ha!" said Monsieur—"let a-me see—ha! you take my *body*!—your writ say."—"Yes, you must get up and go with us—come, make haste, and dress yourself."—"Begar, I have no dress."—"No dress! what do you mean by that? Come, come, we can't loiter here; get up."—"Upon my word, all my dress at de pawnbroker—you take my *body*, your writ say—no dress"—and immediately he sprang from the bed in *puris naturalibus*, and danced about the room; being a perfect *Esau*, he made a most grotesque appearance. The myrmidons in vain insisted on his dressing, while he reiterated "take my *body*!" "Why, who will take you in such a state?" "I cannot tell," said he, "you take my *body*."—"D— your *body*, come along, Flanagan, we'll have him as yet some how or other d— his *body*," said for that time they left him. The Frenchman hastily equipped himself, and instantly changed his lodging: in a few weeks after the powerful arrestor of mortals seized him, and for ever freed him from trouble.

IPECACUANHA EXPLODED;

Or, a Recipe for a new and powerful Emetic.

TAKE from any modern novel, either "By a Young Lady" or an Old Woman, a sufficient quantity of glances, sighs, tears, faltering accents and swoons, and mix them most improperly together. Add to these a few scruples of "unsophisticated" tenderness, sensibility and sentiment, from Madame de Stael, Kotzebue, or any other such German writer. With this mingle a little muddy divinity, about the new birth, operations of the spirit, &c. extracted from the last sermon of the Rev. R. H. or any minister of the Tabernacle; together with a few sanctified ejaculations drawn from the reports of some popular Society, the Committee of the Slave Trade, or the Missionaries in Caffaria. These last ingredients should be used with great caution, the taste being peculiarly mawkish and disgusting. Those whose stomachs are very difficult to move, would do well to add a few of the ministerial reasons for prolonging the Property Tax. This will make the dose strong enough for a horse.

ANECDOTES OF THE COUNT DE SAXE AND MADEMOISELLE LECOUVREUR.—In this actress were combined superior talent, beauty, sensibility, and benevolence of heart; in fine, every quality that can inspire and excuse an ardent passion. One evening, whilst she was performing the character of *Phædra*, she saw the Count de Saxe enter the orchestra. She had previously discovered an infidelity on the part of the Count: and at the moment when *Phædra* exclaims to Hippolytus,

"Au défaut de ton bras, prête-moi ton épée."

she rushed in a transport of jealousy towards the actor who was performing *Hippolytus*, seized his sword, and to the amazement of the whole audience plunged it into the bosom of the Count. The theatrical sword was blunt at the point and the thrust being aimed by an unsteady hand, the Count fortunately received no injury. This proof of love, it is said, did not offend the vanity of the Count de Saxe, who easily obtained forgiveness for his error.

The Count de Saxe was in all respects an accomplished cavalier. Mademoiselle Lecouvreur preferred him to all the rest of her admirers. She sacrificed them all to him, with the exception of one or two very particular friends; of one of whom the Count became jealous. One evening, when Count Saxe had received from the lady protestations of the most tender love, and the most inviolable fidelity, he took leave of her apparently satisfied; but suspecting that his rival was waiting his departure in order to introduce himself, he devised a new and whimsical mode of ascertaining the truth. Desperate lovers rend their hair without mercy. The Count imitated them on a small scale; he plucked a single hair from his head, and fastened it with wax across the opening of the door by which he had quitted his mistress's apartment. Returning in about an hour, he discovered that his frail barrier had not been respected. He knocked loudly, and being admitted, commenced a search, and soon found the gentleman, who no doubt thought himself very happily concealed. One might naturally imagine that this affair would have destroyed the union of Count Saxe and Mademoiselle Lecouvreur; on the contrary, it rendered them more intimate than ever. The lady was as good an actress in private as in public. She soon planned out her own justification, and it is said, that she even compelled the Count to acknowledge that he was in error, and to apologize to her for his conduct.

THE REVENGE.—Two Irish rustics, finding a large cask that was cast ashore from the wreck of a ship, and naturally thinking it contained the dear *Uisquebaugh*, but which, in reality, contained gun-powder, were greatly puzzled how to get at the enviable treasure. At length it was resolved to use a red-hot piece of iron for that purpose. As might be expected, the one who bored the cask was thrown aloft into the air by the explosion of the powder. The other seeing his companion flying in the air, as he thought, with the cask of whisky, exclaimed, with great *sang-froid*, "By J—s, if you do not come down and give me a share, I shall inform the Exciseman."

PUN.—A *Dentist* in Dublin who had raised a considerable fortune, built a house, upon his own plan, of a very whimsical appearance. An English Gentleman, who was passing this singular edifice, expressed his surprize at so extraordinary a mansion, observing to CURRAN, the Irish Counsel, that it conformed to no Order of Architecture.—"Yes it does," said the latter—"it is truly *Tusk-an.*"

CERTAIN RULES,

To discover Married Couples in large Societies or in Public.

1. **I**F you see a gentleman and lady, disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.
2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, loolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.
3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,
4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly; her head inclined another way; and speaking with indifference; or,
5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,
6. If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room, but *one*, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—that *one* is her husband.
7. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room, excepting *one*, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that *one* is nobody can be at a loss to discover.
8. If you see a young or an old couple jarring, checking and thwarting each other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed; eternally anticipating, and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey bubbles floating on vinegar, which are soon overwhelmed by the preponderance of the fluid; they are, to all intents, man and wife! it is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence; they are upon unerring principles, and deduced from every day's experience.

Singular Character.—Mrs. Jane Lewson, commonly called Lady Lewson, from her very eccentric manner of dress, died on 28th ult. at her house in Cold Bath-square, aged 116, possessed of considerable property. She married early, became a widow at 26, and after the marriage of her only child, a daughter, lived in retirement. An old female servant having died, and the grand-daughter of the servant who succeeded her being removed, Lady Lewson employed an old man who attended the different houses in the square in going errands, &c. and he acted as her steward, butler, cook, and house-maid, and, with the exception of two old lap-dogs and a cat, he was her only companion. The house she occupied was large and elegantly furnished, but very ancient; the beds were kept constantly made, although they had not been slept in for above fifty years. Her apartment being only occasionally swept out, but never washed, the windows were so crusted with dirt, that they hardly admitted a ray of light. A large garden in the rear of her house was the only thing she paid attention to; this was always kept in good order; she was partial to the fashions that prevailed in her youthful days, and she never changed the manner of her dress from that worn in the reign of George the First. She always wore powder with a large tête, made of horse-hair, on her head, near half a foot high, over which her hair was turned up; a cap over it which knotted under her chin, and three or four curls hanging down her neck. She generally wore silk gowns, and the train long, with a deep flounce all round; a very long waist, and very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff or frill. The sleeves of her gown came below the elbow, from each of which four or five large cuffs appended; a large straw bonnet quite flat, high-heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak, trimmed round with lace, and a gold-headed cane, completed her every day costume for the last 80 years. Her manner of living was so methodical, that she would not drink her tea out of any other than a favourite cup. She was equally particular with respect to her knives, forks, plates, &c. At breakfast she arranged in a particular way the paraphernalia of the tea-table; at dinner she also observed a general rule, and constantly sat in her favourite chair. Having always an excellent state of health, she entertained a great aversion to medicine. She cut her teeth at the age of 87, and never lost one in her life, nor was she ever troubled with the tooth-ache. Her sight latterly failed her. She lived in five reigns; and was supposed the most faithful living historian of the age, the events of the year 1715 being fresh in her recollection.

PICTURE WRITING.—A country shopkeeper, from the circumstance of not being able to write or read, had invented a mode of hieroglyphic book-keeping; and meeting a neighbour, challenged him with a debt of some standing—"For what?" (was asked)—"a cheese," replied our shop-keeper—"I never bought a cheese of you in my life; it is not likely,—I make my own—how long ago is it?"—"It was last July, now about six months."—"Oh! aye, I remember that was a grindstone I had of you."—"Ods, my life," said the shopkeeper, "so it was; and in making my mark of it, I forgot to make a hole in the middle."

THIS Nobleman, better known in the Republic of Letters by the name of Horace Walpole, was the youngest son of the famous Minister of this country, Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford.

Horace Walpole was born about the year 1715. His mother, Catherine Shorter, was the first wife of Sir Robert Walpole. Horace was some time at Eton School, and afterwards at Cambridge.

He was very intimate with the celebrated poet Gray, and they went together on the tour of Europe in the years 1739, 1740, and 1741. Unhappily, they had a dispute in the course of their travels, which produced a separation. Mr. Walpole was able to make a splendid figure during the remainder of his destined course; but poor Gray, after the separation, was obliged to observe a very severe œconomy. A reconciliation took place after their return to England; but the wound in their friendship left a scar that never was totally effaced.

Mr. Walpole was chosen Member for Calington in Cornwall, in the Parliament which met on June 25th, 1741. He was a second time in Parliament, as Representative for Castle-Rising in Norfolk in 1747, and for King's Lynn in 1754 and 1761; and, at the expiration of that Parliament, he finally retired from the stage of politics, and confined himself wholly to literary pursuits.

Upon the death of his nephew, the late Lord Orford, Horace Walpole succeeded to the title and estates.

He published a work, intitled *Noble Authors*, in which he has shewn much industry and judicious criticism. His *Historic Doubts* respecting the character, conduct, and person of Richard the Third, is a work of ingenuity, argument, and knowledge; but it was, in a great measure, derived from Bucks's history of that Monarch.

The only dramatic work from his pen was *The Mysteries of Mother*, a tragedy, never intended for performance or publication, which was printed at his own private press at Strawberry-hill, and of which 50 copies only were circulated among his friends. The story is founded on a subject too horrid for the stage; but it is well worthy of perusal in the closet, as it forcibly paints the horrors of guilt, and exhibits a considerable knowledge of the human heart, supported by much poetic vigour.

The Castle of Otranto, a romance, by this Author, may be considered as the archetype of all that miserable trash which now deluges the press, and which is calculated to excite apprehension and surprise, without throwing one new light upon life or nature. *The Castle of Otranto*, as the only work of the kind, was acceptable to the Public, and produced an agreeable exercise of the severer passions; but, as the prolific parent of the compositions to which we allude, it is to be regretted that the Author ever presented it to the world.

Lord Orford also published *Anecdotes of Painters*: and the world is much indebted to him for many particulars relative to the genius, the works, and the life of the inimitable Hogarth.

Lord Orford was one of the combination of Wits who supported Moore in his periodical Paper intitled *The World*, and his contributions were among the most numerous and successful articles in that entertaining miscellany.

His conduct relative to the unfortunate Chatterton, was a source of so much regret to himself, that we forbear any animadversion on the subject.

There are many pieces of occasional poetry, scattered through various publications, which might be formed into a volume creditable to the taste and talents of this author.

His manuscripts, we understand, are left to the care of Lord Cholmondely, Mr. Owen Cambridge, and Mr. Jerminham: As Lord Cholmondely is engaged in other pursuits, and as Mr. Cambridge is far advanced into "the vale of years," it is probable that these literary remains will be wholly consigned to the management of Mr. Jerminham, whose regard for the deceased will of course lead him to bring forward whatever may tend to the credit of his departed friend, and whose judgment may be safely trusted for a proper selection.

Lord Orford never was married; and, as far as we can learn, his chief mistress through life, was the Muse. Towards the close of his life, he offered to marry either of the two Miss Berrys, whom he patronized, with no other view, than of placing either of those ladies in such a situation as might give, to the virtues and accomplishments which they both eminently possess, appropriate rank and fortune. To the honour of these ladies, it should be observed, that they both declined, without the least hesitation, an opportunity, which, perhaps, but few in a similar situation, would have had fortitude enough to reject.

Lord Orford was very fond of conversation; he was agreeable and communicative in his manners, and possessed a greater stock of literary and political anecdotes, perhaps than any man in this country.

During almost the whole of his life, he was the victim of the gout, which at last reduced him to a miserable cripple, and almost a skeleton; but it never impaired his faculties, and, to the very moment of death, his understanding seemed to bid defiance to the shock of nature.

There are several prints of this Nobleman, from paintings taken in the earlier part of his life; but continued infirmity so changed his person, that none of them retain the least similitude. The only faithful representation of the wreck of mankind which disease had left, is to be found among the collection of contemporary heads, drawn by the ingenious Mr. George Dance.

Anecdote.—The following instance of undaunted fortitude and courage happened on the 20th of January, 1782, at the siege of Brimstone-hill, on the island of St. Christopher: Claude Thion, born at Peme, in Franche Comté, aged 17 years, and who was a soldier in the regiment of Touraine, was carrying a bomb slung on a stick, one end of which rested on his shoulder, whilst his companion bore the other; as they were going to one of the batteries with it, a cannon ball took off the right arm of the young soldier, so that only one of the sinews held it from dropping; he immediately put down his load, borrowed his companion's knife, and cut off his mangled limb, and then taking up the bomb on his left shoulder, he carried it to the battery before he would be dressed.

Anecdote.—A lady who had been for a considerable time attended by a physician, to whom at each visit she had given two guineas, began to think it too much and determined in future to give him but one guinea. Accordingly the next time he attended her she gave him but one guinea, upon which the Doctor thought he had let one fall and began to look about the room for it. The lady enquired if he had lost any thing—"I believe I have dropped a guinea," said he; "No, no, Doctor," said she, "it is I that have dropped a guinea."

ANECDOTE.—Dr. Berkeley, the good Bishop of Cloyne, retained the famous Pasquillino in his palace, to teach his children music. The Bishop had a concert most evenings in the winter at home; and Pasquillino was to have a grand benefit concert at Cork. One day at dinner the Bishop said, "Well, Pasquillino, I have got rid of a great many tickets for you among my opulent neighbours." To which the musician bowing said—"May God pickle your Lordship, I pray him!" The company laughed immoderately; and the poor Italian, all confusion, said, "Vell! in the grammar that my Lord give me to teach me English, it is printed—*Pickle*, to preserve, to keep from decay."

An English Pocket-Handkerchief—its Uses.—A Paris Paper has the following paragraph on this subject: "Foreigners who have lived amongst the English, know that a pocket-handkerchief is used by them in different ways—it is alternately a cravat, a night-cap, a napkin, a towel, a valse, a duster, a purse, and a night-sack.—It undergoes a variety of other metamorphoses, which decency, however, will not permit us to dwell upon! We conclude, says the *Gazette de France*, with fluting, that a pocket handkerchief is often a substitute for a halter!"

AN ILL HABIT CONQUERED.

There are a number of ill bred, rude, and even shocking things, which men suffer themselves to be guilty of, and afterwards think to excuse by saying it is their *humour*; and we frequently find them so strenuous in the pursuits of these *humours*, that reasonable arguments and persuasions have no kind of weight with them.—In these cases, accident sometimes steps in, and effects in a moment what reason had long attempted in vain. We have a striking proof of this remark, in the following story of a certain English Colonel, who was no less remarkable for the oddity of his humours, than for the excess to which he carried them.

One night the Colonel having drank too freely ordered his footman, who was an Irishman, newly hired, to bring his pistols. Teague obeyed; the Colonel loaded them both, and having locked the door, commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arm's length, till he snuffed it with a ball. Prayers and entreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, tho' trembling; the Colonel performed the operation at the first attempt, then laying down his pistols was going to unlock the door. Teague catches up that which was loaded "arrah maister," says he, "but now you must take up the other candle; and let me have my shoot too." The Colonel called him rogue and rascal to no purpose; Teague was now vested with power, and would be obeyed: accordingly his master extended the candle; but this being the first time of Teague's performing, he not only missed, but shot off a button from the breast of the Colonel's coat. So narrow an escape had a good effect and cured him of this humour of turning marksman in his drink.

ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO TOM JONES.

When Fielding had finished his novel, being much distressed he sold it to an obscure bookfeller, for 25*l*. on condition of being paid on a certain given day. In the mean time, he shewed the M. S. to Thomson, the Poet, who was immediately struck with its great merit, and advised Fielding by all means to get free from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the bookfeller was not capable of estimating the value of his purchase. Thomson recommended the work to Andrew Millar, and the parties met at a tavern over a beef-steak and a bottle. Millar began with saying, "Mr. Fielding I always determine on affairs of this sort at once; and never change my offer. I will not give one farthing more than two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds!" (cries Fielding) "yes," (says the other,) "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whose surprise arose from joy, and not disappointment, shook him by the hand, sealed the bargain, and ordered in two bottles of wine.

Millar got a very large sum by the sale of the book. He at different times during his life, assisted Fielding with 2500*l*. which debt he cancelled in his will.

Anecdote of PEPIN King of FRANCE.

THIS monarch being of a stature less than ordinary, the French Lords used to pass jokes upon his person, and held him in great contempt upon that account. He was very sensible of this their behaviour, and determined to let them see that he had more strength and courage, than those huge bulks, which have often nothing besides their appearance to recommend them. It was a custom with the Kings of France to divert themselves with the combats of wild beasts. One day Pepin, surrounded with his courtiers, saw a lion of a prodigious size, which having rushed furiously upon a bull, had reduced him to the last extremity. The King, addressing himself to the Lords who were about him, observed, that it was necessary for somebody to engage the lion, to make him quit his prize: but not one dared to expose himself to the peril. The King, having remarked their astonishment, threw himself into the lists without the least hesitation: and, taking his cutlass in his hand, he marched straight up to the lion, and, at one blow, which he gave him with as much dexterity as force, he separated his head from his body. The Prince, turning towards his Lords after so bold a deed, "Well," says he to them, with a becoming fierceness, "Think ye, that I am worthy to command you?"

THE PETITION OF THE COATS

Most humbly sheweth,

That your Petitioners have patiently endured innumerable grievances in silence, and without seeking redress:—That they have submitted to all the caprices and whims of Fashion without a single murmur. They have allowed their Collars to be exalted to such a height as to render it doubtful whether their wearers had any heads; and to be thrown half-way down the back, by way of discovering the graceful and elegant fall of the shoulders. Their sleeves have been at one time sufficiently large to admit the arm of a Hercules, and at others scarcely wide enough for a modern Beau. They have been sometimes paid for, and often not. They have unrepiningly passed through the various gradations of a new Coat, an Old Coat, a Shabby Coat, and a Turn Coat:—nay, so far has their patience carried them, that, for the accommodation of their wearers, they have suffered themselves to be beaten most unmercifully.—They have been *basted* by Tailors, and *dusted* by Lacquies; they have been sliced by *Sheers*, and pricked with *Needles*. Sometimes they have covered a Peer—sometimes a Poet;—now a Judge—then a Highwayman; and have been in the *habits* of intimacy with the best and most profligate characters in the kingdom.—All this have they done; and now—"Quis credat?" (your Petitioners have learnt Latin by protecting the back of a School-master) by way of reward for their services, an edict has passed the mouth of Fashion, that they shall be deprived of half their dimensions, and the respectable name of *Coat* dwindle into the insignificant term *Jacket*.

This insult has roused their indignation; and they therefore entreat your Paper to apprise the Youths of Ton of the inconveniences the change will subject them to; such as getting their *Jackets trimmed*, &c.—that a *Coat* affords some protection against a *kicking*, but a *Jacket* none,—and that though they have thought proper to *crop their Heads*, there is no immediate necessity for *docking their Tails*!

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

The Sign of the Goose, Sheer-lane.

Anecdotes.—Mr. Wraxall, in his tour through France, mentions a Castle, which is rendered famous by the following circumstance:—In this fortress the noble and unfortunate Marechal de Montmorency (grandson to the famous Constable of France of the same name) was confined after the battle of Castelnau, in 1632: so amiable was his character, so general was the attachment borne to him, and so detested was the Cardinal de Richelieu, his enemy, that the Ladies of the place attempted, by a stratagem, to procure him his liberty. They sent him as a present a large pye, in which was concealed a silken ladder of ropes. He lost no time in endeavouring to avail himself of this instrument for his escape; and having fixed it, the same evening, to the window of his apartment, he ordered his valet to descend first, with intent to follow him; but the servant having unfortunately missed his hold, fell, and broke his thigh. The sentinels, alarmed at his cries, ran to the spot, and intercepted the Marechal, who was soon after conducted to Toulouse, and put to death.

The escape of Albany, brother of James III. of Scotland, from Edinburgh Castle, (as related by Pinkerton, in the History of Scotland,) was more fortunate, though attended by circumstances somewhat similar. The rope by which he was to escape, and which was conveyed to him in a small cask of Malmsey, "being fixed and let down, his servant first explored the dangerous height; but, from the shortness of the rope, fell, and broke his thigh:—the Duke guarded against the same fate by increasing the length with the torn sheets of his bed, and, descending safely, first carried his faithful domestic on his back to a place of security, and then proceeding to Newhaven, immediately sailed for France."—This took place A. D. 1479, at a time when James III. was himself lodging in the castle.

VERY CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF LORD STAIRS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ENGLISH ARMY, AND WHO WAS THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN FRANCE TOWARDS THE END OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. AND DURING THE REGENCY.—(Translated from the French).

George II. on return to his capital, after the affair of Etinghen, supported impatiently the presence of Lord Stairs. He could not pardon him for having uselessly published the dangers of the English Army, by which, but for the bold imprudence of the Duke de Grammont, it would have been completely defeated.

Lord Stairs was not slow in perceiving the dispositions of the Prince, and not wishing to expose himself to a greater disgrace, he was making preparations for retiring to his estates in Scotland, when he received the following note:—

MY LORD,

You are brave, we are convinced of it. But are you enough so, to come alone, to-morrow, at the decline of day, to the entrance of the Somerset coffee-house, where you will be waited on by a person who, if you dare to follow him, will conduct you into a quarter of the City little frequented, but where you will find one who ardently wishes to see you, and to unfold to you some mysteries which are of the most extreme importance that you can imagine, and that cannot be trusted to paper.

P. S. If you fear this is any project upon your purse, take nothing with you that you can be robbed of.

Surprised, as we may suppose, on reading this letter, his Lordship imagined at first it was a trap by some secret enemy, or some affair of a more delicate nature, where the heroine had probably motives for acting thus; as the postscript did away every other species of fear.

On which his Lordship immediately formed his resolution, as, in either case, he would have believed his honour compromised in refusing the proposed rendezvous.

The next day, in consequence, armed with his sword and a pair of good pistols, he went to the Somerset coffee-house, found there a man, who, without speaking, made a sign to follow him, and arrived, after half an hour's walk, at the extremity of one of the suburbs, in a street almost unoccupied, where his conductor stopping at the door of an old and small house, opened it, shewed him a stair-case, and said to him, "Go up, my Lord," and shut the door on him.

The courageous Lord, holding his sword in one hand, a pistol in the other, arrived at the top of the stair-case, saw opposite an old door, half opened, a chamber furnished as in time of William the Conqueror, and in the middle a small lamp burning.

"Enter, my Lord, (said a person, with a hollow voice, behind the curtains), approach; you have no enemies here . . . Begin, I pray you, by reposing yourself some moments in this arm-chair, at the side of my bed, after which we will speak of business."

"Be it so," said his Lordship, "but be brief, and tell me quickly to what tends this wonderful adventure?"—"You are hasty, my Lord . . . but without reason, and I will convince you of it . . . Lay down your arms, take this lamp, and look at me."

Surprised at a tone of voice to which he was not accustomed, his Lordship rose, took the lamp, opened the curtain which concealed the imperious commander from him, and remained fixed at the aspect of an old man, pale and wrinkled with age, with a large white beard, and whose eyes (in that moment without doubt re-animated) eagerly fixed upon him.

"Come near, my Lord, look at me; I breathe still, and I owe to you the only true pleasure I have felt since many years! . . . have age and misfortunes effaced all vestiges from the countenance of one who concerns you nearly, and who is overjoyed to find in you traces which are very dear to him?"

His Lordship was still more astonished, and more at a loss than before, regarded the old man in his turn; and without being able to account for the different movements which agitated him, could not articulate a word.

"Stoop down," replied the unknown, "and take from under the bed a casket, in which is contained papers capable of repairing the losses that our civil wars have caused to your house, as well as the expence that your embassies, your military services, and your pleasures have occasioned you."

His Lordship, after having put the casket on the bed, giving way to the liveliest emotion, sank down again into the arm chair he had just quitted.

"Look, my Lord," said the good man to him, "here are the copies in form of the contracts of sale of three of the principal estates of your fathers, that your grandfather sold, or rather feigned to sell, in the time of the troubles; to which are subjoined letters of the pretended purchasers, by means of which these same estates will be rendered to you by their heirs, on your arrival in Scotland, without their being able to prevent

it:—they have taken on both sides, in this respect, in all times, the necessary precautions to prevent every species of litigation: you will find the proofs attached to the letters."

What an additional surprise for his Lordship, at the sight of these three contracts of estates, that he was ignorant had heretofore belonged to his house!

"Ah! who then are you?" cried he with transport, "who then are you, respectable and benevolent old man, to whom I owe more even than to my father? Speak I pray? hasten to name to me a benefactor, who already interests me sensibly, and whose days Heaven appears to have prolonged, that he might at last find in me the most tender and respectful of friends, and the most grateful of all men!"

"Leave me, my dear Lord," said the unknown to him with a sigh, "too weak to sustain a longer discourse with you; withdraw, I pray, and believe that this interview has cost me more than you!—Embrace me, take this casket, and leave to breathe freely an unfortunate man, who, however, believes himself less so since he has seen you, and clasped you in his arms!"—

"Ah! whoever you may be (whatever interest you may have in concealing yourself from the object of your benevolence), can you be so cruel to require that he should obey you? that he should abandon you (at your age), and above all, in the state to which you are reduced, without friends, without help, and perhaps . . . without? . . ."—"Stop, my Lord! I love to find in you such sentiments: but learn that your friend (alas! may be, you will not find him long worthy of this title?) learn, I say, that however unfortunate he may be in other respects, is however sheltered from the wants that appear to make you uneasy . . . Thus, if you wish to oblige me; depart, my Lord, and that immediately!—Do more yet, and believe I have the right to require it: swear to me that you will not come here again, nor make me to be sought for elsewhere; perhaps I may be able to risk receiving you again, and then I shall pray you to come."

His Lordship feeling, by the tone in which the good old man spoke to him, that his solicitations would be vain, and promising himself to return next day, hesitated not to satisfy him, threw himself again into his arms, and quitted him with tears in his eyes.

On his arrival at home, after having been reconducted near the Somerset Coffee-house by the same man, who had waited for him near the old man's door, his Lordship hastened to open the casket, in which, independently of what the unknown had announced to him, his Lordship found a great number of family papers, which might be very useful to him.

Next day morning, at the instant that he proposed (notwithstanding the promises he had made) to return, at all hazards, to the house of the old and generous unknown, he was stopped by the following letter, sealed with his own arms, and was seized with fright, in seeing it signed, *Sir George Stairs*:—

"Do not send, do not come to me, my dear Lord: you will find me no more there."

"If it was required merely to own to you who I am, that is to say, your Grandfather, believed dead long since, and who, on more than one account, ought to be so, you would not have found so much resistance to the legitimate desire that you had to know your benefactor. But the consequences that I predicted from a scene so interesting for you and me, too much for my age and the weakness which accompanies it, have made me tremble, I own it, to satisfy your curiosity so fully as you would have required, and which, far from discovering to your eyes a relation so dear and so respectable as you would have imagined at first, without doubt would have offered an odious object, a monster in short, less worthy of pity, than of the horror with which I am myself inspired. You shall judge of it."

"The death of my father preceded my birth by some months. My mother soon after followed him, an aunt, sister of my father, and who since a long time had lived retired, charged herself with the care of me during infancy, and acquitted herself in such a way, that (except that she was the cause of the crime I still deplore), the sentiment of gratitude is yet alive in my heart."

"I was hardly seventeen years old, when indignant at seeing my compatriots armed against their legitimate Sovereign, I formed the design of going to offer my fortune, and my sword, to King Charles the First. But what was my astonishment, when I saw my good aunt, to whom every thing engaged me to acquaint with my projet, hear it in trembling, raise her hands to heaven, and look at me with a species of horror!"

"As surprised as touched with her state, and eager to know the cause of it; after the most earnest and repeated requests: You wish it? (cried she in sighing) Learn then that this Prince that you wish to serve, against your country even, is the author of my shame, as well as the regrets with which you see me consumed, and the death of your father."

"I was more than fifteen years old, till then brought up among the daughters of my mother, the perfidious man, abusing my youth, and the credulity of my age, under the sanction of oaths and promises the most sacred, seduced me! I was lost in short; for this traitor, a few days after having known my state, departed without saying any thing to me, for Spain, where he flattered himself with marrying the Infanta! I was lost, I say, if chance or heaven had not brought your father to London, to whom I was forced to trust myself and my misfortunes, and the consequences that I feared from them."

"This worthy brother, penetrated even to tears, and without losing time in reproaches, ran immediately to the Queen; and under I know not what pretext, after having obtained my dismissal, made me depart with him the same night, for one of his estates, some miles from Edinburgh, where he confined me to the care of a keeper as intelligent as discreet, till the perfect re-establishment of my health. Alas! (added she) I was no more to see him, the chagrin he had conceived at my misfortune, was not slow in precipitating him to the tomb, as well as his respectable wife, who, after having given birth to you, survived her loss hardly a month.

"Such were, my dear nephew, the secrets and the deplorable motives of the retreat in which I have always lived till this time, and of which you alone, in all the universe, know now the mystery! See now, my friend, if after the cares that I have taken of your infancy, and the education that I endeavoured to procure you; see if the author of so many evils, as I relate? If the barbarian whose crime has brought death to the authors of your birth, and eternal regrets to me; see, I say, if it is to him that a son, who believes himself worthy of this name, ought to consecrate his fortune and his life?

"No! Great God, no! (cried I, seized with horror), the coward is unworthy to live. He shall die by my hand.

"To tell you now, my Lord, by what means as extraordinary as perilous, my fury against this Prince, from this fatal moment, always equally the same, has at last been able to fulfil my vengeance and my execrable oath, as well as the events which have produced the remorse of which my crime was not slow in being followed; all these details in the state in which you have seen me, are now too sorrowful to be recalled. Let it suffice now to know, in order to abhor me as much even as I abhor myself, that the Executioner of King CHARLES the FIRST, who appeared on the scaffold under a mask, was no other in fact, than your unworthy and too culpable grandfather.

"SIR GEORGE STAIRS."

From 1649 (the year that King Charles the First was beheaded) to 1743, in which year was the battle of Etingham, or Dettinghen, the interval is 94 years. In supposing Sir George Stairs to be 20 when he committed his crime, his age, in 1743, was 114 years.

But we may cite in England, and above all in Scotland, many examples of persons dying much more advanced in years.

P. S. The anonymous Author of these Memoirs adds, that "whatever were the sentiments with which Lord Stairs might be affected, after reading this letter, his first care was to seek the street and the house where he had found his grandfather, but that after many researches, having found the house empty, he learnt from the neighbours it had been occupied only eight days at most, and they knew not by whom, the tenants had abandoned it, leaving the goods, without its being known of whom they hired it, the proprietor having been a long time established in America.

(From the Examiner.)

"Twelfth Day, which closes the Christmas Holidays, is the greatest and has been most preserved of them all,—the crown of the feast. It "has been observed in this kingdom," says Dr. Drake, ever since the reign of Alfred; in whose days, "he adds," quoting from Collier's Ecclesiastical History, "a law was made with relation to Holidays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the Nativity of our Saviour were made festivals." (Drake, Vol. 1. p. 127.)—Thus we see this truly great monarch, (the other greatest name in England with Shakespeare) studying the enjoyment of the subjects whom he so nobly fought for, and regarding the extension of their holidays as a fit task for a paternal legislator.

The reference of Twelfth Day to the Wise Men of the East mentioned in the Bible, who have been mistaken for Kings, is well known. It has been sometimes called the Feast of the Three Kings, as it is still in some other countries; and hence most likely the custom of drawing for King and Queen. We say most likely, for though all our festivals have perhaps a religious origin of some kind or other, and are reasonably mixed up with a religious feeling, (provided it be a cheerful one and such as does real honour to the Great Spirit of Nature) yet it is by no means certain that any one of them originates in the Christian Religion exclusively. It has been usual for most nations to make merry at certain marked periods of the year; and several of the customs on such occasions are traceable to the Gothic and Celtic religions, or, as in the case with many of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, to the worship of Greece and Rome. It is not necessary therefore to occupy our attention with points that may have any thing like an exclusive tendency. Exclusiveness is the bane of humanity at all times, much more so at times of professed mirth and benevolence; and holidays that are kept in the true spirit, that is to say, with hearty sociality, and a feeling for whatever can contribute to it in external nature, will easily accommodate the idea of their customs

to all descriptions of faith. Christmas, or the Saturnalia,—May-Day, or the Floralia, Holidays, Games, Fasts, Belteins, Bairams,—a great and good Being will have been pleased with them all under whatever denomination, if there has been kindness and happiness among his creatures.

Twelfth Day, as it was kept by our ancestors, was much the same, in it's specific character, as it is now. A King and Queen were created at hazard by means of a bean and a pea, or other lots, stuck in a cake, which the company broke up; and a Court being formed by their Majesties, the characters were kept up till midnight; only with their usual superiority to us in merry-making, there was a more poetical air given to the mirth in high life, more carousing and music among the gentry, more country-sport among the peasantry, and a greater exhibition every where of sensitiveness to the beauties and cheap luxuries of nature. Yet what may we not recover with the help of good-will? The Wassel-bowl,* of which we spoke in our last, was in it's greatest glory on Twelfth Night; and of the revival of this in some places in town we have had the pleasure to hear in the course of the week, as well as of its existence still in some parts of the country. Those who pique themselves therefore, on having a true, Old English, Shakespearean, Alfredian cup, must do their best next Tuesday, on which day also, of course, the rest of the mirth will be at it's climax:—the best-wit of old, middle-aged, and young, must be in requisition;—the games at cards, if any, by all means round, so as to admit players of all ages and sizes;—the king behave himself with true greatness, not making insidious partitions of his neighbour's fish;—the queen be served with infinite gallantry;—and the rest of the characters have their proper effect of shewing how good humouredly we should take such varieties in real life. One dance at least there should be, wherever it can be contrived, for health as well as vivacity's sake; and a little music, and song also, to modulate the uproariousness, and remind the Animal Spirits of the presence of the Graces."

* Dr. Drake, in mentioning that he has a large silver Wassail-bowl in his possession, which was given to a member of his family about a hundred and fifty years ago, and which is "divided by four pegs," quotes a pleasant piece of information on that subject from Brady's Clavis Calendaria. Some of these Peg or Pin Cups or Bowls, and Pin or Peg Tankards, are yet to be found in the cabinets of antiquaries; and we are to trace from their use some common terms yet current among us. When a person is much elated, we say he is "In a merry Merry Pin," which no doubt originally meant, he had reached that mark which had deprived him of his usual sedateness and sobriety: we talk of taking a man "a peg lower," when we imply we shall check him in any forwardness: a saying which originated from a regulation that deprived all those of their turn of drinking, or of their peg, who had become troublesome in their liquor: from the like rule of Society came also the expression of "He is a peg too low," i. e. has been restrained too far, when we see that a person is not in equal spirits with his company; while we also remark of an individual, that is getting on "peg by peg," or, in other words, he is taking greater freedoms than he ought to do, which formerly meant, he was either drinking out of his turn, or, contrary to express regulation, did not confine himself to his proper portion, or peg, but drank into the next, thereby taking a double quantity."

THEATRICAL BON MOT.—The late good-natured man and respectable actor, ROBT. PALMER, was the son of — PALMER, who, in the time of Mr. GARRICK, was the head bill-sticker of the Theatre, and in the evening the money-taker at the Upper Gallery; in the former of which occupations ROBERT PALMER, when a youth, was also employed. At night he rendered himself useful too behind the scenes. At length he was intrusted with parts of small consequence. One of these being that of a young Gentleman, BOB resolved to dress highly in character, for which purpose he procured a pair of stone shoe and knee buckles, in which he appeared with his sword by his side for the first time in the Green-room. He was immediately quizzed by the other performers, and CHARLES BANNISTER, eyeing him significantly from top to toe—exclaimed, "Paste, all paste!" BOB, laying his hand on his sword, said indignantly, "Sir, repent that again, and I'll stick you through the body."—"That's right, my dear brother brush!" said Old PARSONS (who had been a landscape-painter), "stick him against the wall."

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

By the late PROFESSOR PORSON.

[One evening, at the house of the late Dr. Vincent, Professor Porson being cut out at a whist table, was about to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent pressed him to stay, saying, "I know you will not stay if you are doing nothing; but the rubber will soon be over, when you may go in; and, in the mean time, take a pen and ink at another table, and write us some verses." Dr. Vincent, in the midst of his game, seconded this request, and added, "I will give the subject; you shall suppose that the Devil is come up among us to see what we are doing, and you shall tell us what observations he makes." Porson obeyed these injunctions, sat down to write, and carried on his composition, till his proscription was at an end. Sitting down to the new rubber, he put the manuscript into his pocket. At supper he was asked to read it, and, as he commonly resisted every application for copies of his productions of this kind, a lady, with her pencil beneath the table, wrote down what he read. Afterwards, with suitable apologies, she told him what she had done, and intreated him to revise her writing. Porson complied with her request, and the following is printed from the copy corrected by himself. The lines are coloured by the party feelings of the author; and several of the topics introduced serve to mark the date of the composition.]

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day,
A walking the devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.
And over the hill, and over the dale
He walked; and over the plain;
And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.
And pray how was the Devil drest?
O! he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind, where his tail came through.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill beside his own stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.
An Apothecary, on a white horse,
Rode by on his avocations—
"Oh!" says the devil "there's my old friend
Death in the Revelations!"
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil was pleased—for his darling vice
Is the pride that apes humility.
He stepped into a rich bookseller's shop;
Says he "we are both of one college;
For I, myself, sat, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by on the tree of knowledge."
As he passed through Cold-bath-fields, he saw
A solitary cell:
And the Devil was charmed, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell.
He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade;
"Ah! nimble," quoth he, "do the fingers move,
When they are used to their trade."
He saw the same turnkey unfetter the same,
But with little expedition;
And the Devil thought on the long debates
On the Slave Trade Abolition.
Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig, with vast celerity!
And the Devil grinned, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought, with a smile,
Of "England's commercial prosperity."
He saw a certain Minister
(A Minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind.
The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark!"
General Gascoigne's burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to Hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration.

STANZAS,

From Moore's "National Melodies," just published.

SO warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,—
That which was the sweeter e'en I could not tell;
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which blessed our farewell.
To meet was a Heaven—and to part thus another,
Our joy and our sorrow seemed rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears than that moment to this.
The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow,
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, tho' sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THE DEVIL'S SECOND WALK.

[Mr. BENNET, when speaking of Parodies on Sacred Writ, said "he held them in abhorrence, whether published by rich or poor—by broken Booksellers or Ministers of State." The sentiment is just, and in the best taste. To a little liberty taken with the Devil, however, there can be no objection—at least one would think so; but it is impossible not to recollect the old Lady who, when she lit a candle to the Saint, lit one also to the Serpent, making this remark—"There is no knowing where a body may go to!" The Devil certainly has his friends, and to them the Writer makes every apology due to their feelings.]

SECOND WALK.

The Devil was fresh, for the Spaniard had cheer'd him
With hopes of more *Auto da Fés*;
He wish'd the cause well, for the cause was his own,
The Devil was loud in its praise!

In France he beheld the *Désiré* restored,
And the Devil much relish'd the thing:
"NAPOLEON," said he, "was most useful, I own,
But here's a legitimate King!"

To England he came, when the battle was o'er,
And he thought all his comforts must cease;
But with armies and taxes, the land was oppress'd,
And He ne'er was so happy in Peace!

He saw an *Informant* dress'd out for the part,
Sent forth to beguile and deceive—
"That's good," said the Devil, "it's just what I did,
"When I tempted and danc'd Mother Eve!"

He went to the Commons, to hear the debates,
And he grin'd upon CASTLEREAGH's knee:—
But when C—NN—G§ the wounds of his victim would probe,
He cried—"How he irritates me."

Saints, who aid all corruption, and hate all reform,
The Devil bebel'd with delight;
For it put him in mind that he himself once
Had smick'd "an Angel of light!"

He look'd over Ireland, it did his heart good;
"Ah, bravo!" said he, "that does mighty well—
"They duped them with *Union*, and promis'd them much—
"Tis just as I act here in Hell!"

The rogues were pro-rogued—no; dissolv'd I should say;
And now heat, with corruption pervades:
Cried the Devil—"fine time for my sons to make hay,
"Now I may go back to the *Shades*!"

"He saw an *Apothecary* on a white horse"—
"Oh, Oh!" said he, "here comes the quack;
"The *Doctor*—I know him—he'll take me safe home"—
So he jump'd up behind on the hack.

"Tis true," said the Doctor, "I'm going your way,
"But *Oliver* goes—and has seen us"—
"Hold your tongue," cried the Devil—"I know it—
"We'll take up your friend, Sir, between us!"

June 22.

* Morning Chronicle, May 22. 1818

† Two are mentioned in this Stanza—but there appears a perfect identity. Among the Greeks an *Informant* was called *Diabolos*. Dion, speaking of Trajan, a Prince well worthy of imitation, says—*Διὰβολοῖς τε ἡρώτα ἐπιστεύε*—he never listened to INFORMERS.

‡ Sitting there probably for some rotten Borough, or perhaps representing his own "fundamental feature" in Derbyshire!

§ We have since had many speeches from this Gentleman, but not one laugh. Had the Devil's approbation such an effect on him, that we now seek in vain for his gibes, his gambols, and his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the House in a roar?—Not one now—quite chop-fallen! It is a loss, for without his Bauble and his Bells, he is a very flat personage.

|| Milton.

The following lines are by the late Dr. WOLCOT (*Peter Pindar*), who seems to have had as much distaste to angling as Dr. JOHNSON:—

BALLAD TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

Why flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me, there's nought of danger near:
I have no wicked hook,
All covered with a snaring baite,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.
O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood;
For Nature unto thee
Perchance has given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done to me.
Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish,
And when an Angler, for his dsh,
Through Gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts—a wretch—to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O, gentle Trout,
To pull the raskall in!

DISTRESS ON DISTRESS.

Miss Wigley her lover called first of the fair,
The pride of her heart was Mr. Deputy Dent;
She admired his sound teeth, he her fine head of hair,
He talked about marriage, she gave her consent.

It happened unluckily, both in a breath
Made a vow, sober, serious, without fun or rig,
She never to marry a man with *false teeth*,
And he any woman that sported a *wig*.

Now Miss Wigley a fever had had in her youth,
That completely had left her dear head without hair,
And a fall from a horse had dislodged every tooth
Of poor Deputy Dent, that his jaws were quite bare.

One day at her toilette, he knock'd at the door,
She, bare-headed, cried, "Betty, well here's a fine rig,
"What to do, (cried Miss Wigley) I don't know I'm sure,
"He must not, at all events, find out the wig:

"Bless my soul, is there nothing! lud, what shall we do?
"I have it, a good thought, I don't care a pin;"
So under the toilette her caxon she threw,
And then boldly cried, "Now Sir, you may come in."

He started, drew back, gave a kind of a hoot!
Did fond lover e'er such an accident twig?
She bridled and curtsied, as bald as a coot,
In her flutter forgetting her head and no wig.

With gravity he was no longer endued;
His risible muscles unmasterable grew;
And while a loud volley of laughter ensued,
His jaws he so stretch'd that out every tooth flew!

Distress on distress! what will these lovers do?
Though neither could laugh they both relish'd the rig;
And, somewhat consoled, while each vow'd to be true,
She picked up his teeth, and he search'd for her wig.

ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.—The following humorous ballad, from the pen of WALTER SCOTT, Esq. entitled *Donald Caird*, is eminently characteristic of the bold leader of a Gypsy tribe. It is quite in the spirit of the original air, to which it is adapted.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the hieland fling,
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleece till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in burgh and glen
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in burgh and glen
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a moorfowl in the drift,
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers;
He can yauk when you are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward,
Dare ye mill wi' Donald Caird!

Donald Caird, &c. &c.
Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill,
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's ~~you~~ he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle of the causey;
Hieland chief and lowland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird.

Donald Caird, &c. &c.
Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some geer may weel be mist.
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fund te tings;
Dunts of kèbbeck, taitis of woo',
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the widdie Donald Caird!

Donald Caird, &c. &c.
On Donald Caird the doom was stern.
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the woodie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep, in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's loose again!

Donald Caird, &c. &c.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

From Moore's "National Melodies," just published.

THOSE evening Bells, those evening Bells,

How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening Bells!

And so 'twill be, when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards will walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening Bells!

WHIMSICAL EPISTLE.

The following is a genuine copy of a Poetical Memorial, sent a few days ago to the Commissioners of Excise, in Dublin, by an Apothecary:—

Thrice honour'd Board, of high desert and deeds,
Oh hear! a young Apothecary pleads;
Time has not wing'd his annual ear, since first,
With patient toil and reputation's thirst,
I plied the pestle, and prepared the drug,
In the fond hope to make my fire-side snug.
But ah! delusive hope! thy fleeting ray,
Chas'd, like a purge, my golden dreams away.
Methought that lodgers would discharge my rent,
(A sum enormous, without precedent *;)
No lodger came—no well-lin'd squire applied—
Disastrous times the ready cash denied:
Hard then my lot, launched into busy life,
In embryo still my business and my wife!
No money current through the public veins,
Few patients paying, tho' relieved of pains;
A spacious house, whose chambers, like my purse,
Are empty; and my rent—a very curse;
My ruthless landlord will enforce his due,
And, honour'd Board, you press for taxes too.
True, I can blister, bleed, nay, fractures join,
But may I take my pills, if I can coin;
Then grant my boon, reduce this year's demand—
This year, so big with failure to the land;
This year, whose lapse the historic page will trace,
Pregnant with sorrow to the British race,
Which gave in Love's young dawn and Beauty's bloom,
A victim Princess to an early tomb.

* One hundred guineas per annum.

ADDRESS TO THE CROWS, INHABITANTS OF THE PAGODA AT KEW.

BY DR. JOHN WOLCOT, FORMERLY PETER FINDAR, ESQ.

O! ye Crows who this Temple possess,
High-rear'd in the Garden of Kew,
Ye ought the fair structure to bless,
That seems chiefly erected for you.

Had ye taken a lodging on trees,
Cruel boys by their hands and their legs,
Too fond upon plunder to seize,
Had carried off infants or eggs.

Ye are strangers to sorrow and care,
Now perch'd in the sunshine around,
Now wantonly sportive in air,
Now feasting at ease on the ground.

In and out with such freedom ye fly,
Seeming nothing but pleasure to know—
That to Nature I've said, with a sigh,
"Why didst thou not make me a Crow?"

When this Temple of Crows shall be full,
Let me point out another to light on,
The child of a very wise skull,*
Need I say the Pagoda at Brighton?

All, ye Crows, for my song I desire,
Now and then is a quill from your wings,
To write what the Muse may inspire
In favour of Princes and Kings.

* That of Mr. Nash.

MR. MOORE'S NEW MUSICAL WORK.

The following playful lines are the subject of a beautiful design by STOTHARD, prefixed to Mr. Moore's new Musical Work entitled "National Melodies," consisting of airs of all countries, Spanish, Sicilian, Hungarian, Indian, &c.

"A Temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden—the thought is divine!"

Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh never," she cried, "can I think of inshrining,
"An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;

"But yon little God, upon roses reclining—
"We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little God laden,
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove—

"Farewell," said the sculptor, "your not the first maiden
"Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love!"

As the stone which is under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey is so generally known by the name of Jacob's Pillow, it may be an interesting inquiry how it received that appellation, or the singular veneration of the Irish, Scotch, and English nations, for so many ages.

We are informed in Genesis the xxviiith, that the patriarch Jacob placed a stone under his head, while he slept at Luz, that in the fulness of his gratitude for the consolatory vision with which he had been favoured, he consecrated it with oil, and made a solemn vow that it should be the house of God. Notwithstanding this ceremony, we do not find in any part of the Hebrew history, that he or any of his posterity fulfilled this pious vow. It might reasonably be expected that if Solomon placed such a relique in the foundation of the Temple, it would have been mentioned, as well as other matters of much less importance, but no such circumstance is noticed, and for the honour of the Hebrew nation, it is absolutely necessary to account in some way for this important omission.

When the famine drove Jacob and his family into Egypt, it is scarcely probable he would have left his household altar to be profaned by unbelievers on the plains of Canaan, a stone which served him for a pillow, could be easily removed, and it being dear to him by the most tender associations, which a pious mind could cherish, he might naturally be expected to bring it down to Egypt, where, after his demise, its guardianship must naturally devolve on Joseph, who was not only his favourite child, the preserver of his family, and the inheritor of the first birthright, which included even the priesthood, but was also the executor of his father as to the interment of his body. It is mentioned that Joshua, a little before his death, after exhorting the house of Israel to be faithful to God, took a stone and set it up for a testimony, under an oak, which was in the sanctuary; at the same time making a pious resolution, that however faithless the other tribes might be, himself and his house (that of Joseph, which was divided into the two tribes of Ephraim and Manasses) should serve the Lord. If this were the stone which Jacob consecrated, it must have gone back again into Canaan, which would increase the difficulty of throwing any light upon that which came into the west of Europe at a period coeval with the Exod under Moses. There is an air of mystery of this ancient stone. The learned General Vallaney, who paid much attention to the antiquities of Ireland, says it was brought from Egypt into Ireland, and called by the Irish Cloghna Cineamhna, which literally signifies the Stone, of Kinana or Canaan. In several parts of Scripture we find strong allusions to a stone; for instance, in Genesis, the 49th chapter, Jacob says, that in the last days, a Shepherd and the Stone of Israel shall come from the tribe of Joseph. Our blessed Lord, when threatening to transfer the Kingdom from Judah (his own tribe, which "received him not"), and to give it to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof, called the attention of his Disciples to a prophetic passage in the Psalms, which stated, that the Stone which the builders rejected should become the head of the corner. In Zechariah it is said, that an individual, named Joshua, should bring forth the chief Stone rejoicing. There are also many texts which justify the hope, that, in the latter days, the house of Joseph shall be singularly favoured. In Zechariah there is a promise of salvation for that tribe, which particularly inherits the name of Israel, from the singular blessings pronounced by Jacob on Ephraim and Manasses: and we know that the second vision of Joseph was never yet fulfilled; for, according to Jacob's explanation, the Moon represented Rachael, who died in giving birth to Benjamin, long before Joseph was exalted in the Court of Pharaoh, "to teach the Senators wisdom." The death of Rachael, however, did not weaken Jacob's faith; for, upon his death-bed, his last action was to pay homage to the top of Joseph's Rod or Staff, which was the emblem of power. It still, however, remains for us to trace to Westminster Abbey a venerable relique of antiquity, known by the name of Jacob's Pillow, and on which the Kings of Ireland, Scotland, and England, have so long received their Crowns. Surely this is a subject worthy the attention of the learned and the pious. Its pursuit may lead to discoveries of no ordinary consequence, and at least afford a few moments' innocent amusement to the Divine Antiquarian and Historian.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The following anecdote is taken from a biographical sketch of the late Doctor Maclaine, just published, and is said to have been communicated to the Doctor by Lord Ligonier:—

When his Lordship was Ambassador in Spain, in the reign of the present King's grandfather, Charles III. a morning was appointed for him to attend the Levee of the present Charles IV. then Prince of the Asturias. As he entered the anti-chamber, he saw several of the grandees coming out of the chamber of audience full dressed, and walking gravely by, with each a *fool's cap upon his head*. Struck with the sight, he asked what the meaning of it was? To which the Spanish Minister, who conducted him, replied, it was merely a *fancy of the Prince*, who kept a great number of these caps in his apartment, one of which he always put upon the head of the person who had been with him. Lord Ligonier then inquired, whether it were likely such a favour would be conferred on him; "because," added he, "the King, my master, whom I represent, would be far from pleased, were I to submit to such an indignity!" Upon this, the Spanish Minister promised that he would endeavour to obviate this part of the ceremony of introduction; and accordingly went in to consult the Prince on the subject, but returned with the answer that Lord Ligonier must submit to be *crowned*, like the other visitors of his Royal Highness. "Then," said Lord L. "I present my respects to his Royal Highness, and wish him a good morning."—"Nay, nay," replied the Spaniard, "stay a little, and I will step in again to the Prince." He did so, and again returning, assured Lord L. that he might now venture into the presence chamber, without any apprehension of the compliment being paid him. Lord L. went in accordingly, and was received most graciously by the Prince, who conversed with him, for a long time, with the greatest affability. It did not escape Lord L.'s observation, however, that the Prince stood with his back to the fire-place, having one hand behind him; and he therefore conceived that it was not impossible a trick might be played him at last. He consequently kept a sharp look-out, and watched every motion of his Royal Highness. The suspicion was not without foundation. Approaching to take his leave, he made a very low bow, keeping his eye still upon the Prince's hand; and at the very moment when he was again raising his head, saw his Royal Highness produce the fool's cap, and lift it up for the purpose of covering him. Being, however, prepared for such a manoeuvre, he struck the paper compliment out of the Prince's hand to the other end of the room, made another low bow, and retired.

ATHANASIAN CREED.—When the late Reverend Mr. WRIGHT had a small living in the West of England, he refused to read the Athanasian Creed, though repeatedly desired to do so by his parishioners. The parishioners complained to the Bishop, who ordered it to be read. Now this very curious Creed is appointed to be said or sung, and Mr. WRIGHT, accordingly on the following Sunday, thus addressed his congregation—"Next follows Athanasius's Creed either to be said or SUNG, and with Heaven's leave, I'll sing it.—Now, Clerk, mind what you are about." When they both struck up, and sung it with great glee to a fox-hunting tune, which, having previously practised, was well performed. The parishioners again met, and informed their Pastor of what they called the indecorum—but the Bishop said that their Pastor was right, for it was so ordered, upon which they declared that they would dispense with the Creed in future; nor did Mr. WRIGHT ever after either read or sing it.

DISPATCH OF BUSINESS.—In a work entitled *Fragmenta Aulica*, 1662, is this anecdote: "Master Serjeant POPHAM, afterwards Lord Chief Justice POPHAM (who said he would make the road so safe, that a man might travel with a white wand, and performed his word), when he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons—which had *sate long, and done nothing in effect*—coming one day to Queen ELIZABETH, she said to him, now, Master Speaker, what hath passed in the House of Commons? He answered, "if it please your Majesty, *seven weeks!*" This, like other things, shews clearly that there is nothing new under the sun.

A SCENE IN LOW LIFE.

Friday, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Tottenham-court-road, green-grocer, fruiterer, coal and potatoe-merchant, salt fish and Irish pork monger, was brought before the Magistrate at Bow Street Office, on a peace-warrant, issued at the suit of his wife.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan is an Englishwoman, who married Mr. Sullivan for love, and has been "blessed with many children by him." But, notwithstanding, she appeared before the Magistrate with her face all scratched and bruised, from the eyes downward to the very tip of her chin, all which scratches and bruises, she said, were the handywork of her husband.

The unfortunate Mary, it appeared, married Mr. Sullivan about seven years ago; at which time he was as polite a young Irishman as ever handled a potatoe on this side Channel; he had every thing snug and comfortable about him, and his purse and his person taken together, were quite *undeniable*. She herself, was a young woman genteely brought up—abounding in friends, and acquaintance, and silk gowns, with three good bonnets always in use, and black velvet shoes to correspond—welcome wherever she went, whether to dinner, tea, or supper, and made much of by every body. St. Giles's bells rang merrily at their wedding—a fine fat leg of mutton and capers, plenty of pickled salmon, three ample dishes of salt fish and potatoes, with pies, pudding, and porter of the best, were set forth for the bridal supper; all the most considerable families in Dyot-street and Church-lane were invited, and every thing promised a world of happiness—and, for five whole years, they were happy. She loved—as Lord Byron would say, "She loved, and was beloved; she ador'd, and was worshipped;" but Mr. Sullivan was too much like the hero of his Lordship's tale—his affections could not "hold the bent;" and the sixth year had scarcely commenced, when poor Mary discovered that she had "outlived his liking." From that time to the present he had treated her continually with the greatest cruelty; and, at last, when by such means he had reduced her from a comely young person to a mere handful of a poor creature, he beat her, and turned her out of doors.

This was Mrs. Sullivan's story; and she told it with such pathos, that all who heard it, pitied her—except her husband!

It was now Mr. Sullivan's turn to speak. Whilst his wife was speaking, he had stood with his back towards her, his arms folded across his breast to keep down his choler; biting his lips, and staring at the blank wall; but, the moment she ceased, he abruptly turned round, and, curiously enough, asked the Magistrate, whether *Misthress Sullivan* had done *spaking*?

"She has," replied his Worship, "but suppose you ask her whether she has any thing more to say?"

"I shall Sir!" exclaimed the angry Mr. Sullivan—"Misthress Sullivan, had you any more of it to say?"

Mrs. Sullivan raised her eyes to the ceiling, clasped her hands together, and was silent.

"Very well, then," continued he—"will I get lave to spake, your Honour?"

His Honour nodded permission, and Mr. Sullivan immediately began a defence, to which it is impossible to do justice; so exuberantly did he suit the action to the word, and the word to the action. "Och! your Honour, there is something the matter with me!" he began; at the same time putting two of his fingers perpendicularly over his forehead, to intimate that Mrs. Sullivan had played him false. He then went into a long story about a "*Misther Burke*," who lodged in his house, and had taken the liberty of assisting him in his conjugal duties, "without any lave from him at all." It was one night in *partickler*, he said, that he went, he himself, to bed betimes in the little back parlour, quite intirely sick with the head-ache. *Misther Burke* was out from home, and when the shop was shut up, Mrs. Sullivan went out too; but he did not much care for that, *ounly* he thought she might as well have staid at home, and so he couldnt go to sleep for thinking of it. "Well, at one o'clock in the morning," he continued, (lowering his voice into a sort of *loud* whisper), "at one o'clock in the morning, *Misther Burke* lets himself in with the key that he had, and goes up to bed—and I thought nothing at all; but presently I hears something come, tap, tap, tap, at the street-door. The minute after, comes down Mr. Burke, and opens the door, and sure it was Mary—*Misthress Sullivan* that is, more's the pity—and d—l a bit she came to see after me at all in the little back parlour, but up stairs she goes after *Misther Burke*. 'Och!' says I, 'but there's something the matter with me this night!' and I got up with the nightcap o'lh' head of me, and went into the shop to see for a knife, but I couldnt get one by no manes. So I creeps up stairs, step by step, step by step, [here Mr. Sullivan walked on tiptoe all across the office, to show the Magistrate how quietly he went up the stairs] and when I gets to the top I sees 'em, by the *gash* (gas) coming through the chink in the windy-curtains—I sees 'em; and 'Och! *Misthress Sullivan*!' says he; and 'Och! *Misther Burke*!' says she—and 'Och! botheration! says I to myself, 'and what will I do now?' We cannot follow Mr. Sullivan any farther in the detail of his melancholy affair; it is sufficient that he saw enough to convince him that he was dishonoured; that, by some accident or other, he disturbed the guilty pair, whereupon Mrs. Sullivan crept under Mr. Burke's bed, to hide herself; that Mr. Sullivan rushed into the room, and dragged her from under the bed, by her "wicked leg," and that he felt about the round table in the corner, where Mr. Burke kept his bread and cheese, in the hope of finding a knife.

"And what would you have done with it, if you had found it?" asked his Worship.

"Is it what I would have done with it, your Honour asks?" exclaimed Mr. Sullivan, almost choked with rage—"Is it what I would have done with it!—ounly that I'd have *dagged* it into the heart of 'em at that same time!" As he said this, he threw himself into an attitude of wild desperation, and made a tremendous lunge, as if in the very act of slaughter.

To make short of a long story, he did not find the knife; Mr. Burke barricaded himself in his room, and Mr. Sullivan turned his wife out of doors.

The Magistrate ordered him to find bail to keep the peace towards his wife and all the King's subjects, and told him if his wife was indeed what he had represented her to be, he must seek some less violent mode of separation than the *knife*.

DOING BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND.

[FROM AN OXFORD PAPER.]

The following passage on the mode of doing business in Scotland, with the London Commercial Traveller, is highly characteristic and entertaining:

"It is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear; but here, there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with one man will serve to shew the general mode of doing business. I call and inform him who I am, and request him to fix a time for the transaction of our business; he bids me call again, which I do several times, without doing any thing. He wishes to be the last I do with, but *all* cannot be *last*, and all have wished to be so. After a few days I get him to proceed to business; he objects to the price of the articles I offer; he will not buy. I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, 'You are over dear; Sir, I can buy the same goods ten per cent. lower; if ye like to take off ten per cent. I'll take some of these.' I tell him that a reduction of price is out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotsman wants it. 'Well, Sir, it is a *terrible* price; but, as I am out of it at present, I'll just take a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye must take off five per cent.' 'Sir,' say I, 'would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask ten, or even five per cent. more than I intend to take?' He laughs at me, 'Hoot, hoot man! do ye ay expect to get what ye ask? Gude Lord! an I was ay to get what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll gie ye within twa an' a half of your ain price, and gude faith man! ye'll be well paid.' I tell him that I never make any deduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'since you must have it all your own way, I must e'en take the article, but really I think you are over keen.' So much for buying and selling; then comes the settlement of the account. 'How much discount do you take off, Sir?'—'Discount! why, Sir, you cannot expect discount after the account has been standing a twelvemonth.' 'Indeed; but I do expect discount: pay siller without discount! na, na, Sir, that's no the way here: ye must deduct five per cent.' I tell him that I will take off no discount at all. 'Weel, Sir, I'll gie ye no money at all. Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take off two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. 'I have ten shilling down against you for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages.' 'Indeed! these are heavy deductions, but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose I must allow it.' 'Oh, aye, it's all right.—Then, Sir, here's eight and four-pence for packsheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage.' These last items astonish me. 'What, Sir,' say I, 'are we to pay all the charges on your business?' But I find that if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account, so I acquiesce, resolving within myself, that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion.

"I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed.—'Have ye a stamp?' asks he. 'A stamp, for what?' 'Just to draw you a bill,' replies he. 'A bill, my good Sir! I took off two and a half per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash.' But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop! 'And what can I do with this?'—'Oh, ye may take it to Sir William Forbes, and he'll discount it for you on paying him three months' interest.' 'And what can I do with his notes?' 'He'll gie ye a bill on London at forty-five days.' 'So, Sir, after allowing twelve months credit, and two and a half per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill for which we are not in cash for four months and a half.'—'Weel, weel.' 'And now, Sir,' says he, 'if you are going to your inn, I'll gang with ye, and take a glass of wine.'"

We have the pleasure to announce to the public, that the examination of the Crown-room and chest, supposed to contain the regalia of Scotland, took place on Wednesday last, at one o'clock, and was attended with complete success. The Commissioners present were—

The Lord President, Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Chief Commissioner, Gen. Hope, Lord Provost, the Solicitor General, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. Henry Jardine, Mr. Wm. Clerk, and Mr. Thomson.

Apologies were made for his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, who was confined by indisposition, and for the Duke of Gordon and the Lord Advocate, who were absent from Edinburgh. The Commissioners met in the Governor's house in the Castle, and were received by the guard under arms, and the military band.

After reading the Royal Commission, and other official documents, they proceeded to the crown-rooms, when the King's smith and carpenter removed the fastenings of two doors, the outer of oak, and the inner composed of grates of iron, after previously ascertaining that they had not been opened since the former Commission to search for records in 1794. Nothing was found in the room but a large oblong oaken chest, secured by two strong locks, for which no keys had been found.

The Commissioners, according to the tenor of their warrant, directed the chest to be forced open, which was effected with some difficulty. It was found to contain the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State of Scotland, answering, in the most minute particulars, to their description in the instrument of deposition, 26th March, 1707, which is printed in *Nisbet's Heraldry*, vol. 2d, and more correctly in Mr. Thomson's late publication from the records of the Jewel Office. There was also a silver rod of office, of which the peculiar use is not yet ascertained.

So soon as the existence of these venerable and precious relics of our national independence was ascertained, the royal standard was hoisted, and the soldiers cheered a salute, which was heartily echoed from the Castle Hill, where a numerous crowd had assembled; anxious to learn the event of the search after these interesting memorials, on the fate of which some mystery had been supposed to rest. Indeed we could not but feel flattered by the general interest expressed by all ranks upon an occasion so intimately connected with the ancient honour of Scotland.

We are enabled to state, that the workmanship of the crown and sceptre are highly elegant, and in good taste; the sword, being a present from Pope Julius to James IV., is of a pattern corresponding to the excellence of the arts of Italy at that classical period. Nothing else was found in the chest, except a copy of the act of deposition. The regalia were replaced in the chest, which was again properly secured.

We understand that, after some deliberation, the Commissioners have come to a resolution that they are not entitled again to open the crown-room, either to gratify their own curiosity, or that of the public, until they have made a report to the Prince Regent. But there can be little doubt that his Royal Highness, to whose direct personal instructions we owe the gratification we have received on a subject so interesting, will order measures for gratifying the public curiosity upon a point of such great national interest, so soon as the necessary precautions and regulations can be adopted for that purpose.

The following copy of the instrument taken by Mr. William Wilson, one of the Under Clerks of Session, at depositing the regalia will be read with interest, as giving a correct description of the different articles:—

(From "*Nisbet's Heraldry*.")

At the Castle of Edinburgh, and within the Crown-room there, betwixt the hours of one and two afternoon, of the 26th day of March, in the one thousand seven hundred and seventh year of our Lord, and sixth year of the reign of her Majesty, Anne, by the grace of God, Queen of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, the which day, in presence of us notaries public, and witnesses under subscribing, compared personally, William Wilson, one of the under clerks of Session, Depute-Marischal, for himself, as Procurator for, and in name and behalf of William, Earl Marischal, Lord Keith and Altrie, &c. Great Marischal of the Kingdom of Scotland, Heritable Keeper of the Regalia thereof, viz. crown, sceptre, and sword; and there, in presence of David, Earl of Glasgow, Lord Boyle, &c. Lord Thesaurer-Depute, who, for himself, and in name of the remanent Lords Commissioners of Thesaurry, was present to receive the above regalia, the said William Wilson, after producing and reading a procuratory granted by the said Noble Earl to him, of the contents there-

in, and after-mentioned, dated and registrate in the books of Council and Session, on the 25th day of March instant, did also produce to the said Lord Thesaurer-Depute, a schedule, signed by him, and us Notaries Public underscribing, containing an inventory and particular description of the said regalia, as follows:—

THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF SCOTLAND—Is of pure gold, enriched with many precious stones, diamonds, pearls, and curious enamellings; its parts and specific forms are these: 1mo, It is composed of a large broad circle, or fillet, which goes round the head, adorned with twenty-two large precious stones, viz. topazes, amethysts, garnets, emeralds, rubies, and hyacinths, in colls of gold of various forms, and with curious enamellings, and betwixt each of these colls and stones are interposed great oriental pearls, one of which is wanting. 2do, Above the great circle there is another small one, formed with twenty points, adorned with the like number of diamonds and sapphires alternatively, and the points are topped with as many great pearls; after which form are the coronets of our Lords Barons. 3tio, The upper-circle is relevate or heightened with ten crosses fleury, each being adorned in the centre with a great diamond, betwixt four great pearls placed in the cross 1 and 1; but some of the pearls are wanting, and the number extant upon the upper-part of the crown, besides what are in the under-circle and in the cross patee, are fifty-one, and these crosses fleury are interchanged with other ten high fleurs de lis, all alternatively with the foresaid great pearls, below which top the points of the second small circle.—

Nota, This is said to be the ancient form of the crown of Scotland, since the league made betwixt Achais, King of Scots, and Charles the Great of France, the specific form of our crown differing from other Imperial crowns, in that it is heightened or raised with crosses fleury, alternately with fleurs de lis; the crown of France is heightened only with fleurs de lis; and that of England with crosses patee, alternately with fleurs de lis. Our crown of Scotland, since King James VI. went to England, has been ignorantly represented by herald-painters, engravers, and other tradesmen, after the form of the crown of England, with crosses patee, whereas there is not one but that which tops the mound, but all crosses fleury, such as we see on our old coins, and those which top our old churches; these crowns were not anciently arched or close. Charles VIII. of France is said to be the first in France who took a close crown, as appears by his medals coined in the year 1495, being designed *Imperator Orientis*: Edward V. of England, in the year 1483, carried a close crown, as is observed by Selden; and our crown is arched thus: 4to, From the upper circle proceed four arches adorned with enamelled figures, which meet and close at the top, surmounted with a mound of gold, or celestial globe, enamelled blue *seme*, or powdered with stars, crossed and enamelled with a large cross patee, adorned in the extremities with a great pearl; such a cross tops the Church of Holyrood house, and cantoned with other four in the angles. In the centre of the cross patee there is a square amethyst, which points the fore part of the crown; and behind, or on the other side, is a great pearl, and below it, on the foot of the paler part of the cross, are these characters, J. R. 5. By which it appears King James V. was the first that closed the Crown with arches, and topped it with a mound and cross patee. But it is evident, 1mo, That the money and medals coined in the reigns of King James III. and IV. have a close crown; and it is no less clear, that the arches of the crown were not put there from the beginning, or at the making of the crown: because, 1mo, They are tacked by tacks of gold to the ancient crown. 2do, The workmanship of the arch is not so good, and there is a small distinction in the fineness betwixt the first and the last, the last, being superfine gold, and the other not so exactly to that standard, whereof trial has been made. 5to, The tire or bonnet of the crown was of purple velvet; but in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-five it got a cap of crimson velvet, adorned as before with four plates of gold richly wrought and enamelled, and in each of them a great pearl, half inch in diameter, which appear between the four arches, and the bonnet is turned up with ermine; upon the lowest circle of the crown, immediately above the ermine, there are eight small holes, disposed two and two together, on the four quarters of the crown, in the middle space betwixt the arches, to which they have laced or tied diamonds, or precious stones. The crown is nine inches broad in diameter, being twenty-seven inches about, and in height, from the under circle to the top of the cross patee, six inches and a half; it always stands on a square cushion of crimson velvet, adorned with fringes, and four tassels of gold thread hanging down at each corner.

THE SCEPTRE—The stalk or stem of the Sceptre being silver double over gilt, is two feet in length, of hexagon form, with three buttons or knobs answering thereto; betwixt the first button and the second is the handle, of hexagon form, furling in the middle, and plain. Betwixt the second button and the third, there are three sides engraven; that under the Virgin Mary, one of the statues that are on the top of the stalk; is the letter J; upon the second side, under St. James, is the letter R; and on the third, under St. Andrew, is the figure 5. The side betwixt J. and R. is engraven with fourteen fleurs-de-lis; and on the side betwixt the figure 5. and the letter J. are ten thistles, continued from one stem from the third button to the capital; the three sides under the statues are plain; on the other three are antique engravings, viz. Sacramental cups, antique Medusa's heads, and rullion foliages; upon the top of the stalk is an antique capital of leaves embossed; upon the abacus whereof arises round the prolonged stem, surrounded with three statues: First, that of the Blessed Virgin, crowned with an open crown, holding in her right arm our Blessed Saviour, and in her left hand a mound ensigned with a cross. Next to her, on her right hand, stands the statue of St. Andrew in an apostolical garment, and on his head a bonnet, like a Scots bonnet, holding in his right hand a cross, or saltire, a part whereof is broke off; and in his left, elevete, a book open. On the blessed Virgin's left hand, St. Andrew's right hand, stands another statue, seeming to represent St. James, with

the like apostolical garment, and an hanging neck super-added thereto; and upon his head a little hat, like to the Roman pileum; in his right hand, half elevate, a book open; and in his left, a pastoral staff, the head is broken off; and above each statue, being two inches and a half, excepting the Virgin, which is a little less, the finishing of a gothic niche. Betwixt each statue arises a rullion, in form of a dolphin, very distinct, in length four inches, foliage along the body, their heads upward, and effronted inward, and the turnings of their tails ending in a rose or cinque-foil outward. Above these rullions and statues stands another hexagon button, or knot, with oak leaves under every corner, and above it a crystal globe of two inches and a quarter diameter, within three bars, jointed above, where it is surmounted with six rullions; and here again, with an oval globe, topped with an oriental pearl, half an inch diameter. The whole sceptre in length is thirty-four inches.

THE SWORD—Is in length five feet; the handle and pommel are of silver over gilt, in length fifteen inches; the pommel is round, and somewhat flat on the two sides; on the middle of each there is of embossed work a garland, and in the centre there have been two enamelled plates, which are broke off. The traverse or cross of the sword being of silver over gilt, is in length seventeen inches and an half. Its form is like two dolphins, their heads joining, and their tails end into acorns; the shell is hanging down towards the point of the sword, formed like an escalop flourished, or rather like a great oak leaf. On the blade of the sword are indented with gold these letters, Julius II. P. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, covered with silver, gilded and wrought in phitigram work into branches of the oak tree leaves and acorns; on the scabbard are placed four round plates of silver over gilt; two of them near to the crampet are enamelled blue, and thereon in golden characters, Julius II. Pont. Max. N. At the mouth of the scabbard, opposite to the hilt, is a large square plate of silver, enamelled purple, in a cartouch azure, an oak tree eradicated and fructuated, or; and above the cartouch the Papal ensign, viz.—Two keys in saltier adossa, their bows formed like roses or cinquefoils, tied with trappings and tassels hanging down at each side of the cartouch. Above the keys is the Papal tiara, environed with three crowns, with two labels turned up, adorned with crosses. Pope Julius II. who gifted the sword to King James IV. had for his armorial figures, an oak tree fructuated; which is the reason the sword is adorned with such figures, a hill and a star; which figures I find not on any part of the sword; if they have been on the two enamelled plates, which are lost from the pommel, I know not; but it is certain the Pope had such figures, as appears by these verses made by Voltoline, a famous Italian poet; as the same are mentioned by Hermannus Hermies, a German writer, who gives us these lines, found in the monastery:—

“Quercus, Mons, stella, formant sua Stemmata Princeps;
Hisque tribus irimm stat diademata tuum.
Tuta Navis Petri medjis non flectitur undis;
Mons teget a ventis, stellaque monstrat iter.”

Now that the regalia of Scotland have been found; it may amuse our readers to see the speculations as to their existence, made by Mr. Hugo Arnott, in his amusing *History of Edinburgh*. Speaking of the interior structure of the Castle, he says—

“In this quarter of the Castle State Prisoners are kept; and in one apartment, called the *Crown Room*, it is pretended that the Regalia of Scotland are deposited; that they were lodged there with much formality on 26th March, 1707, is certain. Whether they be there still is very problematical. If they be, nothing at least can be more absurd than the way in which they have been kept.

“The way to preserve an object of great value, is not to lock it up for ever from the eyes of the public; quite the reverse. It is by producing it at stated times before certain officers, as representing the public. Now, since the regalia were deposited, no Governor of the Castle, upon his admission, has made inquiry if they were left secure by his predecessor. No mortal has been known to have seen them. Whether it was that the Government entertained a jealousy that the Scots, in their fickleness or disgust, would repent themselves of the Union, or that they dreaded the regalia might, upon an invasion, fall into the hands of the heir of the House of Stuart; it seems probable that the regalia have been privately removed by a secret order from the Court; for it is impossible that any Governor of the Castle would abstract them without authority. If after this general surmise, so publicly thrown out, the officers of state and governor of Edinburgh Castle will not make personal inquiry, whether the regalia of Scotland be still in the Castle, the public will be entitled to conclude that they are no longer there, and that they have been carried off by private orders from the Court.”—(*Edinburgh Paper*.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—When the late Mr. FLEMING was surgeon of Sir EDWARD PELLEW's flag ship the *Culloden*, in the East Indies, one of the crew, a stout-looking fellow, came to him with a complaint which the Doctor thought frivolous, or only a plea to evade his share of some duty then going on; the man persisted in his story. “Hoot, man!” says the Doctor, “you look better than I do.”—“So I always did, Sir,” replied the patient, and smiled. His mirth, however, was of very short duration; the Doctor ordered *Europe* (a stout stick so denominated, that was kept in the sick bay) to be brought him, a few strips with which soon convinced the poor fellow that he was jesting on a dangerous subject. The Doctor was rather vain of his person.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.—The exclamations of the populace, during the murder of the Protestants in Languedoc, in favour of another massacre of St. Bartholomew, prove how little the general condemnation of religious persecution and cruelty operates upon the minds of those who rely implicitly upon authority, and who are told what authority has sanctioned—that slaughter, in its day, was hailed from the pulpit, and sanctified by the pope; and it is evident that many of the most ignorant and uninformed of the persuasion which it stigmatises, not only deem it justifiable, but would repeat it if they could. What is the nature of that superstition which thus changes all the feelings, and reverses the very current of humanity—which in the present day can roast men to death, and in those which are past have incited to actions like the following, which is related of a Frenchman who was baffled in an attempt to assassinate Henry IV. of France, while king of Navarre. “Gavaret was bred an Hugonot; but, on being converted to popery, he had promised his confessor to make a public recantation of his former opinions, and to bring such proofs of his being a good Catholic, that no one should doubt the truth of his conversion. It was supposed that the murder of the King of Navarre, which would have been a fatal blow to the Hugonot party, was to have afforded this indisputable proof of his sincerity; but, disappointed in that design, he was reduced to recommend himself by the destruction of persons of less note, and to make up, by the sacrifice of every principle of gratitude and humanity, for the comparative insignificance of the victims of his treachery. His vices having, in very early youth, so exasperated his father, that he renounced all future connexion with him, he so effectually excited the compassion of the Sieur de Semans, another Hugonot gentleman in the neighbourhood, that he not only received him into the family, but treated him as a son; and, breeding him with a young kinsman of his own, gave him every advantage of education. The elder Gavaret dying, his son inherited his fortune; and, after being disappointed in his intended assassination of the King of Navarre, he set out to take possession of his estate, and invited the Sieur de Semans, together with the young man who had been his companion in education, six other gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and four merchants, all Hugonots, to accompany him on so agreeable an occasion. During dinner, Gavaret entertained his guests with an enumeration of the various obligations he had received from the Sieur de Semans, observing, that he had been more than a father to him; but the table was no sooner cleared, than sixteen assassins entered, who fell upon the guests; but Gavaret stopped them when they had killed but three of the company, declaring, that to give the fatal blow belonged only to him, and, having first killed his venerable and generous benefactor, he stabbed all the rest, except his foster-brother, whom he led to a window, and, making him sit down, bade him sing the most melancholy air he could recollect, the young man being remarkable for a very fine voice. This command, of course, was not immediately complied with; but Gavaret giving him time to recover his senses so far as to induce him to hope that he could mollify the cruel wretch, he at length acquiesced, and sang a favourite air, accompanying it with the most touching graces and petitioning countenance. As soon as he had finished, the execrable monster, whom he in vain endeavoured to move, swore that no one but himself could finish so noble a tragedy, stabbed the young man first in the throat, and then in the heart, and threw his body and those of his murdered companions out of the window.” Now this wretch was evidently a lunatic; but what made him so?

SINS AT WESTMINSTER.—Lord HAILES, in his “Remarks on the History of Scotland,” gives us a chapter on the “*Assembly of Divines at Westminster*.” In 1645, they held a fast, for their sins, which they stated to be nine. Several of these sins of the *Assembly at Westminster*, we shall quote as very edifying and worthy of attention and correction:—

1. Neglecting attendance in the Assembly, tho' the affairs be so important—late coming.
2. Absence from Prayers.
3. Reading and talking in time of Debates.
4. Neglect of Committees.
5. Some speak too much, others too little.
7. Unseemly language, and heats upon it.
8. Neglect of trying Ministers.”

Printed at Edinburgh, by Balfour and Smellie, 1773, p. 239.

The following criticism on *The Edinburgh Review* has been published by a German writer, one M. VON LAUERWINKEL. It will perhaps be thought to equal in severity some of the most caustic touches of the northern critic's pen; but possibly M. Von L. takes as his motto *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*:—

This Journal (*The Edinburgh Review*) conducted by Mr. Jeffray, in a provincial town of Britain, has, notwithstanding it is opposed by the whole weight of Ministerial influence, a circulation far beyond any periodical work in England, and such as, even among the more numerous readers of Germany, is altogether unrivalled. It is said, that upwards of fifteen thousand copies are sold of every number which is published, so that it forms, in fact, an excellent estate for those who conduct it. When it began to be published about twenty years ago, the periodical criticism of England had fallen into great disrepute, and the new work being supported by several young men of great talents, who had adopted a mode of writing quite novel in England, although sufficiently hackneyed elsewhere, soon attracted a great share of admiration from all the politicians and literati of the island. During the first splendour of its success, it came to possess all the authority of an oracle, and although a considerable number of its first worshippers have withdrawn to a different shrine, its influence is still held in no small reverence by those who have adhered to it. At first, its reputation was raised by the united zeal of four or five writers, but, as in the subsequent period, its character has been sustained and modified chiefly by one ingenious individual, it is impossible to consider the work except in the most intimate connexion with him, and all the peculiarities of his habits, prejudices and genius.

Mr. Jeffray is an advocate before the Parliament of Edinburgh, [The Court of Session is meant.] and is supposed to be surpassed by few of his brethren, either in the dexterity or eloquence of his judicial pleadings. I lament extremely that I myself have never heard him speak, but I suppose the Barrister very nearly resembles the reviewer; and if this be so, I have no doubt that the client, whose interest it is that the minds of his Judges should be perplexed by the intricacies of subtle argument, or dazzled by the splendour of sophistical declamation, cannot place his fee in better hands than those of Mr. Jeffray. His writings manifest, indeed, the most complete possession of all those faculties which form the armour of a pleader. He can open his case in such a way as to make you think favourably of the blackest, or suspiciously of the fairest cause. He can throw a radiance of magnanimity over the character of a murderer, or plant, if it so pleases him, the foulest weeds of distrust and envy round the resting place of a saint. He can examine his witnesses with so much dexterity as to make them reveal every thing he wishes to know, and preserve inviolable silence respecting whatever it is his interest to have concealed. The question with him is never, which side is the right, but which side he has undertaken to defend. He never shows any keen feeling in his case, till he has become, as it were, a party in it, by having conducted it long, and engaged his self-love in its issue. Light, careless, and perfectly self-possessed, he runs from one bar to another, and pleads in the same day twenty different causes, all agreeably, many ingeniously, a few powerfully; but none with that plain straight-forward earnestness which marks the manner of a man speaking in his own just cause. A lawyer is always a man of doubts; and the intellectual timidity of Jeffray's profession has clung to him in all his pursuits, and prevented him from coming manfully and decidedly to any firm opinion respecting matters of such moment, that it is absolutely impossible to be a great critic while the mind remains unsettled in regard to them. The mercenary transitions of a barrister are but a bad preparation for the gravity of a judge; and I suspect that no metamorphosis can be more hopeless than that of an accomplished advocate into a calm and trust-worthy Reviewer. He that is obliged to plead causes every day, soon begins to find that it is a wearisome thing to tell a plain, simple, true story, and refuses to rouse his vigour for the debate, unless he is conscious that it will require all his ingenuity to give the

side he has undertaken to defend even the semblance of justice. The man who is accustomed to exert all his power of speaking, in order to defend crimes and fraud, and darken the light of justice, cannot but look upon it as a small matter to write in support of paradoxes, and derision of intellectual greatness.

I look upon it as a very great misfortune, both for England and for Jeffray himself, that he should have devoted his talents to administer food to the diseased and novelty hunting appetites of superficial readers. He shews an acuteness of discernment, a power of arranging arguments, an irresistible tact in deducing inferences, and at times, too, a manly dignity of sentiment and feeling, which prove abundantly, that had he educated his mind in more profound habits of meditation, and enlarged his views with a more copious erudition, he might easily have attained a station in the world of intellect, far, very far above what the utmost perfection of ingenious and elegant sophistries ever can confer. He might have taken his place among the great thinkers of England, the Bacon, the Hobbeses, the Lockes, and the Humes, or among her masters of enduring and magnificent eloquence, the rich and various Barrow, the sublime and energetic Chatham, and the classic Burke. A man of genius, like Mr. Jeffray, who chooses to devote himself to please the multitude, can very easily accomplish this ignoble purpose. He can very easily persuade them that nothing is worth knowing but what they can comprehend; that true philosophy is quite attainable without the labour of years; and that whenever we meet with any thing new, and at first sight unintelligible, the best rule is to take for granted that it is something mystical and absurd. But Mr. Jeffray must be well aware, that it is one thing to be the favourite of an age and nation, and another to be revered by posterity and the world. So acute a man as he is cannot conceal from himself the fact, that however paramount may be his authority among the generation of indolent and laughing readers to whom he dictates opinion, he has as yet done nothing which will ever induce a man of research, in the next century, to turn over the volumes of his *Review*. When the foolish works which he has so happily ridiculed are entirely forgotten, the

wit which he has expended upon them will lose its point. When the great men, whom he has insulted by his mirth, shall have received their due recompense in the admiration of our children, it will appear but an unprofitable task to read his shallow and ineffectual pleasantries. The topics which he has handled are so ephemeral, that already the first volumes of his journal have lost a very great part of their interest; and the many writers who have already attained to the first eminence, in spite of all his cavils, have furnished to the world, and to himself, a sufficient proof of the fallibility and perverseness of his judgment. He treated Madame de Staël, when *Delphine* was published, as a person whose writings would be extremely dangerous, were not her stupidity still more remarkable than her depravity. The world gave sentence in her favour; and he has since retracted his opinion, both of her moral and her intellectual qualities, with a fawning submission, almost as contemptible as the original offence for which it was intended to atone. He trampled upon the youthful genius of Byron, but has since had full time to repent his audacious mockeries of a being, compared with whom, in the eyes of the world, he is as nothing. He has spoken of Wordsworth, that first poet of Nature, that mild and lofty spirit, the worthy offspring of Milton, in terms of the same trivial and self-complacent abuse with which a licentious poet once dared to scoff at the most godlike of all the sages of Greece. Walter Scott is the only great poet whom he has uniformly praised; but how poor and injudicious and unworthy has been his commendation! The flow of his verse, the rapidity of his narrative, the strength and vivacity of his imagination—these were qualities which could not escape the observation of the most superficial critic; and upon these Mr. Jeffray has abundantly enlarged. But in no instance has he appeared to feel that majestic depth and expansion of thought and feeling, which form the true and distinguishing excellence of this last and greatest of all the poets of romance and chivalry. But I need only recall to your recollection an instance yet nearer to ourselves. When

the good and venerable Goethe told the stories of his youth to a people who all look upon him with the affectionate admiration of children, this foreigner, who cannot read our language, amused his countrymen, equally ignorant as himself, with an absurd and heartless caricature of the only poet in modern times, who is entitled to stand in the same class with Dante, Calderon, and Shakespeare. These are certainly the most illustrious writers among the contemporaries of Jeffray; and yet he has shewn himself to be incapable of appreciating the genius of any one among their number.

In regard to poetry (and I believe his poetical criticisms are commonly supposed to be among the most brilliant of his productions) it is quite clear; that if he has any proper feelings of its true purpose and excellence now, he had them not when he began his *Review*, and has since acquired them, not from his own reflection and taste, but from the irresistible impulse of example, and the good sense of a Public more wise than its instructors. For the first eight or ten years of *The Edinburgh Review*, the school of Pope was uniformly talked of as the true one, and the English poets of the present day were disapproved of, because they had departed from its precepts. A true poet has, however, a weapon in his hands, far more powerful than that which is wielded by any critic; and Mr. Jeffray, when he perceived the direction which the Public taste was taking, at last found it necessary to become a violent admirer of the old dramatists, and a despiser of the poetry of Pope. He has, in fact, given up all the critical principles upon which his Journal was at first conducted, and has shewn himself equally devoid of consistency in his general theory, as in his judgment of individuals. Surely the English should not reproach the French with their passion for frivolity, while they themselves submit to be schooled by one whose wit and sarcasms are engrafted upon so much ignorance, and disgraced by so much error.

I am so much a lover, both of the literature and of the people of England, that I cannot help speaking of Mr. Jeffray with almost as much warmth as I should have deemed proper, in case he had been a countryman of our own. I admire his talents. I lament their misapplication, and I prophecy that they will soon be forgotten. In all his volumes, I know of no original speculation in philosophy, no new rule of criticism likely to make him ever be appealed to as authority hereafter. In truth, I suspect, that but for the political dissertations with which it is often almost entirely filled, the reputation of *The Edinburgh Review*, in spite of all the cleverness of Mr. Jeffray, would before this time have been very much on the decline. Even here, I think it is by no means entitled to the patronage of enlightened Britons, still less to the favour of patriotic Germans.

During the greater part of the years in which this Journal has been published, Great Britain has been engaged in a struggle, not for extended empire nor flattered ambition, but for her existence as the country of a free and Christian people. Throughout the whole of this eventful period, unawed by the majesty of this sacred cause, a set of Englishmen, distinguished by splendid talents, and possessing, to an astonishing degree, the public ear, have devoted their exertions to the unworthy purpose of deriding the zeal and paralysing the efforts of their generous nation. A great country, in the hour of her conflict, should not hear the voice of despondency from her children. The whisper of despair is treason, when the vessel is in danger; and they who have escaped the shipwreck should blush to serve. This

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The cause of Christianity is still more sacred than that of our country; and I think that it too has been attacked, if not with the same open violence, at least with the same rancour of hostility. The malevolence does not appear less odious because it is combined with cowardice. This Journal has never ventured to declare itself boldly the champion of infidelity; but there is no artifice, no petty subterfuge, no insidious treachery, by which it has not endeavoured to weaken the influence which the Bible possesses over the minds of a devout and meditative people. Mr. Jeffray does not choose to speak out, and tell the world that he is a disciple of Hume: we should then know with whom we have to contend, and provide for the conflict the same weapons which have so often been victorious over such an enemy. But he has recourse to a thousand little unworthy tricks, which could only be tolerable for a moment, were the country in which he writes as remarkable for slavery as it is for freedom. Does any author write a paragraph of foolish blasphemy, Mr. Jeffray is sure to quote in his *Review* as a piece of "innocent pleasantry." Does any man dare to speak, with the feeling and the fearlessness of a Christian, concerning God and the destiny of man, Mr. Jeffray is sure to ridicule his piety as Methodism, and stoops to court the silly sneer of striplings against a faith, which, as he well knows, neither he nor they have ever taken the trouble to understand. Is it worthy of one who aspires to the name of an English philosopher and patriot, to be thus perpetually offending a weary world with the *crambe recotta* of revolutionary Deism? It is true, that the fault more frequently consists in what he omits to say, than in what he says. What treachery is this to the confidence of the public ear? Does any one imagine, that he who undertakes to be the regular instructor of his countrymen in science, in ethics, in politics, in poetry, can avoid being either the friend or the foe of their religion? The intellect of man is one mighty whole; and his energies cannot be directed aright, unless they be directed in unison. But although the Edinburgh Reviewers have always advocated the cause of the Catholics, I confess that I approve still less of their friendship than I do of the hostility of their opponents. The others are indeed the enemies of some parts of our creed, and they would punish too severely the crime of differing from themselves. But this Journal is the enemy of all our faith; it befriends Catholicism only because it despises Christianity. It is not upon the strength of such aid as this, that I wish to see the civil condition of British Catholics amended. He that would reconcile the Catholic and the Protestant must not tell us that we are falling out about the small items of a fiction, but that the points upon which we are at variance are trifling, both in number and importance, when compared with those upon which we are agreed. He must win us to unanimity or mutual forbearance, not by breathing upon us the chill air of indifference, but by fanning the pure flame of Christian charity and love.

I have spoken of Mr. Jeffray as if he were the sole conductor and animating spirit of this *Review*. Of late he has, as I understand, become more exclusively so than before, in consequence of the death of some of his original coadjutors, particularly the Member of Parliament, Horner. But I suspect, that although the fault of the conception is generally his, the details of execution are not unfrequently intrusted by him into the hands of those, who, if they should write without being anonymous, could at for a moment be listened to without contempt. It would convince Jeffray that he has sadly misjudged a genius so powerful as his, when he perceives that these assistants, whom he despises, can nevertheless imitate the style of writing which he brought into vogue with so much success—that the public are often much at a loss to discover which papers are his, and which theirs. There is a lesson in the case more unfortunate for him than for them, for as they have approached to him in one way, he has found himself obliged to approach to them in another; and as they have borrowed much of his apparent cleverness, so he has too often satisfied himself with not a little of their real dulness. It is a thousand pities that such a mind as his should have consented to wear an impress which can so easily be counterfeited. When high genius is well directed, its productions can never fail to be inimitable.

A NEW ALEXANDER SELKIRK IN THE GALLAPAGOS.

AN Irishman, named Patrick Watkins, some years since left an English ship, and took up his abode on an Island of the Gallapagos, built himself a miserable hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a valley containing about two acres of ground, capable of cultivation, and perhaps the only spot on the island which affords sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, which he generally exchanged for rum, or sold for cash. The appearance of this man was the most dreadful that can be imagined; ragged clothes, scarce sufficient to cover his nakedness, and covered with vermin; his red hair and beard matted, his skin much burnt from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and savage in his manner and appearance, that he struck every one with horror. For several years this wretched being lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any other apparent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quantities to keep himself intoxicated, and at such times, after an absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a state of perfect insensibility, rolling among the rocks of the mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest grade to which human nature is capable, and seemed to have no desire beyond the tortoises and other animals of the island, except that of getting drunk. But this man, wretched and miserable as he may have appeared, was neither destitute of ambition nor incapable of undertaking an enterprise that would have appalled the heart of any other man; nor was he devoid of the talent of rousing others to second his hardihood.

He by some means became possessed of an old musket, and a few charges of powder and ball; and the possession of the weapon first set into action all his ambitious plans. He felt himself strong as the sovereign of the island, and was desirous of proving his strength on the first human being who fell in his way, which happened to be a negro, who was left in charge of a boat belonging to an American ship that had touched there for refreshments. Patrick came down to the beach where the boat lay, armed with his musket, now become his constant companion, and directed the negro, in an authoritative manner, to follow him, and on his refusal snapped his musket at him twice, which luckily missed fire. The negro, however, became intimidated, and followed him. Patrick now shouldered his musket, marched off before, and on his way up the mountains exultingly informed the negro he was henceforth to work for him, and become his slave, and that his good or bad treatment would depend on his future conduct; but, arriving at a narrow defile, and perceiving Patrick off his guard, the negro seized the moment, grasped him in his arms, threw him down, tied his hands behind, shouldered him, and carried him to his boat, and when the crew had arrived, he was taken on board the ship. An English smuggler was lying in the harbour at the same time, the Captain of which sentenced Patrick to be severely whipped on board both vessels, which was put in execution, and he was afterwards taken on shore handcuffed by the Englishmen, who compelled him to make known where he had concealed the few dollars he had been enabled to accumulate from the sale of his potatoes and pumpkins, which they took from him; and while they were busy in destroying his hut and garden, the wretched being made his escape, and concealed himself among the rocks in the interior of the island, until the ship had sailed, when he ventured from his skulking place, and by means of an old file, which he drove into a tree, freed himself from the handcuffs. He now meditated a severe revenge, but concealed his intentions. Vessels continued to touch there, and Patrick, as usual, to furnish them with vegetables; but from time to time he was enabled, by administering potent draughts of his darling liquor to some of the men of their crews, and getting them so drunk that they were rendered insensible, to conceal them until the ship had sailed; when, finding themselves entirely dependent on him, they willingly enlisted under his banners, became his slaves, and he the most absolute of tyrants. By this means he had augmented the number to five, including himself, and every means was used by him to endeavour to procure arms for them but without effect. It is supposed that his object was to have surprised some vessel, massacred her crew, and taken her off. While Patrick was meditating his plans, two ships, an American and English vessel, touched there and applied to Patrick for vegetables. He promised them the greatest abundance, provided they would send their boats to his landing, and their people to bring them from his garden, informing them that his rascals had become so indolent of late that he could not get them to work. This arrangement was agreed to; two boats were sent from each vessel, and hauled on the beach. Their crews all went to Patrick's habitation, but neither he nor any of his people were to be found; and, after waiting until their patience was exhausted, they returned to the beach, where they found only the wreck of three of their boats, which were broken to pieces, and the fourth one missing. They succeeded, however, after much difficulty, in getting around to the bay opposite to their ships, where other boats were sent to their relief; and the Com-

manders of the ships, apprehensive of some other trick, saw no security except in a flight from the island, leaving Patrick and his gang in quiet possession of the boat; but before they sailed they put a letter in a keg, giving intelligence of the affair, and moored it in the bay, where it was found by Capt. Randall; but not until he had sent his boat to Patrick's Landing, for the purpose of procuring refreshments; and, as may be easily supposed, he felt no little inquietude until her return, when she brought him a letter from Patrick, which was found in his hat.

Patrick arrived alone at Gyaquil in his open boat, the rest who sailed with him having perished for want of water; or, as is generally supposed, were put to death by him, on his finding the water to grow scarce. From thence he proceeded to Payta, where he wound himself into the affection of a tawny damsel, and prevailed on her consent to accompany him back to his enchanted island, the beauties of which he no doubt painted in glowing colours; but, from his savage appearance, he was there considered by the police as a suspicious person; and, being found under the keel of a small vessel, then ready to be launched, and suspected of some improper intentions, he was confined in Payta gaol, where he now remains.

A POPULAR PREACHER.—The Rev. Dr. — is what is commonly denominated 'a popular preacher.' His reputation, however, has not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts and language of the great divines who have gone before him. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore, & accordingly, with such hearers, he passes for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen that the Doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the beaux and belles of the quarter of the metropolis, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The Doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the grave old gentleman uttered loudly enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock!" The Doctor frowned, but was silent. He had not proceeded much farther, when the same interrupter broke out with, "That's Blair!" The Doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" was, however, too much, and completely deprived him of his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the Doctor in the face, retorted "That's his own!"

SAILORS' GRAVES.—"The foot-path from Ryde to St. John's, crosses a small and rather marshy meadow, with a streamlet passing through it, having a stone-arched bridge, and a sluice to keep out the tides. Near this stream several rows of graves still rise above the general level of the turf. These I had often noticed, without a suspicion of what they really were; till one day meeting an old fisherman, I asked him why those heaps so like graves, had been thrown up. The man, in a low tone, and with a sort of sullen look, said—'They are graves;—the bodies cast ashore, after the loss of the Royal George, were buried here. We did not much like drawing a net hereabouts for some weeks afterwards;—we were always bringing up a corpse.'"
Englefield's Description of the Isle of Wight.

Punishment for Poisoning.—In the reign of Henry VIII. Rouse, the bishop of Rochester's cook, poisoned 17 people; in consequence of which, poisoning was made treason, and the punishment boiling to death.

[Mrs. H***KL***N, who, by the bye, sells the best butter and eggs of any woman in our market, has favoured us with the following letter from her son Thomas; who, as the old lady says "always perspired to be summat above the vulgar," and is gone to the continent as footman to 'Squire D——. We have taken a few trifling liberties with the orthography—otherwise, we give it to our readers as it was presented to us; and we are promised a perusal of all future communications of our young traveller, from which we shall select such as appear to us most worthy of preservation.]

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Calais, July 10, 1817.

As I am sure you will be very much in want to hear from me in this foreign land, and know how I got over the salt seas, I shant lose no more time about it, but give ye a particular account all about it. I want say any thing at all about our going from London to Dover, cause I knows as George, the squire's postillion, will tell ye all about that. We slept at Dover all night, and was called up early in the morning to go away. We soon trundled ourselves into the ship, and she soon got upon the road—you do know mother I bent very frightful; I dont mind any chap in our place at boxing and back-sword, but somehow, when a fellow is leaving his own country to go abroad, and that all across the wide ocean, why it is enough to make him feel a bit queer or so—and just then I did wish myself at home again. Howsomever, you know, it were no use to think of that just then—and so I staid very quiet upon the deck, which to a ship is like the roof of a house, and I seen the shore look as thof it were running away from we, instead of we running away from the shore. There were a great many a-top of this roof besides me; so as I didn't like to hold my tongue, I went up to some bladish chaps, and asked if there was any water fowl down this way; and one said "No, but plenty of foul water;" and then they laughed like any thing, but another told me I should see plenty of gulls before I come back. Then I asked if there were any danger in crossing thereabouts; and the first as spoke said as there were a mortal deal; but as I needn't fear, cause he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned. This I thought was making devilish free, as I was a stranger; and I were going to answer him pretty sharpish; but one of the tothers jogged me, and told me never to mind him, for he was a wit (which I suppose means a fool.) "Oh!" says I, "if the poor gentlemen has lost his senses, why he must spake as he chooses"—I suppose this were terrible sharp; for they all burst into a loud laugh, and swore I was a rum chap, and giv me some brandy; which I was glad of, cause I felt my inside rumble; so I crammed down brandy, and ham, and bread to stop it, but twouldnt do—the motion of the ship brought all up again, just as if I had took some doctor's stuff, only a good deal worsen,—and I were never so bad since I got drunk, and larrapped the collier at Lansdown fair. But they were all as bad as I, which was comfort, his honour, my lady, all. Squire called out to me, to bring a bason; but when I had got it, I was forced to use it myself, which made squire very angry, but I couldnt help it you know. At last we got safe over, for which I thank God—and a boat came to fetch us ashore, with our luggage; and when we landed there come such a parcel of poor looking devils as never was; I took them for bēg-gars, and were going to drive them away, but master said they were porters. The labouring people at home do complain as they cant get salt to their porridge—but these poor creatures do look as if they couldnt get porridge to their snlt. We put up at a public house, and the first thing I went to was the kitchen; I used to think it were all a cram about the frenchmen eating frogs and toads—but pon my life I seed some in a dish, and I were a looking at them, and the cook said "Green owl, green owl"—as if I didnt know the difference between a owl and a frog, and so I told him pretty sharpish; and he turned up his nose and said "Bate*"—"Ecod," says I, "you must throw a better bate than that to catch me." Mrs. Twist, my lady's maid, comed into the kitchen then, and she pretends as she knows french, but I dont think she do, cause when she speaks the frenchmen dont know what she says, so I do reckon she med as well talk good plain English, like I do, as bad french. I told her how the frenchman wanted to cram me, and she turned up her nose too, and said to the cook, pointing to me, "Bot.*" Then I blowed her up, cause it was false.

Calais is very dirty, no pavements like England; and tis terrible funny to hear all about you chattering, and you not know a word that's said—just like being among a parcel of turkeys. We all slept here last night, and we be going on by and-by; but I got up early and wrote this letter just to set your good old heart at rest.

I hope you be all well, as I am present; and the cow, and old Tawzer, and my sweetheart Jenny, and the sow that was to farrow. Give my love to all; more particular to Jenny; she was afeard I should lose my heart among the french girls, but I shant; tell her not to be cast down, for there's none so pretty as she, and I dont doubt I shall come back her true love as I am now, so no more at present. The french women wears terrible short petticoats, which is, I suppose, because they be poor, which is a good excuse, seeing it is not their fault; and many of them got gummy heels, and not like our pretty Jenny's.

* Misconceptions, we imagine, of *grenouilles* (frogs)—*bete* (beast)—*sot* (fool.)

Tell Butcher Collins as they dont kill oxes in france like he do, but cuts them in the back of the neck; which they say dont give no pain. George, the postillion, owes me eighteenpence, ask him for it, and buy Jenny some ribbon.

Your dutiful son to command,

THOMAS H—KL—N.

P. S. When I gets to Paris I'll write again

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENCE OF MIND.—The composer of the celebrated *Strathspey* called *John Roy Stewart's Reel*, had been quarter-master in the Scots Greys, and was sent with a party to apprehend Mr. Munro, of Novar, suspected of secretly favouring the rebellion in 1745. Mrs. Munro, like Madame Lavalette, determined to hazard all to save the life of her husband. Though pregnant, and momentarily expecting to be confined, she entreated permission to accompany him to prison; and in the middle of a lone moor, she suddenly exclaimed that she must have some of her own sex to attend her. She pointed in different directions, and Stewart at her request, dispatched all his troopers, whilst he himself kept close to Munro with a loaded pistol in his hand. Mrs. Munro, who rode on a pillion behind her husband, soon cried out that she and her child should perish unless she were assisted to dismount. Stewart replaced his pistol in the holster, alighted, and helped the lady to descend; but she clasped him so firmly in her arms, as to allow her husband to ride off to a place of safety. Stewart, having no witnesses to prove his innocence, was afraid to join the Royalist army apprehensive that his obnoxious name might tend to a more rigorous sentence than he deserved. He therefore went over to the rebel party, held a colonel's commission at the battle of Culloden, and after the total defeat of the Pretender, was concealed several months in the north. For some time, while hid in a cavern, his son brought him victuals very early in the morning or late at night; and as the path to his retreat was intricate, he generally met the child to receive his provisions. The Royalists had information that Stewart, the deserter and rebel, was in that neighbourhood, and his desperate courage pointed out the necessity of sending a considerable force against him, and his firmly attached protectors. His son was overtaken by a large party of military within a few yards of the spot where Stewart generally met him. One of the articles he carried was a pitcher of milk. With ready presence of mind he feigned idiocy, and offered his milk to the drummer if he would let him know the use of that odd-looking round thing he had strapped to his back. The boy's broken English and awkward gestures attracted the notice of an Officer, who, after a short conversation, ordered the drummer to beat. This was all young Stewart desired—his father now had warning to remain in his asylum.

ROB ROY.—It is an event unprecedented in the annals either of literature or of the custom-house, that the ENTIRE CARGO of a packet or smack, bound from Leith to London, should be the impression of a novel, for which the public curiosity was so much upon the alert, as to require this immense importation simultaneously to satisfy. Yet such was the case with the tale of Rob Roy.

BEAR THE BELL.—A little golden bell was the reward of victory in 1607, at the races near York; and from thence came the proverb, on success of any kind, to "bear the bell."

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.—George Colman and J. Bannister, esqs. being lately at dinner with Lord Erskine, the late Lord Chancellor, among other subjects Lord E. observed that he had then about three thousand head of sheep.—"I perceive," interrupted Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the *woolsack*."

J. BANNISTER, ESQ.—Jack Bannister inquired of the Editor of the newspaper he takes in, why he did not give an account of the late fights? "My employer," said the editor, "sets his face against all boxers." "Then depend on it he will get his teeth knocked out," replied the wit.

A CONVENIENT HABIT.—Judge Rooke, in going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at his head; but, from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed."

TEMPERANCE.—The late Earl of Kellie, in the younger part of his life, was much addicted to dissipation. One day his mother took him severely to task for a debauch, and advised him to take example by a particular gentleman, whose constant food was vegetables, and his drink pure water. "Good heaven, madam," said his Lordship, "do you wish me to imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish*."

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

Every thing which relates to men who have played an extraordinary part on the theatre of the world, belongs to history, even though it take place after their part has terminated. The most frivolous particularities respecting the last years of Charles the 5th, have been collected. The obscurity of a cloister did not veil him from the curiosity of his contemporaries. The rock of St. Helena has been regarded with an equally attentive eye. There have been many points of resemblance between the active part of the life of Napoleon and that of Charles V. They are nevertheless men of a very different stamp. This difference will be better appreciated by some anecdotes which we shall give, the authenticity of which would have been demonstrated to every subject of Great Britain, if its coasts were less rocky, or if the Alien-office operated with less promptitude and severity. *Qui potest capere, capiat.*

In the beginning of his captivity in the Island, Napoleon willingly received English Officers, and admitted at Longwood in a sort of parties formed by the companions of his fate, and two or three of the principal families of St. Helena. We must say in praise of our countrymen, that they approached him with that sort of respect which great misfortunes command. In fact, instead of a captive, a spectator might have imagined that he saw the Emperor in the midst of his courtiers at the Tuilleries. But soon finding in the English journals, which he caused to be translated to him, articles full of gall, or of stale irony, in which he was represented as giving himself up by turns to puerile peevishness and gross caprice; he was unjust enough to believe that those whom he admitted into his society, and from whom he received marks of respect amounting to adulation, were purveyors for *The Times* and *The Courier*. He then resolved to see no one—not excepting even the Governor. Sir Hudson Lowe, to overcome this determination, requested an interview, and pretended to have some agreeable news to communicate. But what was Napoleon's astonishment, when he perceived that the only object of this conversation was, to inform him that the expence of the captives exceeded by 1200 guineas the funds allowed by the Government, and to request him to take means to cover the deficiency. He answered sharply, "Mr. Governor, I have never interfered in these details—never has any complaint from me descended to you. I command or I am silent. But if you leave me in want of the necessities of life, I shall go to seek them in your own camp" (pointing to the tents of the troops, which may be seen from the windows of Longwood), "and these brave soldiers will not drive from their mess the oldest and one of the first soldiers of Europe."

In the familiar conversations which he often had with Bertrand or Las Cases, he sometimes gave way to emotions which belie what has been said of the dryness of his heart. In speaking of the double-catastrophe which deprived him of his crown, he said, "Have I done all that I ought to have done for the good people of France? Should I not have died for them? They have made such sacrifices for me. But I too have been abandoned. They have abandoned me twice, in a cruel manner. The first time is excusable, but the second time they should have known better."

He was asked why, among the many plans he might have adopted, he preferred to give himself up to his most persevering enemies? Without directly answering the question, he said he had once the idea of proposing to abdicate, retaining the sovereignty of Corsica, "but," he added, "it would have been said, that after having launched the French on a dangerous sea, I abandoned them during the storm to take shelter in port."

He never speaks without eulogium of the town of Lyons, and he lets out ideas which would never be suspected. For example, he says, "it is needless for me to say how I love that good town; but of this I am convinced that I have always been, and shall always be, loved there; I had great plans for it. It is made to be the capital of Gaul and Italy."

He could not persuade himself that the two Emperors of Austria and Russia had a personal animosity against him. "They only persecute in me," he said, "the sword of that revolution which made them tremble on their thrones."

He says of Ney and Murat, "They were perhaps the bravest men who ever lived. But if they had had two ounces of sense more, they would perhaps have been the most base."

The English papers containing the details of the death of Murat were translated to him. When he heard the word *shot*, he interrupted the reader, and

said, "the Calabrians have been more generous and less inhuman than the people of Plymouth—Go on." And he listened to the details of the punishment of his brother-in-law without shedding a tear.

The tone of his discourse, though most frequently severe, is also not always removed from pleasantry: especially with General Bertrand and the Count Las Cases he was perfectly familiar. One day he asked Bertrand of what party he was, at the beginning of the Revolution. "Constitutional, Sire," he replied, "for I had nearly perished at the Tuilleries, in defence of the Throne, and the inviolability of the Monarch!" "And you, Las Cases," said Napoleon, pinching amicably the ear of his Chamberlain, "I do not ask you, because I know you were essentially aristocratical—you emigrated. Was it not strange that of all three I alone was republican?" "Very singular, indeed," replied Bertrand, "but, Sire, great mistakes had been made concerning your principles."

It is very true, that he often repeats that *liberal ideas have destroyed him*: but he adds, that his ultimate views were mistaken. "I wished," he said, "to restrain them at first, to make them shine at last in all their lustre."

This expression has been attributed to him by the author of the *Manuscrit venu de St. Helene*; but, though this apocryphal work contains one truth in the midst of the most contradictory facts and the most false imputations, it is not less certain that it does not belong to Napoleon, nor to any one in his suite. The compiler of it, may have availed himself of the notes taken from the Count de Las Cases, at the time of his detention at the Cape of Good Hope; but in that case he has been sparing in his use of them, for there are few things which are exact. To see the care the author has taken to restore the character of the Duke of Ragusa, it would seem more probable that the manuscript came from Paris.

The stone which is under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, and which is known by the name of Jacob's Pillow, was a part of the Regalia of the ancient kingdom of Scotland, brought from the Palace of Scone by EDWARD I. The ancient chroniclers allege that this celebrated stone was brought by a colony from Egypt into Ireland; that it was always treated with singular veneration; and that it was accompanied by a curious prophecy, that wherever that stone was found a Prince of the Irish race should be crowned. This prophecy was fulfilled, when JAMES VI, of Scotland became the First of England; but we are not aware of the reason of its being called Jacob's Pillow.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* was written, we understand, by a well known Irish poet, who having arrived just in time to dress for dinner, at a house in the country, where some distinguished personages were assembled, was obliged to go away again, upon finding that his servant had forgot to put a pair of breeches in his portmanteau:—

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,
While for want of my breeches I'm banished from mine.

The late THOMAS PAINE was in company at a dinner in London, when the British Constitution became the subject of conversation. One gentleman observed, that we were so naturally inclined to monarchy, that half a dozen English Gentlemen could not meet together at dinner without appointing a Chairman or Sovereign. "It is very true," said THOMAS PAINE; "but if those half dozen were to dine together every day, and had among them only *one* bottle of wine, and their Chairman *took* a pint of it to himself, then they would either take the office by rotation, or contrive to do without it."

Some time ago, a French teacher, resident in Oxford, of the name of DUCANE, called on Mr. WICKHAM, a mercer, who lived opposite University College, for a waistcoat-piece, but could not recollect the name of the material he wished for. He said that "he thought it was de English for de Diable." Mr. WICKHAM mentioned the several names of his infernal Highness, such as Old Nick, Beelzebub, &c.—"No, no, it was not dat," was the reply. At last Mr. W. thought of *Satan*.—"O dat is vat I vant," said DUCANE, "I vant a Satan vestcoat."

SOUTH AMERICAN MAGNIFICENCE.

[FROM AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION.]

The following striking description of the style in which Montezuma lived in Mexico, when Cortez took possession of that city, is taken from a translation made by one of the best scholars of his country from the original letters of that Commander.

"Montezuma was every morning attended by upwards of six hundred caciques, or nobles, whose suite filled all the court yards of the Palace, and even the large street which it terminated. When dinner was served up for the Prince, it was at the same time for the whole Court, and each attendant or servant had his allowance also given him. Eating and drinking rooms were kept open for all who wished to regale themselves. No less than 400 different dishes were prepared at each meal, and to supply this unmatched profusion, all the productions of the earth and water were laid under contribution. The various dishes were brought in at the same time, and, to prevent them from growing cold, each plate and saucepan was furnished with a chafing dish. The hall in which Montezuma ate was very large, magnificently furnished and covered with carpets. He sat at one end of it in a small leather arm chair of admirable workmanship, and was attended by a nobleman whose particular office it was to help him, and who stood by and gave directions to the officers in waiting to bring whatever was wanted. At the other end of the room were five or six old nobles, whom Montezuma had served out of the same dishes with himself. Water was constantly brought to wash his hands both before and after eating, and the napkin he made use of never appeared the second time, neither did the plates, saucepans or chafing dishes. He changed his dress regularly four times a day, and the same garments were never worn by him but once. The nobility who came to visit him, entered his apartments barefooted, and whenever any one of them approached him he inclined his body and cast his eyes down. In addressing him they raised their heads without looking him in the face, which was done through respect, I say through respect, because some of the caciques reproved my men for disrespect towards me, in not inclining themselves, and in looking in the face whilst speaking."

The following more detailed account of Montezuma's mode of living is given by B. Diaz, P. 130—140:—

"His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meats, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep them hot always; for the table of Montezuma himself, above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards above a thousand. Before dinner Montezuma would sometimes go and inspect the preparations, and his officers would point out to him which were the best, and explained of what birds and flesh they were composed, and of those he would eat. But this was more for amusement than any thing else. It is said, that at times the flesh of young children were dressed for him, but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. This is certain, that after Cortez had spoken to him relative to the dressing of human flesh, it was not practised in his palace. At this means in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted, and that they should not throw too much heat, screens ornamented with gold and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne, or chair, at a table, proportioned to the height of the seat. The table was covered with white cloth and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands in vessels which they call vicales, with other vessels under them like plates, to catch the water; they also presented him with towels. Then two other women brought cakes of bread, and when the king began to eat, a large screen of gilt wood was placed before him, so that people during that time should not see him. The women having retired to a little distance, four ancient lords stood by the throne, to whom Montezuma, from time to time spoke or addressed questions; and as a mark of particular favour, gave to each of them a plate of that which he was eating. He was served on earthenware of Cholala, red and black. While the

king was at table no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all kinds that the country produced was laid before him; he ate very little, but from time to time, a liquor prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative or corroborative quality, as we are told, was presented to him in golden cups. We could not at that time see if he drank it or not, but I observed a number of jars, about fifty, brought in, filled with foaming chocolate, of which he took some which the women presented to him.

"At different intervals during the time of dinner, there entered certain Indians, humpbacked, very deformed, and ugly, who played tricks of buffoonery, and others who they said were jesters. There was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. To these he ordered the vases of chocolate to be distributed. The four female attendants then took away the cloths, and again, with much respect, presented him with water to wash his hands. During the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes, with eggs and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white, and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. Also another kind of bread was brought to him in long loaves, and plates of cakes resembling wafers. After he had dined they presented to him three little canes highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they called tobacco; and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded. After this was over, all his guards and domestics sat down to dinner, and, as near as I could judge, above a thousand plates of those eatables that I have mentioned were laid before them, with vessels of foaming chocolate, and fruit in an immense quantity. For his women, and various inferior servants, his establishment was of a prodigious expense, and we were astonished, amidst such profusion, at the vast regularity that prevailed."

The following curious circumstance occurred in Liverpool about sixty years since:—At each of the four corners of St. Peter's Church dwelt the following persons, whose names not agreeing with their stature, in those days caused no small degree of amusement, viz.—EDITH LITTLE, rather tall—BETTY SHORT, a remarkable tall woman—JOHN LARGE, very diminutive—and PARSON LOW, a man above the standard height of six feet.

The following whimsical circumstance occurred a short time ago at a private theatre which had been fitted up over a stable. The play was *The Iron Chest*. During one of *Sir Edward Mortimer's* most serious soliloquies, a loud hiss was heard; the indignant *Sir Edward* came forward and addressed the audience, offering to resign the part if they considered he did not do it justice. Cries of—"No, no, no!"—go on!" &c. became general. He resumed; but had not spoken half a dozen words before a louder hiss struck his ear; he would have challenged the insulting author, had not a gentleman called out—"It is the hostler cleaning the horses below," which really was the case; the furbisher of quadrupeds rubbed and hissed away, without a thought that he was wounding the feelings of the worthy baronet in the hayloft.

The following anecdote of Mr. WEBBER, formerly President of Cambridge College, United States, illustrates the peculiarity of his mathematical genius. When sailing one day with a party for pleasure, he accidentally fell overboard. After sinking pretty deep, he at length came up, and raising his head above the surface of the water, he gravely observed; "It is expected, gentlemen, that you will hand me a rope."

An opinion is said to have been current in James the 1st's time, that he was *David Rizzio's* son. The royal pedant would fain have been thought the *Solomon* of the North: upon which Harry the 4th of France said, "Ay, ay, I've no doubt he is the son of David."

BANFFSHIRE CLUB.

A most respectable Meeting of Gentlemen, connected with Banffshire, was lately held at Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of forming a Club among the natives of the county resident in the metropolis; RICHARD BIRNIE, Esq. in the Chair. The evening was spent with the conviviality for which Banffshire has always been distinguished, and the object of the Meeting was unanimously adopted.

The following Address, by one of the Members, was recited on the occasion. The names in the first three lines are those of the chief rivers of the county:—

FRÆ *Dev'ron's* Banks, an' *Spey's* hoarse roaring tide,
Fræ fertile *Boyne*, an' *Isla's* haunted side,
Fræ Birk-clad *A'en*, an' *Livat's* lovely Glen,
An' mony a Stream, that nameless shall remain;
Here are we met: fræ these scenes, far awa'!
Welcome! my Frien's and Brothers, ane an' a'!
Here are we met, in frien'ly craks to join,
Live o'er again "the days o'auld lang syne;"
Recal to mind each boyish prank an' ploy,
An' consecrate the hour to social joy.
Each by his side here meets his youth's compeer!
His'chosen frien'! his bosom cronie dear!
The same wha wi' him, in the days o' yore,
Turn'd o'er the page of Ancient Classic lore;
Or lap the Burn, or wi' him shook a fa',
Or ran a race, or kick'd the bounding ba',
Or danc'd wi' lightsome heart, or pat the stane,
And kiss'd the lasses o'er an' o'er again.

Since then far scatter'd o'er this world so wide,
A Scotsman's Enterprize our only guide,
In search of Honor's Wreath, or Fortune's Smile,
We've shar'd the Merchant's care, the Soldier's toil—
An' brav'd each danger of the stormy main,
Inspir'd by Glory's call, or lur'd by gain:
Yet 'mid our days o' woe, our hours of mirth,
Could ne'er forget the Spor that gave us birth;
But oft have paus'd amid our Worldly Strife,
An' sighed! to find the bliss of real Life,
(E'en while we bask'd in Pleasure's sunny beams),
Fall so far short of Youth's romantic dreams,
Then turn'd to scenes, "endear'd by joys gone by,"
By all the treasur'd sweets of Memory.

To nurse those Friendships form'd in Life's glad morn,
Ere Care had planted in our breasts a thorn—
Ere Sorrow wrung the heart, or dimm'd the eye,
While Love was true, and Hope's young pulse beat high:
To nurse those Friendships—fan the Sacred Flame
Of warm attachment to our Native Hame,
Awaken feelings that have slept for years,
Forgot mid Worldly Hopes, and Worldly Fears;
In short, to exorcise each social power,
And snatch from Life's dull round one happy hour,
For this we meet; and who around this Board
But feels, e'en now, as if, by magic word,
His heart-strings vibrate, as they did erewhile,
When first he parted from his Native Soil;
Feels thro' his veins Life's current warmer flow,
And his whole soul with kindling rapture glow?
Fill high the glass, and raise the merry sang,
Till Age forgets that he has lived sae lang!
Fill high the glass, till sparkles every eye,
Mantles on every Cheek the smile of joy,
An' loud! loud swells the note of gladning Revelry.

REMEMBER ME!

WRITTEN FOR A FAVOURITE AIR OF MOZART.

Remember me! when other hearts possessing,
And round thee other friends and suitors bow,
Tho' soft their words, and sweet be their caressing,
They cannot love so true as he that leaves thee now.
But if thy fickle mind thy earliest vows betraying,
Dazzle'd by splendid toys, from thy first Love is straying,
Oh! then, while idle flatterers bend the knee,
Remember me! remember me! remember me!
As Summer's sun, which yields to cloudy weather,
Bequeaths its spoils to feed the Autumn wind,
Those blissful hours which we have spent together
Yet leave a scarless trace of lingering Love behind.
Then, tho' the fleeting shades of Hope and Joy are flying,
And every foster'd bud of Pleasure's wreath is dying,
Think of the parting prayer I breath'd to thee—
Remember me! remember me! remember me!
And while this breast the source of life retaineth,
Still shall it burn devoted to one flame;
While ought of Memory's power this mind retaineth,
Still shall it fondly cling to one celestial name!
Absent or present, while within these veins is flowing
The vital tide of blood, with Love's warm passion glowing,
Still shall my constant heart be fix'd on Thee—
Remember me! remember me! remember me!

THE MAID OF ISLA.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

O, Maid of Isla! from yon cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?
O, Isla's Maid! she seeks her home.

O, Isla's Maid! yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels her way.
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come,
Of cliff exposed to wind and wave?
O, Maid of Isla! 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintery cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's Maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Yourich find his home.

LINES,

BY THE HON. ST. GEORGE TUCKER, OF VIRGINIA.

The following sweet and touching lines were written on being solicited to know why the Author had ceased to court the inspiration of the Poetic Muse:—

Days of my youth—ye have glided away,
Hairs of my youth—ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth—your keen sight is no more,
Cheeks of my youth—ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth—all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth—your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth—I wish not your recall,
Hairs of my youth—I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth—ye much evil have seen,
Cheeks of my youth—bath'd in tears have ye been;
Thoughts of my youth—ye have led me astray,
Strength of my youth—why lament your decay?

Days of my age—ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age—yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age—in true wisdom delight,
Eyes of my age—be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age—dread ye not the cold sod,
Hopes of my age—be ye fixed on your God.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR A. CAMPBELL.

Bright smiles the morn, and pleasure points the way,
Where hound and steed, and glittering spear,
And, eager for the chase, the hunter gay
In one commingled group appear.

Now on the Hunters dash o'er hill and vale,
And loud the clatt'ring hoofs resound;
While joyous voices swell the passing gale,
And quaint remarks and jokes go round.

Who then with spirits and with health elate,
Revolved frail mortal's hapless doom;
Or thought that, ere 'twas night, relentless fate
Would cloud this lovely morn with gloom?

Who thought that ere another sun arose,
The foremost of this happy few,
Would in the silent shades of death repose,
And bid this world of pain adieu?

Yet what are human joys but fleeting dreams,
That scarcely can the soul beguile,
Ere they too transient fade like noon-day beams,
And deepest wound when most they smile!

Or why do now these artless numbers tell,
How martial skill and zeal combined—
The gen'rous soul that did in all excell,
Were to an early grave consigned!

That no relation near to close his eyes,
Or press in grief his icy hand!
E'en now in death's cold slumbers Campbell lies,
Far distant from his native land!

But peace to Campbell's grave, a soldier's grave!
Tho' dug on hill where Priest ne'er trod,
Where never bell its holy warning gave
To seek the service of his God.

Yet long o'er his deplored, untimely bier,
Tho' now to Heaven his spirit's fled,
With undissembled woe and grief sincere,
Shall tears by all who knew his worth be shed!

Camp P. S. Force, at Boresair, Feb. 12, 1817.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

By Edmund L. Swift, Esq.

AH! Stranger!—Do I see thee now?
The slow, but certain herald thou
Of gathering care:—
Thy colour on my changing brow
Doth well declare,
That youth retires with rapid wane,
And age brings foremost in its train
The first Grey Hair.

Thou wilt not long be thus alone,
Through my dark tresses singly shew
In contrast pale;
Too soon their lustre will have flown;
And soon must fail,
Even as the summer's richest wreath
Must droop the chilling blight beneath
Of winter's hail.

I will not blame thy presence, though
It spoils—alack!—the goodly shew
Wherein I prided;
And which, amid its ripen'd glow,
Thou hast derided:—
It were no grate, when thou art by,
To mourn the fleeting vanity,
So sorely chided.

And 'twere of wisdom little proof,
To pluck thee from the growing woof
Of ceaseless fate:—
I cannot keep the hour aloof
That tells my date;
Nor lengthen by one vain pretence
The bound assigned by Providence
To mortal state.

But I will give thee welcome kind,
Glad in the coming change to find
A lesson true.—
And, if it throws upon my mind
Thy sober hue,
One serious hour will teach me more
Than all my youth had learn'd before,
Or manhood knew.

Grey Hairs upon man's head are sent
Like stars into the firmament,
To show 'tis night—
The morn is past, the day is spent,
Of Time's swift flight;
Their sun had set beyond recall;
Yet virtue will restore to all
A morn more bright.

Nay, as I moralize with thee,
Another of thy kind I see,
And yet another;
And each doth come as suddenly
As came its brother,—
Oh, friendly Time, I thank thee for
This mild and silent monitor,
My pride to smother.

Yes, I will show thy pallid sign,
And own its pallid token mine,
Without a sigh;
As my dark curls their place resign,
Even so will I
Give younger men the passing pleasure,
Nor fondly rest mine age's treasure
In vanity.

I love thee, kind unflattering friend,
So warningly thy hues extend
Along my brow;
The timely lesson that they lend,
I'll learn it now:
It were a simple chance, to wait
The hoary hairs which hastening Fate
May not allow.

I have not urged thy coming, by
The waste of harmful revelry;
Then, while I bear
The lot of all humanity,
I'll greet thee fair;
And welcome, in my fortieth year,
The friend that comes so true and near—
My First Grey Hair.

TRANSLATION

OF AN ITALIAN SONNET.

Written upon the Summit of Plinlimmon a mountain in Wales.
FROM BOWDLER'S SELECT PIECES.

WITH pensive heart and trembling steps I tread
These savage heights, with Alpine horrors crown'd,
While eagles scream around their stormy head,
And the hoarse torrents pour a solemn sound.

'Tis awful!—here no grovelling thought can dwell,
Where all is vast, magnificent, and high;
I feel, I feel the ascending spirit swell,
Though faint the foot, and wearied be the eye.

Ah! treacherous heart, by earth-born cares depress'd,
Why rove thy thoughts amid the sordid throng,
Where sensual pleasures clog each vulgar breast,
And gold and glory trail their pomp along?

Oh! mount at length to Heaven on rapid wing,
There in thy native empyrean glow;
And blest with peace, and bright in endless spring,
Smile at the clouds that shade a world below.

THE SWISS GUIDE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

[On Mr. SOUTHEY'S Guide, quitting him, he asked him for a character, when the Poet gave him the following; in consequence of which JOHN ROTH has become the most popular Guide in Switzerland, and is enquired for by all travellers, one of whom he permitted to take a copy of his poetical character.]

BY my troth this JOHN ROTH
Is an excellent Guide;

A Joker, a Smoker,
And a Scavant beside.
A Geologist,
A Metaphysician,
Who searches how causes proceed;
A system inventor,
An Experimentor,
Who raises potatoes from seed!
Each forest and fell
He knoweth full well,
The Chatlets and dwellers therein;
The mountains, the fountains,
The ices, the prices,
Every Town, every Village, and Inn.
Take him for your Guide,
He has often been tried,
And will always be useful when needed;
In fair or foul weather
You'll be merry together,
And shake hands at parting as we did.

THE DAUGHTER OF BEN LOUR.

ONCE more the Minstrel's tale resounds
In the castle of Ben Lour,
Once more the Dancer's foot rebounds
In Lady Bertha's bower.

Now welcome, Knight, and welcome, Squire,
To the castle of Ben Lour;
Bid care begone, bid grief retire,
For 'tis the wedding hour.

Red, red the moon shines o'er the hill,
Dark clouds the stars obscure;
The lightning flame is redder still,—
But rest ye here secure.

The Knight of the Banner Black has gained,
Fair Bertha's hand in fight;
But still her former love remained,
And still she hates the Knight.

Now foul thee fall thou Baron Gray,
Thy daughter thus to wed;
The morning's light, the beam of day
Shall light a widowed bed.

But hark! the Priest with holy rite
Prepares to bless the pair;
And see! with sudden turn, the Knight
Has vanished into air.

Where wilt thou turn, thou elfin bride,
Where wilt thou turn to rest?
Lov'st thou in air aloft to ride?
And live, in bond nubllest?

Ah no!—the cloister's duty seek,
Forget the impious wight,
Who was so vile, yet seemed so meek,—
As the black, the bridegroom Knight.

THE MOURNER.

[From Mrs. Opie's Poems, 1790, just published.]

Hence! cruel Life! nor more permit
To warm this sad, this broken heart!
When Henry's clay cold lies I lifted,
How welcome, Death! had been thy dart!

Speechless, they lay, benumbed I leant,
While his last precious breath I caught;
No tears to soothe my sorrow streamed;
And agony suspended thought.

They tell me, thunders rent the air,—
That vivid lightnings flashed around;
But I beheld no lightning's glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunder sound.

They tell me that my helpless child
I from my arms with fury roused;—
It might be so, for I was wild;
The mother in the wife was roused.

They tell me, on th' unconscious corpse
At length bereft of sense I fell;—
Ah! blessed state! of balm the source;
It closed my ears to Henry's knell.

But, happy state, resembling death,
Why is your balmy sleep so sweet?
Ah! why restore a wretch's breath,
For I can only live to weep.

Then Reason says I partly weep,
And, ah! the tears I weep in vain;
My midnight couch with tears I steep,
Then rise at morn—to weep again.

DEAD MAN ALIVE.

The following is related by Dr. Cheyne, of Bath, in his Treatise on the English Malady.

"Colonel Townsend, a Gentleman of excellent natural parts, and of great integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a *nephritic* complaint, attended with constant vomitings, which made his life painful and miserable. During the whole of his illness he had observed the strictest regimen, living on the softest vegetables and lightest animal food, drinking asses' milk daily, even in the camp; and for a common drink, Bristol water, which, the summer before his death, he had drank on the spot. But his illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr. Baynard (who is since dead) and I were called to him, and attended him twice a day for about the space of a week; but his vomiting continuing still incessant, and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us early one morning; we waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, the apothecary; we found his senses clear, and his mind calm; his nurse, and several servants, were about him. He had made his will, and settled his affairs. He told us, he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt of himself, which was—that *composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased*; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could *come to life again*; which, it seems, he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for upon common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do lest in his weak condition he should carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above an hour about this (to him) surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last obliged to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating.

"He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right-hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least foil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us, by turns, examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was *actually dead*, and were just about to leave him. This continued about half an hour, by nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart, gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly: we were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it.

"He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will—settled legacies on his servants—received the sacrament—and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening."

The Doctor goes on by saying, the body was opened, and his complaints were found to have proceeded from a *nephritic* cancer, and concludes with the following strong testimony; which, from a man of his character, must be deemed conclusive as to the truth of his statement:

"I have narrated the facts as I saw and observed them deliberately and distinctly, and shall leave to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit:—*The truth of the material circumstances I will warrant.*"

A Wit, meeting his friend, who was greatly afflicted with the gout, heartily shook hands with him, and said, he was happy to see he was so rich: "Rich!" said his friend (much surprised), "why, I have just failed in business."—"No matter for that," said the Wit, "you have a very large *Leg-i-see*."

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

MR. GUY,

Who was the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in the borough of Southwark, was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table-cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers confined within the narrow precincts of a brick-stove, and without any candle, a person who came to enquire for him was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing-candle, which lay ready on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalised by Pope, in the lines—

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend

"The wretch, that living, sav'd a candle's end, &c.

"I have been told, (said Hopkins) that you, Sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of *saving* than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art, in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you come about?" (said Guy,) why then we can talk this matter over in the dark." So saying he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing-candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

PETER WALTERS.

Pope has recorded the rapacity of Peter Walters, but there are some circumstances in his life not generally known. He was of a low origin, but acquired an immense estate; the principal part of which arose from his knowledge of the world, and careful attention to the follies and vices of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, whose wants he was, *on proper terms*, always ready and willing to supply.

He was first an under-steward to the great Earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the address to manage with such dexterity, that to his dying hour, no man stood so well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The Earl himself was a great usurer, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and disengaged, their custom was to compare notes, and then a question sometimes arose about which of them had pocketed the greatest number of peers. Pope calls Walters *a person eminent in the wisdom of his profession, a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe, conveyancer*. It happened one night that Anthony Henley, who was as remarkable for his wit, as Peter was for his money, met together at an inn on the road and joined company. In the course of the evening's conversation, Henley heartily rallied his new companion, on his immoderate love of money, and threw out some sarcastic hints on his manner of getting it. Walters was no less severe upon Anthony for his sovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of squandering it. "At best, (Henley said,) every body knows, Walters, how you got your money,—but do be frank for once, and tell me how the devil you came by your wit, for they very rarely go together."—"Why, as to that, (said Peter) *I thank my stars I am not indebted to nature for a grain of it—but you must know I have lately bought a good many estates from men of a bright fancy and high genius, and they gave me their wit into the bargain.*"

Bath Beggars.—There are no vagrants more completely versed in the science of beggary, than those who frequent the streets and avenues of Bath. —A Gentleman coming down Holloway in the dusk of the evening, overheard the following conversation: "Well, Jack! what luck to day?" "D—d bad, I have only got three shillings." "I have done better, look here is seven and sixpence, come we'll go and have an Alderman." The Gentleman's curiosity was so much excited, that he ventured to ask what they meant by an Alderman?—"An Alderman, Sir," says the fellow, "why it is a boiled turkey and oyster sauce."

Supposed origin of Free-Masonry.—Those secret identifying words, and confederate signs, which were made use of by those itinerant bodies of architects, who shewed such prodigies of genius in the construction of cathedrals in this island, and all over Europe, and which were necessary to them in foreign countries, whose language they had not time to acquire, seem (says the celebrated Dr. Darwin) to have given origin to the modern mysteries of Free-Masonry.

ANECDOTES OF INSECTS.

PLINY represents to us a Greek philosopher, whose chief occupation, for several years together was to measure the space skipped over by Fleas. Without giving into such ridiculous researches, says Borrichius, I can relate an anecdote, which chance discovered to me in regard to this insect. Being sent for to attend a foreign lady, who was greatly afflicted with the gout, and having staid, by her desire, to dine with her, she bade me take notice of a FLEA on her hand. Surprised at such discourse, I looked at the hand, and saw, indeed, a plump and pampered Flea sucking greedily, and kept fast to it by a little gold chain. The lady assured me, she had nursed, and kept the little animal, at that time, full six years, with exceeding great care, having fed it twice every day with her blood; and when it had satisfied its appetite, she put it up in a little box lined with silk. In a month's time, being recovered from her illness, she set out from Copenhagen with her Flea; but having returned in about a year after, I took an opportunity of waiting upon her, and, among other things, asked after her little insect. She answered me with great concern, that it died through the neglect of her waiting woman. What I found remarkable in this story was, that the lady being attacked by chronical pains in the limbs, had recourse in France to very powerful medicines during six weeks; and all this time the Flea had not ceased to feed upon her blood, imbued with the vapours, and yet was not the worse for it.

Concerning the ingenuity of the SPIDER, T. A. Knight, esq. of Herefordshire, has, in a Treatise on the Culture of the Apple and Pear, introduced the following Anecdote:—"I have frequently placed a spider on a small upright stick, whose base was surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape.—After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends the point of the stick, and standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects its escape, not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached to the other end.

Animal Instinct is no where so wonderfully displayed as in the economy of the SPINEX, or ichneumon wasp. During its existence as a perfect insect, it lives entirely on flowers. When it is ready to lay, it forms a cylindrical hole in clayey sand, and deposits an egg at the bottom of it. It then seeks on cabbages a small green caterpillar on which it never preyed before; pierces it with its sting, so as to weaken it to such a degree, that it may be unable to resist the maggot which is afterwards to issue from the egg, and feed upon it; yet not so as to kill it, that it may not putrify; rolls it up in a circle, and lays it on the hole upon the egg. It successively proceeds in quest of eleven more of these, which it treats in a similar manner; it then closes the hole and dies. The little maggot is hatched, devours the twelve caterpillars in succession, and changes to a chrysalis in the hole. As soon as its final metamorphosis is completed, it issues from its subterranean abode, a winged insect, to enjoy itself among the flowers, till it is also ready to lay; when it repeats the operations its mother had performed before it, and with caterpillars of exactly the same kind.

ANECDOTE OF M. L'ABBE LA CAILLE, (one of the first Astronomers of his time.)—La Caille was the son of the parish clerk of a village; at the age of ten years his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell, but every evening he returned home late. His father was angry, and beat him, and still the boy remained an hour after he had rung the bell. The father, suspecting something mysterious in his conduct, one evening watched him. He saw his son ascend the steeple ring the bell as usual, and remain there during an hour. When the unlucky boy descended, he trembled like one caught in the fact, and on his knees confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple was the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father was not born to be an astronomer, like the son, he flogged the boy severely. The youth was found weeping in the streets, by a man of science, who, when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age, a passion for contemplating the stars at night, and who had discovered an observatory in a steeple, in spite of such ill treatment, he decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that boy. Relieving the parent from the son, and the son from the parent, he assisted the young La Caille in his passionate pursuit, that event completely justified the prediction.

The number of plants yet known amounts, according to the calculation of Baron Von Humboldt, to 44,000, of which 6,000 are agamous, that is, plants which have no sexual organs; of the remainder, there are found as follows (the accuracy of which may be relied upon) viz.—7,000 in Europe—1,500 in the temperate regions of Asia—4,500 in equinoxial Asia, and the adjacent Isles—3,000 in Africa—4,500 in the temperate regions of America, in both hemispheres—13,000 in equinoxial America—5,000 in New Holland and the

The Inquisition.—The late Admiral Pye, when he was a Captain, and was cruizing in the Mediterranean, received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy author of the letter was by birth an Englishman, that having been a voyage to Spain he was enticed while there to become a Papist, and in process of time, was made a member of the Inquisition; and there he witnessed such abominable wickedness and barbarities in the Inquisitors, that he was resolved to escape, if the Captain would send a boat on shore at such a time and place, but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he should be immediately assassinated. The Captain returned for answer, that he could not with any propriety send a boat, but if he could devise any means to come on board, he would receive him as a British subject, and protect him. He did so; but being missed, there was raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy Inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another in the name of his Holiness the Pope claimed him; but the Captain did not know him, or any other master than his own Sovereign King George.—At length a third holy brother approached.—The young man recognised him at a distance, and in terror ran to the Captain, entreating him not to be deceived by him, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in the Inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present, and to obtain his object began to revile him with the bitterest accusations; then he turned to most fulsome flatteries on the Captain; and lastly offered him a large sum of money to resign him. The Captain treated him with apparent attention, said his offer was very handsome, and if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name and his

protection. The holy brother was elated, he thought his errand was accomplished. While drawing his purse-strings, the Captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted upon him. He replied, that was very uncertain, but as his offences were of an atrocious nature, it was most probable his punishment would be exemplary. The Captain asked if he thought he would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied that must be determined by the holy Inquisition, but it was not improbable. The Captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling; his cheeks resembled death; he looked to become an unhappy victim to avarice and superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the Inquisitor, "and fry him alive in the copper." This unexpected command thunder-struck the holy father; alarmed for himself he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away:—"O good Captain! good Captain! spare me! spare me!" "Have him away," replied the Captain, "I'll teach him to bribe a British Commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the Inquisitor fell upon his knees, offering him all his money, and promising never to return if he would let him begone. When the Captain had sufficiently alarmed him he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. What must be the reverse of feelings in the young man to find himself thus happily delivered!—he fell upon his knees, in a flood of tears, before the Captain, and poured out a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer.

PORTUGUESE GRATITUDE.—In Lieutenant Skillicorn's "Narrative of the Briton's Voyage to Pitcairn's Island," is the following anecdote:—"In one of the dungeons of Cobras, a small island in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, it is said, there is at this moment confined a subject of Great Britain, and that Lord Strangford and Sir Sidney Smith have used every measure to effect his liberation, but to no purpose. The report runs thus;—that about three years prior to the Portuguese court being removed to this place, an English sailor, in a state of intoxication, happened to be in the streets of Lisbon, when the procession of the Host was passing, and, from ignorance, did not follow the example of the Portuguese, in falling on his knees. A friar endeavoured to enforce it, when the sailor, fancying himself attacked, gave battle, and the holy gentleman was soon laid prostrate. Our countryman was overpowered, committed, tried, and condemned; but by the humanity at all times so conspicuous in Catholic countries, his sentence of death was commuted for perpetual confinement in a dungeon; and when the court moved from Lisbon, he also was put on board one of their ships, and conveyed to Rio Janeiro, where he now lingers out a miserable existence. If this story be true, and I have heard it confidently asserted to be so, this unfortunate young man has been, for a long series of years, a most melancholy victim to the unrelenting and unparalleled tyranny of a government, which owes its very existence to that of his own country!!!"

The late hours of dining in the fashionable circles were neatly censured by the late Mr. Pitt. "Mr. Pitt (said the Duchess of Gordon) I wish you to dine with me this evening at ten." "I am sorry I cannot wait upon your Grace," (replied the Minister) "as I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at nine."

A violent Welsh Squire having taken offence at a poor Curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the late Bishop of St. Asaph with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on a trade, contrary to the Statute. His Lordship having heard the complaint, told the Squire he might depend upon it that the strictest justice should be done in this case. Accordingly, the mechanic-divine was sent for a few days after, when the Bishop asked him, "How dare he disgrace his diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The other, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children."—"That won't do with me," rejoined the Prelate, "I'll inflict such a punishment upon you as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling to his Secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished Curate to a living of at least 150*l.* per annum.

OLD JOHN.—A person well known at all the Offices of Government, and who, from his singular appearance and eccentric manner, has often excited a smile from the heads of many of the principal departments, died last Friday at his lodgings in Shoe-lane. During a period of 80 years did this honest creature fill the humble station of an errand carrier at his Majesty's Printing Office. But what was accounted humble, became in his hands important, and "the King's Messenger," as he always stiled himself, yielded to none of his Majesty's Ministers in the conception of the dignity of his office when entrusted with King's Speeches, Addresses, Bills, and other Papers of State.

At the Offices of the Secretaries of State, when loaded with parcels of this description, he would throw open every chamber without ceremony, the Treasury and Exchequer doors could not oppose him, and even the study of Archbishops has often been invaded by this important messenger of the press.

His antiquated and greasy garb corresponded with his vizard-like shape, and his immense cocked hat was continually in motion to assist him in the bows of the old school: the recognition or nod of great men in office were his delight. But he imagined that this courtesy was due to his character as being identified with the State, and the Chancellor and the Speaker were considered by him in no other view than persons filling departments in common with himself, for the seals of the one and the mace of the other, did not, in his estimation, distinguish them more than the bag used by himself in the transmission of the dispatches intrusted to his care.

The imperfect intellect given to him seemed only to fit him for the situation he filled. Take him out of it he was as helpless as a child, and easily became a dupe to those who were disposed to impose upon him. With a high opinion of his own judgment, however, he diverted himself and others by mimicking the voice and manner of his superiors, when he thought he perceived any assumption of character. John could imitate the strut and swell of the great man, and even the frivolity of the fop. Seeing in his time packets to the same individuals addressed from plain "Sir," to "the Right Honourable," afforded him subject for much joke, and he frequently used to observe, that it would shortly come to Old John's turn to become an Esquire or Knight himself.

He had a high veneration for Ecclesiastical dignitaries, and never visited a Church unless a Bishop was to preach. The infrequency of this opportunity disposed him at one period of his life to fit up his room as a Chapel, with an Altar and a figure of his own contrivance, dressed in canonicals, through which he used to read the Church Service.

Though his ruling passion was vanity, yet he never despised money, avarice laid hold of him, and his delight was to count it. A few years ago, a fellow came to him in a great hurry from a meeting of Noblemen at the Crown and Anchor, requiring his attendance with a bag of silver for change to give away to the poor, for which he would get double the value in notes, the fellow succeeded in his stratagem, and poor John was taken in the snare.

About this time a few gentlemen at Westminster had his likeness taken, and copies of John's picture were distributed among his friends, of whom he reckoned a great personage to be one, having heard that a copy was sent to Windsor, and a pension for his long services was expected from that quarter. Seeing his picture hung up in the first offices in the kingdom, the poor fellow felt that he had attained the summit of human distinction, the measure of his ambition was full, and he looked in vain to his former pursuits for his accustomed pleasure. It had been recounted of him that he was dutiful to an ancient mother, and sacrificed his own comforts for a parent's support: but it was not known that he ever felt the tender passion of love. It was now John's fate at fourscore and ten, to discover himself to be a son of Adam. Female warmth melted the seals set on his thrifty-bags, and the soothings of a daughter of Eve turned the miser to the spendthrift: the fair one having spent his all left him. The poor fellow, though a great man, was honest, and the liberal establishment to which he belonged, adhered to him to his last moments.

Like the leaves of Autumn generations of men are swept away and are soon forgotten, and though this singular being was comparatively known to few, yet as his hand has conveyed papers of State to most of the great Statesmen of the last and present century, when considering him ministering with fidelity in this way from the days of Sir Robert Walpole, beyond the time of William Pitt the second, bearing on his back the mighty results of their labours, poor old John, who was as important in his own conceit as any Statesman in his time, may lay in his claim also for his share of renown.

NASAL CASTIGATION.—The operation of nose-pulling was performed upon a young *turf* character in Bond-street, on Sunday, at broad noon-day. When Foote traduced Apreece to the world, in the ludicrous character of *Cudwallader*, in the Author, a friend of that gentleman's threatened to pull the mimic by the nose whenever he met him. This being told in the presence of Quin, he asked his advice what he should do? "Do! I'll tell you what you must do—*soap your nose, and then 'twill slip through his fingers.*"

A remarkably ugly man having sat to Hogarth for his picture, the painter made the likeness, so intolerably strong, that the sitter did not care to send for his representation. Hogarth, upon this, is said to have published an advertisement stating it to be his intention, if the picture were not fetched away within a given time, to supply a tail and other appendages, and dispose of it to a showman, who was desirous of exhibiting it "with his collection of wild Jackos." The result was favourable to his wishes, as the party indignantly sent for the picture, paid for it, and consigned it to the flames. An artist in America, who had, perhaps, heard this story, has lately attempted to do something in the same way, but not with the same success.

FLOATING SHOPS.—Many of the families residing in the new settlements in America, to the south of the Genesee country, on the banks of the great river Ohio, are supplied with shop goods from vessels which navigate it, and are fitted up with counters, shelves, and drawers, in the same manner as are shops on land, and as well stored as many of them with all kinds of goods that are in demand. On approaching a plantation, while they sail along the river, a horn, or conch-shell, is blown, to give notice of their arrival; when the planters, with their wives and daughters, repair to these floating shops, and select such things as they require; and make payment in the produce of their plantations, such as flour, cotton, tobacco, dried venison, the skins of wild animals, &c. The shopkeeper having disposed of his goods in this way, returns home with the produce he has collected, and again renews his stock, and proceeds on another voyage.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF LANDED PROPERTY.—In the year 1716, the whole township of Everton, adjoining the port of Liverpool, including the estate now known by the name of St. Domingo, consisting of something more than 115 acres, was sold by the Lord and Lady Ashburnham, for 115*l.* which is now of the estimated value of 115,000*l.* inclusive of the building erected upon it!

INDIAN SPEECH.—The following Speech of SLA-FRECHIA BARNETT, a half bred Creek Indian, was delivered a short time ago before a National Assembly of the Chiefs:—

"My Countrymen—God made us all, both red and white Americans, to live on one Island. Since the Almighty has said we should live together, why did we join the people who came from beyond the salt water? Why did we join the British? Let us raise our children to the end that God created them. We can live without the red coats or their help. Let us, then, raise our corn and eat it. When God gave us this land, he said we should rest our bones upon it; so he said to all those to whom he gave land. I think there is but one God, and that God is just—if we walk strict in this, he will save us in the next world. The cold water which he gave us still runs; so are the paths for the government of the conduct of good men still here. Foolish as I am, my little understanding tells me, when I see these things, that they are God's works. When the white people first came among us, the Great Spirit had forbid our mixture—we did mix—and to avoid the pain of separating the husband from his wife, the father from his children, and the brother from his sister, he has continued the course of the mixed blood in our veins. We must remain in this situation because God is upon the top of us, and directs it to be so. General Washington acquired a war name above the rest of men—but the mixtures of our blood, and the accession of a part of our strength to his, added not a little to it. You all know, my countrymen, who know any thing of the unfortunate history of our country, how slow was his progress when opposed by the strong and undivided arms of our fathers, and how rapid it has been since Whiskey and Calico have divided us. We are all one people."

DR. JOHNSON.—At the close of the year 1754, this gentleman completed his Dictionary, not more to his own satisfaction than to the joy of Millar, the bookseller, the principal proprietor of the work. To say the truth, it was so great on the occasion, that Millar could not refrain from expressing it somewhat intemperately, as appears by the following acknowledgement of the last sheet of the manuscript:—"Andrew Millar sends his compliments Mr. S. Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." To which Johnson returned this good-humoured answer,—"Sam. Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that A. Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in gaol; Paul Borghese had fourteen different trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bontevoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens, the celebrated writer of *The Lusiad*, ended his days in an alms-house; and Vangelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts as far as it would go. In our own country, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming Spenser, died forsaken, and in want; the death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement:—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd tho' Pity's self be dead.

Milton sold his copyright of *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty, and died in distress; Otway died prematurely, and through hunger; Lee died in the streets; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was sold for a trifle to save him from the gripe of the law; Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds; Butler lived in penury, and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself!

AUDITORIES.—The invention of architects has been tortured, to afford to a spacious saloon all the possible advantages of sight and sound. A perfect combination of them is impossible; notwithstanding the analogy between the emanation and reflexion of sound, and the similar processes of light. On account of certain properties of the elliptical figure in reflecting both, a concert-room was erected in that form, by Lord Chesterfield, in his mansion at May-fair; and another, called St. Cecilia's Hall, by the Gentlemen amateurs of music, at Edinburgh. Both of these buildings, however, have been blamed, as converging towards the opposite focus of the ellipse, with more energy than harmony, the sound of that particular instrument which happened to be placed in the other. That form of a building which would be most favourable to the ear, were the source of sound to be stationed in a given place, would be the most inconvenient and unpleasant to the eye—it would be the form of a speaking-trumpet. Sir Christopher Wren himself acknowledges the difficulty he experienced in the management of this matter in the construction of his fifty churches. “The Romanists, indeed,” says he, “may build large churches; it is enough if they hear the murmur of the Mass, and see the elevation of the Host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories. I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold above 2000 persons, and both to hear distinctly, and see the preacher. I endeavoured to effect this, in building the Parish Church of St. James's, Westminster, which I presume is the most capacious, with these qualifications, that hath yet been built; and yet, at a solemn time, when the church was much crowded, I could not discern from a gallery that 2000 were present.—A moderate voice may be heard 50 feet distant before the preacher, 30 feet on each side, and 20 behind the pulpit; and not this, unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without losing the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical, and, if obscured, spoils the whole sense. A French is heard further than an English preacher, because he raises his voice, and not sinks his last words. I mention this as an insufferable fault in the pronunciation of some of our otherwise excellent preachers; which schoolmasters might correct in the young, as a vicious pronunciation, and not as the Roman orator spoke; for the principal verb is in Latin usually the last word; and if that be lost, what becomes of the sentence?”

Chinese Shop Bill.—The following is a correct translation of a Chinese shop bill, which enveloped a packet of Indian ink. It will prove, that the art of *puffing* is as well understood and practised in China, as by any of the most celebrated *quacks* in this country:—

“*Sinbone*.—Very good ink, very fine; very old shop; grandfather, father, and self, make this ink; find and hard; picked out very fine and black, before and now. Sell very good ink, prime cost is very dear; this ink is heavy, so is gold; no one can make like it: the others that make ink, do it for money, and to cheat; I only make it good for a name. Plenty of Gentlemen know my ink: my family never cheat, always a good name. I make ink for the Emperor and all the Mandarins round: all Gentlemen must come to my shop and know my name.—*Unosihanahi Fuh!*”

THE DAYS OF PURIM, A JEWISH FESTIVAL.

This ceremony originated with the hanging of Haman, and Mordecai's advancement (see Esther, chap. 9, verse 27). In commemoration of the above event, and the preservation of the Jews from the destruction intended them, this time is annually set apart and observed as a grand festival by the Jewish nation. At noon they repair to their respective synagogues, each person furnished with some instrument of discordant music, such as trumpets, triangles, horns, watchmen's rattles, marrow bones and cleavers, tin kettles, old tin pots, drums, whistles, flutes, fifes, and bassoons. The service is then performed by their High Priest, in which the congregation join in singing hymns, but whenever the Priest mentions the name of Haman, the whole of the congregation set up a most horrible yell, bellowing, groaning, and making the most discordant noise they possibly can with their respective instruments, accompanied by the most ridiculous actions, such as jumping, clapping their hands, &c. After this, the ceremony proceeds till near the conclusion, when at a particular part the same horrible noise commences with redoubled energy, sufficient to frighten the most furious beasts of the desert. At the conclusion of the ceremony they depart from the Synagogue to spend the day and night in festivity, for which purpose the young men and women go disguised, or rather in masquerade dresses, to visit at the houses of their respective tribes (each being open for the reception of visitors on this occasion), where they dance, play cards, and enjoy themselves according to their different inclinations, and finally drink to inebriation, every Jew thinking it a most heinous offence not to comply with this sacred example set them by their forefathers, in commemoration of their deliverance, and the destruction of their greatest enemy. The two days Purim commenced yesterday morning, and will end this night. In commemoration of the same event they will hold a fair this day in Duke's Place.

AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS PROVED.—The following has been transmitted to *The Literary Gazette* on the most respectable authority:—“A curious and interesting paper (by Hugh Campbell, Esq. author of *The Wanderer in Ayrshire*, *Birth of Bruce*, &c.) on the Battle-fields of Fingal in Ulster, has been read before the Society of Scottish Antiquarians, and generally approved of by that respectable body of Literati. This scrutinising traveller went to Ulster, and there commenced a laborious inquiry on the subject; and in the county Antrim soon discovered, by the proximity to the Highlands of Scotland, and the analogy of names, &c. used in the Poems of Ossian, that he was in the desired neighbourhood.—The caves, stones, ruins, &c. of ancient warfare and magnificence, in and around the ancient city of Connor, induced him to believe that he had discovered the *Semora* of the ancients, where was the palace of the Irish Kings of the race of Connor, of Moven, to whose assistance Fingal so frequently went when his kinsman was threatened by the Princes of the Belgæ. In this opinion Mr. C. was soon confirmed by the discovery of the places mentioned in the Poems, as being in its immediate neighbourhood; and ultimately by the remains of the palace itself, which has been in ruins since the city was stormed by Edward Bruce in 1316. The discoveries made, and the convincing tenor of the elaborate paper on the subject, are sufficient to convince the most incredulous, even Dr. Johnson himself, were he in life, that Fingal fought and Ossian sung.”

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HISSING AND YAWNING.—Voltaire and Piron were contemporaries; very polite, as all Frenchmen were in their days; but Piron, as a critic, did not relish all Voltaire's dramatic productions, and he hated Piron for not approving them. Voltaire, however, knowing the overwhelming force of Piron's opinion, called upon him one day with a new piece, which he thought had been laboured into such a state of perfection as to defy all criticism.—“There (said he) my good friend, do me the favour to read that: I will call for it in two days, and request your candid opinion of it.” Voltaire called upon his friend. “Well; have you read it?” “Yes.” “What do you think of it?” “I think it will be hissed.”—“You are mistaken (said Voltaire) the Manager has accepted it. Go with me to the theatre this day week, and see the representation.” They went; the performance began—proceeded very heavily through two acts; in the third act the scenery met with some applause; the two last acts, from the hard efforts of the actors, passed quietly, and the curtain dropped! Voltaire then, jogging his companion, who appeared half-a-sleep, said, “Now, my good friend, you find you were mistaken.” “Not much (replied Piron).” “Yes, (said the other) you thought the piece would be hissed.” My dear sir, (rejoined Piron) how can people hiss when they yawn?”

Imitation of a School of Modern Poetry.

An Attempt at the Simple.

WHAT! Stranger, have you never heard
Of the Lady under the holly-tree?
The tale is sad, and will make you weep,—
It always does me.

This Lady had a little dog,
'Twas of King Charles's breed,
And she loved him as well, as no tongue can tell,
Aye, very much indeed!

But poor little Pompey was taken ill,
And eke looked wondrous faint;
"Oh! go for the Doctor," the Lady she cried,
"To remove this sad complaint."

So the Doctor he came and felt his pulse,
And held up his watch to his eye,
"Fair Lady, twelve ounces of blood must he lose,
Or your little dog will die."

But poor little Pompey grew very weak,
And eke looked wondrous faint,
"Oh! go for another Doctor, I pray,
To remove this sad complaint."

So the Doctor he came, and felt his pulse,
"Fair Lady, he's very ill,
Some strengthening medicine he must have;
—And he gave him a mercury pill.

But poor little Pompey still grew weak,
And eke looked wondrous faint,
"Oh! go for another Doctor, I pray,
To remove this sad complaint."

So the Doctor he came, and looked very grave,
And he held up his cane to his nose,
"Some opening physic he must have,
His system to compose."

Then he gave him a potion, and gave him a lotion,
Whilst he gave dismal cries,
And the little dog died as dead as a door-nail,
And twisted his gooseberry eyes!

"Oh! wretched!—that my little dog,
Lately in health so well,
Should thus die suddenly by death!
In-com-pre-hen-si-ble!

"His body shall be opened
To find the dreadful cause;
Pompey shall be buried with great pomp—
Aye! bless his little paws!"

Then the Surgeon came, and he took out his knife,
And made a great hole in his side;
The blood trickled down, and 'tis dreadful to think
What a terrible sight he espied!

For out of his stomach a tape-worm there came,
Full seventy yards or more,
And he twisted about the throat of the Surgeon,
And strangled him on the floor!

"Ah! fool that I was," the Lady she cried,
"Ah! silly foolish thing,
I ought to have known that Pompey had worms,
And sent for Doctor Ching.

"If I had sent for Doctor Ching,
I might have blessed the day;
For he would have cured Pompey with his patent worm-
destroying lozenges,
—I dare say.

"Dolly! deny me to all my friends,
My grief it is increased,
Three nights and three days without sleep will I watch
By the corpse of the deceased.

"Go carry the Surgeon into the garden,
And bury him, since he is dead:"
So the gardener made a deep hole with his spade,
And the Surgeon was bu-ri-ed.

So the Lady she locked herself into her room,
For her grief it was increased; [watch,
And three nights and three days without sleep did she
By the corpse of the deceased!

And when the fourth day it came,
Dolly went to her Lady's door,
But found it was lock-ed, and then she knock-ed
Full seventy times or more!

But she did not attend to the seventy knocks,
As she lay upon her bed,
Which is not much to be wondered at—
Poor lady!—she was dead!

Then Dolly forced the door with her fist,
And into the room she went,
And she opened the shutter in a very great flutte
For she was ready to faint.

And ah! and oh! what a sight she saw,
Dear me! 'twas very shocking!
The Lady was dead, as she lay on her bed,
And had stifled herself in her stocking.

Pompey lay stretched within her arms,
Reclined was her head,
His precious limbs were cold and stiff,
And the whites of his eyes were red!

When Dolly saw these doleful sights,
She felt a-shiver-ed,
And went in a fit as dead as a stone,
And pitched upon her head.

And her head it was split into twenty pieces,
Which truckled about the floor,
And from the wound the blood flowed around,
Full seventy yards or more!

But Dolly did not complain at all;
Indeed she could not speak:
One eye was hanging against the wall,
And t'other hung on her cheek!

Well!—into one coffin the bodies were placed,
And buried under the Holly;
This excellent Epitaph graved on the grave,—
"The Lady—her Dog—and Dolly!"

The following Poem was written by Mr. CANNING at Eaton, and was handed about by his friends in a variety of circles, as a specimen of his early talents. It is founded upon a popular story, then in circulation, of his M—y having ordered a large flock of ducks to be massacred on a suspicion that they were in the practice of sucking the cows:—

THE MASSACRE OF THE DUCKS.

Awhile retir'd from State affairs,
Employed in more domestic cares,
As R—I G—e one evening fair
Was walking forth to take the air,
He chanc'd the dairy maid to meet
Just risen from her milking seat,
And ask'd her how it came to pass
The milk of late was grown so scarce?

He thought two cows might well supply
Enough for all the family,
And since 'twas so much miss'd at home
Was sure they must embezzle some.

Thus much the gracious S—n said,
Thus in reply the dairy-maid—
"An't please your M—y 'tis true
"The cows we have might easily do,
"With milk in plenty to supply
"Yourself and all the family,
"But every day, 'tis my belief,
"Before I milk, some wicked thief
"Comes to the cows and draws them dry;
"Who 'tis I cannot tell, not I."

She spake—the K—'s suspicions fell
On the cows' guard, the centinel,
In haste he flies, nor loses time
To charge the soldier with the crime.
The soldier swears, protests and vows
That he had never touched the cows
But he has heard it said, a duck
Has a strange power from beasts to suck;
And since he every day had seen
Twenty or thirty on the green,
He thought 'twas very likely they
Had done the deed, but could not say.

This satisfied the R—I ear,
He was convinc'd, the case was clear,
And what to do on the occasion
Became the grand consideration.
He knew, on arduous points 'twas fit
To send and ask advice of P—t;
Accordingly for P—t he sends,
P—t straight the R—I call attends,
The whole transaction was related,
And what to do upon 't debated.
Now since on weighty points 'twas fit
The K—g should ask advice of P—t,
'Twas no less fit that he again,
Should Counsel hold with PRETYMAN;
So having some short time required,
He to his Counsellor retired,
Where having told the whole affair,
He begg'd his sentiments to hear.

The Doctor stroak'd his lantern jaw,
Said there was something in't he saw,
Undoubtedly it was most true
That Ducks their food by suction drew;
That often in a muddy drain
He had beheld them suck amain;
And that indeed he did not know
But they might also suck a cow.
Thus these wiseheads together laid
Pronounc'd 'twas as the soldier said.

The Premier re attends the K—g,
His verdict guilty in to bring.
The punishment was soon decreed,
And all the Ducks were doom'd to bleed.

Within the yard the victims sate,
Unconscious of impending fate;
The executioner appears,
And spares nor size, nor sex, nor years,
Drakes, Ducks, and Ducklings strew the ground,
Transfix'd with many a gaping wound;
No less than twice fifteen, 'tis said,
At once were number'd with the dead.

Then let each loyal subject sing,
God save great G—e, our gracious K—g,
And may his Cows supply him well,
With that for which the Poultry fell.

A whimsical couplet to a Welsh 'Squire, who had promised a hare—

"Tell me, thou son of great CADWALLADER!
Hast sent the hare? or hast thou swallow'd her?"

A PARODY ON DRYDEN'S ALEXANDER'S FEAST

BY THE REV. DR. FORD.

'Twas at the venison feast, the borough won
By ———'s patriot son.
At top in pleasing state
The portly Mayor sate
As on judicial throne.
His Aldermen were placed around,
Their robes of scarlet with furr'd honours bound,
(A rich desert the banquet crown'd.)
The lively Sheriffs by his side
Each with each other vied
In suits of newest fashion's pride;
Genteel, gallant, and courtly pair,
Well ye deserve the charming fave.
The Chaplain sleek arose.
At bottom in his place,
With hasty accents to say grace:
Instant the keen-edg'd guests sit close,
And social joys embrace.
The course began with fish,
As fresh as one could wish.
Brought down by the mail, a lordly dish!
A turbot's spreading form bespake the treat,
With luscious lobster sauce complete;
Soles, whittings, dorys—Quin's great boast,
Who first them sought on Torbay's coast,
Tasted—nor from his palate hurl'd,
But stamp'd their worth—himself the glutton of the world
The guttling crowd admire the ample size;
A present rarity, one shouting cries;
A present rarity, another loud replies.
With ravisht ears
The town-clerk hears;
Affects the smile,
And carves the while,
And seems all great with Peers.
The praise of Sudbury's champaign park now chim'd in pat
The bucks so flavour'd, and the does so fat.
A sovereign haunch in triumph comes
Greeted with soft-applauding hums.
Now bring the jelly-sauce—It comes! it comes!
Venison ever fat and young
Foremost does 'mong dainties range:
Venison's dainties are a treasure,
Venison fills up Lord Mayor's leisure.
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Only business after 'Change.
Charmd with the sight our chief grew vain,
Talk'd his great dinners o'er again,
And how he outdid all, the Judges once to entertain:
He felt importance big arise,
With glowing cheeks and rolling eyes,
Yet check'd his pride—call'd for the tankard,
And of the nutmeg beverage drank hard.
But first, for zest, did choose
Squeez'd lemon to infuse.
He saw the surloin great and good,
Of which to fill his plate
Became his high estate
(Old English royal food),
Deserted now—for why the need,
On this he ev'ry Sunday fed:
Not so the ham and fowls go by
Untouch'd, the hare, goose, pigeon-pie.
With napkin under chin he now fetch'd breath,
Revolving, with a frequent smack,
The quick removes above, below;
How some did this, some that attack;
And wit began to flow.
My mighty master's pleased you see
Our viands rare of each degree,
'Tis but your favourite taste to move
And melt the mouth with what you love.
Savory, sweet, stew'd roast and boil'd,
Nicely cook'd, and nothing spoil'd:
Beef to-day cures toil and trouble,
To-morrow makes nice squeak and bubble:
Ever welcome, ever winning,
Filling still, and still uncloying;
On the rump if you're beginning,
Mustard makes it most enjoying.
What's worth all beside is near you,
Take your full; nor snuffest fear you.
The many set the table in a roar,
The beef was praised, but venison ten times more.
The Mayor, his glee unable to contain,
Seiz'd on the haunch,
To fill his paunch,
And cut and cram'd, and cut again.
At length the fat all gone and slices best,
The pamper'd pretor fell upon the breast.

Now let our mirth in bumpers pass,
A fuller yet, and yet a fuller glass;
The King—now—now—distinct—asunder.
With three cheers, like a rattling peal of thunder,
Hark! Hark! the loyal sound
Has rais'd the Recorder,
Who sets forth in order
The blessings of Britons around.

See Britannia arise,
To rule o'er the waves,
Nor shall her tars be slaves,
While sparkles do flash from their eyes.
Behold the martial band
Each a sword in their hand;
These, like veteran troops in battle they wield,
Nor undaunted do yield,
All glorious in the field,
Give the huzzas due
To our valiant crew.
Behold how they toss off their cans full of flip;
Then point, as they eager advance,
Their battering cannon 'gainst proud hostile France.
The freemen encore with furious applause,
And the Mayor drank a bottle in zeal for the cause.
And now is the Mace come
To lead him safely home,
When, like another hero, he knock'd the beadle down.
Once long ago,
Ere patent kitchens learnt to glow,
While taverns made the wine,
Our sires content at twelve to dine,
All stout and hale,
Could on old stingo with a pipe regale.
At length commodious Dolly came,
Inventress of the chop-house fame;
And now each wasteful cook pours spicy store,
Enlarging former luxury
With poignant sauces season'd high,
Gives to pall'd appetite a whet unknown before.
Let turbot yield to haunch the prize,
Or haunch to turbot—whether?
Rather with happy compromise
Be both brought in together,
Your voices raise, ye voters pure,
Still echo from the hustings sure
Your generous Member's name.
Venison unbought to them you owe;
This blessing corporations know;
Who shall their wisdom blame?
Let ne'er this annual feast decline!
And may our meetings all combine
Gratitude, harmony; good cheer, and wine.

YOUNG CARABOO.—(See young Lochinvar.)

O young Caraboo is come out of the West,
In frenchified tatters the damsel is drest;
But, save one pair of worsted, the stockings had none,
She walk'd half unshod, and she walk'd all alone
But how to bamboozle the doxy well knew,
There never was gipsy like young Caraboo.
She staid not for brake, and she stopp'd not for stone,
She swam in the Avon where ford there was none;
But when she alighted at Worrallby gate,
The Dame and the Doctor received her in state;
No longer a gipsy, the club of *Bas bleu*
To a Princess converted the young Caraboo.
So boldly she enter'd the Worrallby Hall
Amidst linguists, skulls, feathers, blue stockings, and all;
Then spoke the sage doctor, on roundly absurd,
(But the fly Caraboo utter'd a word),
"Art thou sprung from the Moon, or from far Javasoo,
Or a Mermaid just landed, thou bright Caraboo?"
To these questions sagacious she answer denied—
'Tho' hard was the struggle her laughter to hide—
"But, since they decree me these titles so fine,
I'll be silent, eat curry, and touch not their wine;
With this imposition I've nothing to do;
These are fools ready made"—thought the young Caraboo.
She looked at a pigeon, the dame caught it up;
Caraboo had a mind on the pigeon to sup.
She look'd down to titter, she look'd up to sigh,
With the bird in her hand, and the spit in her eye,
She dress'd it, she ate it, she call'd it Rampoo—
This proves, swore the Doctor, she's Queen Caraboo.
When she fenc'd with the Doctor, so queer her grimace
Sure never a hall such a galliard did grace;
But her Host seem'd to fret (tho' the Doctor did fume
Should any to question her titles presume),
And 'twas currently whisper'd the best they could do
Was to send up to London young Queen Caraboo.
The hint was enough; as it dropp'd on her ear
It ruin'd her hopes, it awaken'd her fear:
So light to the quay the fair damsel she ran
"Oh take me, dear Captain, away if you can!"
She's aboard! She is gone! "Farewell Doctor Rampoo;
They'll have swift ships that follow," said young Caraboo.
There was bustling mong dames of the Worrallby clan;
The blue-socking juvies they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chafing from Bath to the Sea,
But the lost queen of Javasoo ne'er did they see.
What a hoax on the Doctor, and club of *bas bleu*!
Have ye e'er heard of gipsy like young Caraboo?

EPIGRAM ON A YOUNG BEAUTY.

IS Molly Fowle immortal? No.
Yes; but she is. I'll prove it so.
She's twenty now, and was, I know,
Full twenty, twenty years ago.

LETTER addressed by her Royal Highness the late
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE to her Mother the PRINCESS
of WALES, in October, 1817.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

A very few days will elapse before I may claim to be addressed by the endearing appellation with which I have commenced this letter; when Providence may develop to me new duties, which may, in some measure, temper, but can never supersede those moral and pious obligations which have been heretofore imposed upon me. Were I to disguise my true sentiments, or to affect feelings other than those which occupy my bosom, in the prospect of becoming a mother, I should feel myself unworthy of that parental affection which constitutes, at least, the second bliss of life.

United to a man, whose whole attentions are directed to the promotion of my happiness, I cannot but feel a pleasure in the anticipation of that hour of perilous hope which shall enable me to present a new tie of conjugal love, and to the nation a new and abundant source of future promise and consolation. Political considerations, in this instance, stand in competition with the more near and natural feelings of the heart. While, as a wife, I am alive to all those anxious susceptibilities which accompany my peculiar situation, I am compelled by circumstances to extend my views to contemplations widely different in their kind, as in their latitude; contemplations involving the nearest and most durable interests of a people to whom I owe a debt scarcely to be liquidated,—gratitude for unbounded affection.

To relieve, in some degree, this weight of obligation, and to justify the universal confidence in the strength and consistency of my character, I have determined, should it please Providence to bless me with offspring, so to regulate its early reason, and to direct its infant energies, that the lessons I have received from you, and the wisdom of which time and observation have confirmed, may be handed down to my child, with a view to the perpetuation of the great principle,—that the legitimate end of all governments is the welfare of society, and that political and private virtue is the surest foundation and the best bulwark of a throne.

But, O my Mother! when my timid imagination devolves upon the uncertainty which veils futurity; when I look to the dark possibilities which may put a period to the dreams of hope; even shadows shake my courage, and I feel myself the victim of terrors which reason would almost denominate absurd. At such a trying moment, why am I debarred from the consoling voice of maternal affection? why is not my mother allowed to pour cheerfulness into the sinking soul of her inexperienced and trembling child? I have no friend, no relation near me, whose advice may guide, or whose admonitions may check my conduct. Surrounded by strangers, with a single exception, my heart feels itself alone; and should the protection of Heaven for a moment leave me, and I fall, the presence of a mother would assuredly impart a serenity and resignation to my mind, which would smooth the pillow for my dying head, and prevent my distracted soul from erring in the hour of her severest trial.

Secluded from the giddy world, I have learned to set a true value on that retirement which has taught me a more perfect knowledge, not only of myself, but of the society, over which I may one day be called to rule. Folly and pride no longer wear to me the imposing blazonry, which they exhibited to my early years. I have read, reflected, and conversed; and I trust the evidence of a future day will rescue me from the imputation of having read, reflected, and conversed in vain.

The sufferings of my early years, acute as they were in their operation, have not been unproductive of instruction. Their effect has been to correct that sanguineness of disposition which was too commonly a source of severe disappointment, and which uniformly led me to view things through a prejudiced medium. A sort of premature experience has given me that insight into human life and human character, which, in ordinary cases and circumstances, is the result of the study and observation of years.

Your virtues, my dearest Mother, and your afflictions, added strength to the affection which nature had entwined about my heart; and urged me to cling to you, in all changes, and under all shades of persecution, with a constancy which those who hated you termed *obstinacy*, but which those who loved you elevated by the name of *honourable perseverance*. I felt that I was not merely acquiescing in the first of my moral duties.

In proportion, however, as I have loved you, do I now feel the bitterness of your absence. You have no substitute in this heart; there is none to occupy your place to my seeking eye. Even the affectionate attentions of an amiable consort are insufficient to supply the chasm in my bosom, but leave me unsatisfied. I have illustrious relatives, it is true; but they offer me no kindness; and if they did, there are certain slumbering recollections which would awake in my brain, and check my ardour to receive them. I have but one mother; and no variations of place or circumstances can remove her from my sight: Heaven impressed her image on my soul, and time has established it there as its native and legitimate sphere.

By a refinement of cruelty, indeed, we may be separated on earth; and I, as well as yourself, may be doomed the victim of an unjust and malignant spirit of persecution. But in a better world, our congenial spirits will rush to meet each other, where no envious nor hating fiends can interfere to impede the pleasures which flow from the pure fountain of filial and maternal love.

Such sentiments as these naturally arise out of the contemplation of my situation at this moment. Should it be the pleasure of Providence that I survive the hour of approaching danger, I may, at some future period, be endued with power to restore you to that situation which you were formed to embellish, but in which the jealousies of inferior minds

would not suffer you to remain. But if an all-wise decree should summon me from this sphere of anxious apprehension, not for myself, but for my mother, a pang of terror shoots across my wildered brain. Even then, however, my last prayer would be to Heaven to gift you with that sublime feeling of pious resignation which would teach you to bow submissive to the chastening stroke of our common Father, and to console your afflicted heart with the anticipation of our reunion in a world where felicity is unimpaired, and to which malice is inadmissible.

Believe me, my adored Mother, I fear less to die than to live. The prospect of protracted existence is so blended with dangers and difficulties, so shadowed with clouds of uncertainties, so replete with anxieties and apprehensions, that I must shrink from the contemplation of it, and fly for refuge even to the probability of my removal from so joyless an inheritance. The page of history has determined that happiness is not the possession of those who move in the lofty circles to which my birth entitled me to look: I cannot hope for an exception in my favour; all the joys of life are centred in my present retirement, and they are even poor because you are not a participator in them: but even this unqualified enjoyment must be brief; and I must emerge into a situation uncongenial to my soul, and destructive to all my hopes of felicity on earth. What cause, then, have I to shun that issue which others may behold with horror? What cause have I to covet that existence which others so highly prize? Death would obliterate no image of delight from my heart, save that which, in the portrait of a beloved Mother, Nature has still left to the hoping, doubting, yet fearing

CHARLOTTE.

C———, Oct. 10, 1817.

Early Rising.—Dr. Johnson was making resolutions to get up early to the last part of his life; and Thomson, who cries out in his poems,

"Falsely luxurious! will not man awake,"

not only seldom got up before noon, but is said to have given as a reason that he had "no motive." Both of these excellent persons were rendered inert, no doubt, by bad humours of body, which the practice would have done away with; and doubtless all might return to much more natural habits than are in use, if the majority would think at all, and the rest would not think too much to baffle action itself. Buonaparte's talent lies on the side of action, and therefore he goes to it at once. A Scottish King, James the 1st, who was prisoner in this country (fairly kidnapped when young by his brother legitimate), attributes the alteration of his feelings, from wretchedness into comfort, to this sole practice. The passage is in a beautiful poem he wrote in his captivity, called *The King's Quair or Book*:—

"O happy early exercise,

"By thee came I to joy out of torment."

He afterwards made one of the best and most accomplished sovereigns in the annals of royalty.

CORONATION ANECDOTE.—The whole behaviour of our present venerable King at his Coronation was justly admired, and commended by every person present, and particularly his graceful and dignified manner of ascending the Throne. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the Communion Table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster. When about to receive the Sacrament, his Majesty enquired of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whether he should not lay aside his crown. The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester, but neither of them could say what had been the usual form. The King determined within himself, that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the Holy Rite.

Effect of Wine.—An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of wine, said, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for after he had drank enough of it, he could talk for ever and fight the devil.

The Devil and the Lawyers.—The following anecdote may in some measure account for the generally received opinion, that there is a certain intimacy carried off between the inhabitants of the Inns of Court and his Satan's Majesty!—Saint Evon, a lawyer of Brittany, went to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers a patron. The Pope replied, that he knew of no saint not already disposed of to some other profession. His Holiness proposed, however, to Saint Evon, that he should go round the church of San Giovanni di Laterano blind-fold, and, after saying a certain number of Ave Marias, the first saint he should lay hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer undertook; and at the end of his Ave Marias stopped at the altar of St. Michael, where he laid hold, not of the saint, but of the Devil under the Saint's feet, crying out, "This is our saint, let him be our patron!"

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

SEVEN is composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four; for the number two consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect. It comprehends the primary numerical triangle or trine, and square or quartile; conjunctions considered by the favourers of planetary influence as the most benign aspect.

In six days Creation was perfected, and the seventh was consecrated to rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month, a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven days, and remained seven days in tents.—The seventh year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of seven times seven years commenced the grand Jubilee. Every seventh year the land lay fallow, every seventh year there was a general release from all debts; and all bondsmen were set free; from this law may have originated the custom of binding young men to seven years apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for seven, twice seven, or three times seven years. Every seventh year the law was directed to be read to the people. Jacob served seven years for the possession of Rachael, and also other seven years. Noah had seven days warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the Ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens. The Ark touched ground in the seventh month; and in seven days a dove was sent out, and again in seven days after. The seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by the seven fat and the seven lean beasts; and the seven ears of full and the seven of blasted corn. Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast; and the fiery furnace was heated seven times hotter to receive Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

A man defiled, was, by the Mosaic law unclean seven days; the young of both animals were to remain with the dam seven days, and at the close of the seventh to be taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times; but the meekness of the revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to seventy times seven. It Cain shall be avenged seven fold truly Lamech seventy times seven.

In the destruction of Jericho, seven priests bare seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh they surrounded the walls seven times, and after the seventh time the walls fell. Balaam prepared seven years for a sacrifice; and seven of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine.

Laban pursued Jacob seven days journey. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks, and seven rams as an atonement for their wickedness.

In the seventh year of his reign, King Ahazuerus feasted seven days; and on the seventh directed his seven chamberlains to find a queen, who was allowed seven maidens to attend her: Mizrian was cleansed of her leprosy by being shut up seven days. Solomon was seven years in building the Temple, at the dedication of which, he feasted seven days. In the tabernacle were seven lamps; seven days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garment seven days. The children of Israel eat unleavened bread seven days. Abraham, gave seven ewe lambs to Abimelech as a memorial for a well, and Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob.

The Rabbins say that God employed the power of this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word which signify seven; whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says, "that the barren had brought forth seven." In scripture are enumerated seven resurrections: the widow's son by Elias, the Shunammite's son by Elisha, the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet, the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, the widow's son of Naim, Lazarus, and our blessed Saviour.

The Apostles chose seven deacons; Enoch, who was translated, was the seventh after Adam; and Jesus Christ the seventy seventh in a direct line.—Our blessed Saviour spoke seven times on the Cross, on which he was seven hours; he appeared seven times, and after seven times seven days sent the Holy Ghost.

In the Lord's Prayer are seven petitions, contained in seven times seven words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection.

Within this number are concealed all the mysteries of the Apocalypse, revealed to the seven churches of Asia. There appeared seven golden candlesticks; and seven stars in the hand of him that was in the midst; seven lambs before the seven spirits of God; the book with seven seals; the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes; seven angels with seven trumpets; seven kings, seven thunders; seven thousand men slain; the dragon with seven heads and seven crowns; and the beast with seven heads; seven angels bringing seven plagues; and seven vials of wrath. The vision of Daniel was of the seventy weeks; and the elders of Israel were seventy.

There were also numbered seven heavens, seven planets, seven stars, seven wise men, seven champions of Christendom, seven notes in music, seven primary colours, seven deadly sins, seven sacraments in the Romish Church. The seventh son was considered as endowed with pre-eminent wisdom; and the seventh son of a seventh son is still thought to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold seven times purified in the fire; and we yet say, you frighten me yet of my seven senses. The opposite side of every face on the dice make seven; whence the players at hazard make seven the main.

Hippocrates says, that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things; to be the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes; and like Shakespear, he divides the life of man into seven ages. For as the moon changes her face every seven days this number influences all sublunary beings. In seven months a child may be born and live, and not before; and anciently it was

not named before seven days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical duty. The teeth spring out on the seventh month, and are shed and renewed in the seventh year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At twice seven years puberty begins: at thrice seven years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and we become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven man is at full possession of his strength: at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times seven, or fifty-six, he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven, or sixty-three, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times seven, or three score years and ten, has by the royal prophet been pronounced the natural period of human life.

"In the year 1566, the Regent Murray having been slain on the Saturday, Knox, preaching at Edinburgh the next day, at the end of his sermon bemoaned the loss that the Church and State had by the death of that virtuous man; adding further, 'there is one in this company that makes this horrible murder the subject of his mirth, for which all good men should be sorry; but I tell him, he shall die where there shall be none to lament him.' The person to whom these words were addressed, was one Thomas Metellan, a young gentleman of excellent parts, but bearing small affection to the Earl of Murray. He hearing this commination of John Knox, went home to his sister, and said that Knox was raving; speaking of he knew not whom. His sister replied with tears, saying, that none of John Knox's threatenings fell to the ground without effect. And so indeed this came to pass; for shortly after, this gentleman going to travel, died in Italy, having none to assist, much less to lament him."

Another prediction, and attended with an affecting solicitude on the part of Knox, is recorded to have been made by him in his last moments. Addressing himself to "two preachers, (Lindsay and Lawson,) who were standing by his bed, 'One thing, said he, grieveth me exceedingly: you have sometimes seen the courage and constancy of the Laird of Grang in the cause of God; and now that unhappy man is casting himself away. I pray you go to him from me, and tell him, that unless he forsake the wicked course that he is in, the rock wherein he confideth shall not defend him, nor the carnal wisdom of the man whom he counteth half a god (meaning Leshington), shall yield him help; but he shall be shamefully pulled out of that rest, (his castle,) and his carcase hung before the sun. For his soul, it is dear to me; and if it were possible, I would fain have him saved.' According they went to him, and conferred with him, but could by no means divert him from his course. But, as Knox had foretold, so, the year after, his castle was taken, and his body was publicly there hanged before the sun."

Macklin disputing with Dr. Johnson on a literary subject, the latter quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation in Irish.

The late Sir Hugh Acland, of Devonshire, apparently died of a fever, and was laid out as dead. The nurse, with two of the footmen, sat up with the corpse; and, the weather being at the time extremely cold, Lady Acland sent them a bottle of brandy to drink in the night. One of the servants told the other, that "the old boy, their master, dearly loved a little brandy when he was alive, and he was resolved that he should take one glass now he was dead." The fellow accordingly poured out a bumper, and forced it down his throat. A gurgling immediately ensued, and a violent motion of the neck and upper part of the breast. The other footman and the nurse were so terrified, that they ran down stairs; and the brandy genius, hastening away with rather too much speed, tumbled down head foremost. The noise of the fall and his cries, alarmed a young gentleman who slept in the house that night, who got up, and went immediately to the room where the supposed corpse lay, and to his great astonishment he saw Sir Hugh sitting upright. He called the servants. Sir Hugh was put into a warm bed, and the physician and apothecary sent for. These gentlemen perfectly restored their patient to health, and he lived several years afterwards. The Baronet often told the story, and when he really died, left the brandy footman a handsome annuity.

A Gentleman just come from Cornwall assures us that the following is a genuine notice:—"Hear leaves won ho Qres the Ago."

ALL SOULS DAY.

(From a French Paper.)

It was doubtless for the particular benefit of great cities, where existence is spent in the midst of a vortex, which allows us no leisure to look back on the past, that religion has particularly instituted a day consecrated to the remembrance of those who have preceded us in the tomb. The villagers, who have daily before their eyes the ashes of their fathers, cannot repair to religious solemnities, without passing close to the rustic cemetery, where the ashes of their ancestors repose. But in this brilliant capital, where it is the object of prudent regulations to remove from our temples the asylums of the dead, it is at least proper that we should once a year seek among these funeral shades some affecting recollections, and, remote from the twofold tumult of business and of passion, listen to the lesson of tombs.

Being so far fortunate as to be influenced by the last motive only, in making my pilgrimage, on the 2d of November, the *Jour des Morts* (All Souls Day) towards the field of repose, called the Cemetery of the Pere La Chaise, I may be allowed, on such an occasion, to offer a few observations. I must confess I did not expect that I should be provided with many materials for such a purpose. I was persuaded that my fellow citizens, without fearing death, had little desire to contemplate his image. What was then my astonishment at finding in this melancholy spot a crowd greater than is usually attracted to the most agreeable promenades, even those on which luxury and fashion have bestowed the greatest celebrity. My first feeling was not that of approbation.—“What!” said I to myself, “has frivolity found an altar even among the tombs? Is this spot to be transformed into a *Funeral Longchamp*, and is a religious pilgrimage to become a promenade of the bon ton?”

A more attentive observation convinced me of my injustice. This numerous assemblage was covered with sadness. It seemed as if the numerous beings around me had come, ripened by misfortune, to hold their place in this field, where all interests, all passions, all calculations vanish. A melancholy gravity governed their several conversations, which had all one common object—the envy of the happiness of the dead—What bitter satire on the situation of the living!

What touching or terrible scenes formed detached parts of this lugubrious picture! Here a mother and three daughters, in long mourning dresses, were prostrating themselves on the tomb of a being who was dear to them.

J'ai vu—J'ai vu couler des larmes véritables.

I have seen—I have seen unfeigned tears flow.

There a funeral was entering, and the attendants could with difficulty penetrate the crowd. It was the funeral of a young lady, who had become the victim of recent events. She had withstood the dilapidation of her property, the total loss of her fortune, but a shock produced by an unexpected disaster terminated her days. Why should the ravages of war be extended beyond the field of battle? I deplored the fall of this unfortunate woman, while the people who surrounded the grave, in their simple language, felicitated her for having escaped from all the evils of this life.

One woman did more; her visage was pale, her air distracted; at the moment the coffin was descending, I saw her approach the grave, and endeavour to throw herself into it. She was seized and held back. I contemplated her with horror; she seemed to me the silent, but energetic interpreter of all the travellers to the field of death.

However, the more sombre tints of this gloomy scene appeared gradually to efface, and its aspect to excite milder sensations—those sorrows and regrets which are mingled with hopes. The contrast formed by this field, where shrubs and flowers protect the mausoleums, where the evergreen shoots up by the side of the tomb of Delille, with the grand political stage on which we have for 25 years had to struggle with so many storms—this striking comparison of our long agitations and eternal repose—appeared to impress a melancholy, not destitute of voluptuousness, on all minds. Before I departed from this dwelling of sadness, I cast

a look on that population promised to the grave, and of which it seemed already to take possession; and amidst all the confused conversations of the groups, I still fancied I heard these two verses of one of our modern Poets:—

La mort est secourable, et la tombe est tranquille;
Ah! contre le malheur il n'est point d'autre asile!

Death gives relief, and peaceful is the grave,
What other refuge can misfortune have!

GARRICK.—It is well known to those who are conversant in theatrical history, that Mr. GARRICK made his first appearance on any stage at Ipswich, where he made his *debut* in the part of *Aboon*, in the Tragedy of *Oroonoko*, in the year 1741.—The Ipswich Theatre, if a Theatre it could be called, was then under the management of GIFFORD, who conducted that of Goodman's fields; and DUNSTALL, afterwards an established performer of great comic merit in London, and the first *Hodge* in *Love in a Village*, as well as *Quidnunc*, in the Farce of *The Upholsterer*, founded on a story in *The Tatler*.

YATES, another excellent comic Actor of the London stage, was in the Ipswich Company at the time when GARRICK first appeared in that place, where he assumed the name of LYDDAL, that of one of his mother's relations. He afterwards appeared on the same stage in several other characters, particularly *Chamont*, in *The Orphan*, a part in which he acquired great celebrity in London, and which he continued to perform till the progress of time induced him to relinquish youthful characters. The extraordinary powers which he displayed at this place, induced GIFFORD to tempt him to appear in the same year at Goodman's Fields, where he made such an impression upon the public, that all the established performers, though possessing great merit, were thrown into the shade, and he mounted into unrivalled reputation, which he preserved during the whole of his theatrical life, acquired a princely fortune, and became intimate with the most distinguished characters in this country and all-Europe.

PANEGYRIC ON GARRICK.—TINDAL, alluding to a line in Pope's *Messiah*, said of GARRICK, “The deaf hear him in his action; the blind see him in his voice.”

SINGULAR MODE OF CATCHING FISH.—The following ingenious mode of taking fish is said to be practised by the Chinese. To one side of a boat a flat board, painted white, is fixed at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the edge inclining towards the water. On moonlight nights the boat is so placed that the painted board is turned to the moon, from whence the rays of light striking on the whitened surface, give to it the appearance of moving water, on which the fish being tempted to leap as on their own element, the boatman raising with a string the board, turns the fish into the boat.—(*Petersburgh Intel.*)

A NEW PUN BY LORD NORBURY.—A case turning upon the doctrine of Contingent Remainders was recently argued before Lord NORBURY, the Chief Justice of the Irish Court of Common Pleas. Frequent references were, of course, made to the authority of “*Fearne on Contingent Remainders*.” The Learned Judge, who is eminently distinguished as a punster and a sportsman, began his judgment as follows: “Gentlemen, you have argued this question at great length, but the whole of what you have been saying amounts only to this,—that the points of the case are like Tipperary hares—all to be found in *fern*.”

ANECDOTE OF DR RADCLIFFE.—The Doctor attending one of his intimates in a dangerous sickness, with an unusual strain of generosity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One insisted—the other was positive; but when the cure was performed, and the Doctor taking his leave, quoth the patient, “Sir in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude.” The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days in a minute, and then holding out his hand, replied.—*Well, I can hold out no longer—single, I could have refused them for a twelvemonth; but altogether, they are irresistible.*

CURIOUS PETITION

TO
CHARLES THE FIRST.

FROM A BOOK PUBLISHED BY JOHN TAYLOR
IN THAT REIGN.

"In the month of January last 1613 there was a Motion made by some of the better sort of the Company of Watermen, that it were necessary for the reliefe of such a decayed multitude, to petition to his Maiesty that the Players might not have a Play House in London or in Middlesex within foure miles of the City on that side of the Thames. Now this request may seeme harsh, and not well to bee digested by the Players and their appendixes, but the reasons that mou'd vs vnto it being charitably considered makes the suite not only seeme reasonable but past seeming most necessary to be sued for and tollerable to bee granted.

"Our Petition being written to purpose aforesaid, I was selected by my Company to deliver it to his Maiesty, and follow the Businesse which I did with that care and Integrity that I am assured none can taxe me instly with the contrary. I did ride twice to Theobalds, once to Newmarket, and twice to Royston before I could get a reference vpon my Petition. I had to beare my charge of my Company first and last, seven Pound, ten shillings, which Horshire, Horsmeat and Mansmeat brought to a consumption, besides I wrote severall Petitions to most of the Right Honourable Lords of his Maiestys Priuy Counsell, and I found them all compassionately affected to the necessity of our cause.

"First I did briefly declare part of the Services that Watermen had done in Queene Elizabeths Reigne of famous memory in the voyage to Portingale, with the Right Honorable and never to be forgotten Earle of Essex. Then after that how it pleased God (in that great deliverance in the yeere 1588) to make Watermen good servicable Instruments with their losse of Lives and Limbs to defend their Prince and Country, moreover many of them served with Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobasher and others; besides in Cales action the Tland voyage in Ireland, in the low cuntries and in the narrow seas they have beene (as in duty they are bound) at continuell command, so that every summer 1500 or 2000 of them were employed to the places aforesaid, having but 9 shillings foure pence the month a peece for their pay, and yet were they able then to set themselves out like men with shift of apparell, linnen, and wollen, and forbear charging of their Prince for their pay sometimes sixe months, 9 months, 12 months, sometimes more, for then there were so few watermen, and the one halfe of them being at sea, those that staid at home had as much worke as they would doe.

"Afterwards the players began to play on the bank-side, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex (for the most part); then there went such great conourse of people by water, that the smal number of watermen remaining at home were not able to carry them by reason of the Court, the termes, the players, and other employments, so that we were inforced and incouraged (hoping that this golden stirring world would have lasted ever) to take and entertaine men and boyes, which boyes are growne men, and keepers of houses, many of them being overcharged with families of wife and children, so that the number of watermen and those that live and are maintained by them and by the onely labour of the oare and scull betwixt the Bridge of Windsor and Gravesend cannot be fewer than 40,000, the cause of the greater halfe of which multitude hath beene the plaiers playing on the Bank side, for I have knowne 3 companies besides the beerehayting at once there, to wit, the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan, and it is an infallible truth that had they never plaid there it had beene better for watermen by the one halfe of their living, for the company is increased more then halfe by their meanes of plaiing there in former times.

"And now it hath pleased God, in this peaceful time, that there is no employment at the sea as it hath beene accustomed, so that all those great numbers of Men remains at home and the Plaiers have all (except the King's Men) left their usuall residency on the Banke side and doe play in Middlesex farre remote from the Thames. So that every day in the weeke they doe draw unto them 3 or foure thousand People that were used to spend their monies by water, (so the reliefe of so many thousands of poore People which by Players former playing on the Banke side) are increased, so that oft times a poore man that hath 5 or sixe children doth give a good attendance to his labour all day, and at night (perhaps) hath not gotten a groat to relieve his wife, himself and family.

"This was the effect and scope of our Petition though here I have declared it more at large, to which his Maiesty granted me a reference to his Commissioners for suites, who then were the Right Honourable Sir Julius Coesar, Sir Thomas Parry, Knights, the Right Worshipfull Sir Francis Bacon, then the King's Atturney Generall, Sir Henry Montague, his Maiesty's Sergeant at Law, Sir Walter Cope, Master George Calvert, one of the Clerkes of his Maiesty's Priuy Councill, and Baron Southerton, one of the Barons of the Kings Exchequer. These honorable and worshipful Persons I did oft sollicite by Petitions, by Friends and by mine owne industrious Importunity so that in the end when our Cause was heard wee found them generally affected to our suite.

"His Maiesty's Players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said that our suite was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walkes in Parks or Moorfields, to the hank side, for our profits, as to confine them; but our extremity and cause being indiciously pondered by the Commissioners, Sir Francis Bacon very worthily said, that so farre forth as they publike weal was to be regarded before pastimes or a servicable decaying multitude before a handful of particular men, or profit before pleasure, so far was our suite to be preferred before

theirs. Whereupon the players did appeale to the Lord Chamberlain, which was then the Earl of Somerset.

"The Commissioners did appoint mee to come on the next day that they sate again; and that then the players and wee should know their determinations, but before the day came Sir Walter Cope died, and Sir Julius Coesar being chief commissioner was made Master of the Rolls, by which means the commission was dissol'd, and we never yet had further hearing. Some of my company partly through malice or ignorance, or both, have reported that I tooke bribes of the players to let the suit fall, and that I had a supper with them at the Cardinall's Hat, on the Banke side; but I doubt not but what is before said will satisfie any well disposed or honest mind, and for the rest (if there bee any such) as I found them ignorant knaves so I leave them unthankful villanes."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—The Abbé De Percie, some time after the commencement of the Revolution in France, was obliged to fly from his living in Normandy to this country. Soon after his arrival in London, he was hustled in New-street, Covent Garden, and robbed of twenty guineas, which he had received but a few minutes before, at Sir Robert Herries's. With the remainder of his little property, he went to Bath, where it was soon expended. In this dilemma, his countrymen there reminded him, that he was related to the English Percys, and, as the Duke of Northumberland was at that time there, they advised him to apply to his Grace for relief. The Abbe immediately wrote to the Duke, who returned a polite answer, and requested a few days for investigation. In the mean time, his Grace wrote to Lord Harcourt, at whose house the Duc d'Harcourt resided, and inquired whether the Abbe was one of the De Percies of Normandy; soon after which he transmitted to his *new cousin* a gold box, with a Bank note inclosed in it, for one thousand pounds, and a general invitation to his table, which was from that day open to him.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—From the little we can collect out of the mixture of fable and reality in the ancient chronicles which allude to St. George, it seems he was a *bishop*, and a rival of the no less celebrated *St. Athanasius*; and that his combat and victory over the dragon were typical of his theological and personal victories over the worthy Saint. Time produces curious contradictions: we prosecute for parodying the Creed of Athanasius, and yet adopt, as a symbol upon our ensigns and coins, the effigies of the very man who drove him from his see, and sought his life with the most savage ferocity.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. YOUNG.—(FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.)—In the representation of the comedy of the *Heir at Law*, at Norfolk, on the 31st of October last, each of the performers had occasion to deliver some part of the epilogue, and Mrs. YOUNG commenced her's in the following words:—

"Is there any here in love?"

When she was immediately answered from the lips of one of the *Cyprian goddesses* in the attic chamber,—
"Yes!" With a readiness of wit peculiar to herself, Mrs. YOUNG archly replied (casting her eyes at the object of her satire)—

"Yes, I know you are in love;
And beside you sits a man,
Whom you'll ruin, if you can."

This reply drew forth bursts of applause from every quarter of the house, at the expense of the young man, who, unfortunately for himself, happened to be the only man in that part of the gallery; he immediately withdrew.

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF CROMWELL.—In the suite of the late Princess Amelia, there was formerly a Lady of the name of Russel, who was grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and who, it should seem, inherited, without any alloy, much of his undaunted and ready spirit. One day, it happened to be on the thirtieth of January, she was in waiting, and occupied in adjusting some part of the Princess's dress, just as the then Prince of Wales, the father of his present Majesty, came into the room. His Royal Highness accosted Miss Russell, rather sportingly, and said to her "For shame, Miss Russell, why have you not been at Church, humbling yourself for the sins on this day committed by your grandfather?" "Sir, (replied Miss Russell) for a grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, it is humiliation sufficient, to be employed as I am, in pinning up your sister's train."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LEGAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL LIFE OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, BY WM. O'REGAN, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

(Just published.)

With another eminent lawyer, Mr. Curran and other distinguished persons, were invited to dinner at Carlton House. All the other secrets of the conversation at and after dinner, were preserved with the fidelity of a Grand Jury, or of a Privy Council, this alone escaped; and the public are indebted for the anecdote to some good-natured friend of the former; for wit, like steam, has an elasticity, which pervades the pores even of crown glass. Lawyers, like other tradesmen, will talk habitually of the ware-room, the shop, and of the labours of the anvil: they too frequently do not distinguish that they, properly, belong to the cast of cultivated gentlemen; yet they cannot always fling off the husk and shell which grows about their profession: they sometimes forget, that the language of the Courts is not the language of the drawing-room. Lawyers, either that they cannot or will not condescend to the common use of words, retain this badge of the feudal stock, in all the stiff dress of coats of mail, vizors, &c. &c. The Scottish feudist is likely to be better dressed at all points, in the complete steel of those antiquated phrases, than those of any other nation.

This distinguished orator is said to have mixed with his love of fame, the power of being most declamatory when he spoke on the subject he least knew. It is said, he frequently made self his theme; if so, the taste was bad, and the occasion not fortunately selected. Here, however, he descanted much on the praises of the laws of England; he became another Fortescue, *De laudibus legum Angliæ*. He spoke of them in terms of chivalrous enthusiasm; he said "They were the cheap defence of nations, and that the cultivation of that science which embraced all others, and contained the perfection and sublimity of religion, of morals, and of music (as Lord Coke said), held out to its professors a splendid hope of reward, a rich harvest of wealth and honours; and when twined with the garland of eloquence, enabled the younger branches of a noble house to emulate in splendour, magnificence, and pomp of living, the most illustrious of their ancestors."—Mr. Curran thought this pretty well, and silence rapidly succeeding to this florid, yet ill-directed piece of interested declamation, he shortly observed, "All that my eloquent friend has so justly and so impressively said, can never be denied; but in enumerating the advantages of the profession of the law, he has omitted one thing (looking at the Prince, and respectfully bowing to him), namely, that it has enabled the son of a provincial peasant to be placed at the table of his Prince." The remark was too wise for mirth, and the mind paused to make it its own, and hand it over to memory. So pleased was the Prince, that he, in speaking next day to some of his Irish friends, on the happy contrast, and in remarking on the modesty of the expression, pleasantly requested of them to account for so rare a quality in an Irishman. They, who had as little occasion to blush for themselves as for their country, assured his Royal Highness, that the Irish character was a modest, though a dashing one; with great sensibility to injuries offered to itself or to others, and a quick determination to afford redress, with an uncalculating generosity, regardless of consequences, willing to make splendid sacrifices to the impulse, and very impatient of restraint. One of them said, that Mr. Burke, who studied human nature well, always asserted this, and was often heard to say, that the American was the most, if not the only impudent national character he was acquainted with.

A Noble Lord, remarkable for convivial wit and talents, told the following anecdote of himself, at Mr. Curran's table, which is given from the relation of a gentleman present. His Lordship, dining with the Prince of Wales, in company with several persons of distinction, the Prince observing that one of the party declined to take his wine, politely urged him to do so; to which the gentleman replied, "Please your Royal Highness, I never take more than two glasses of wine." This, perhaps,

would not have been perfectly well-bred in ordinary society, still less so as addressed to such a Personage; who, however, turning to the Nobleman above-mentioned, asked him, how many glasses of wine he was in the habit of taking? When his Lordship (who was an Irish Peer), after a pause, and a little well affected hesitation, said, "Sir, I was apprehensive of giving a rash answer, for I am not a good accountant."

Mr. Curran arrived in London during a summer vacation, after the Irish Courts of Law had been shut up, and before the sittings of Westminster Hall had been over; he was led by curiosity to hear the most eloquent person of the British Bar, with whom he was well acquainted, and was immediately perceived by some Lawyer to have taken his seat in Court, who communicated it to Mr. —, by pointing out the celebrated Irish advocate. This drew forth from the former fresh and renewed exertions to be distinguished by Mr. Curran; he, however, was not fortunate, yet when he had ended his speech, he came over to Mr. Curran, shook him by the hand, and after some short preface observed, he had had no preparation, yet conceived it, however, to have been a fine piece of eloquence; to which Mr. Curran replied, "I dare to say you are equally happy on all other occasions."

Some time after the Union, Mr. Grattan appeared in the Imperial Parliament; he had been long the rival of Mr. Flood, and he did but justice to that great name, in the generous, elegant, and complimentary prediction, that he was an oak of the forest too old to be transplanted. But Mr. Grattan did not foresee, amidst that experience which had nearly arrived to prophecy, that he himself was to give the first refutation to his own opinion, in his own splendid speech, which, from its novelty of style and manner, the vastness of its conception, its reasoning and its fire, produced in the House surprise and admiration.

The Lawyer before alluded to, anxious to be informed how Mr. Grattan felt on the praises so profusely and so deservedly bestowed on him, asked Mr. Curran, "Was not Mr. Grattan exceedingly elated, and what he felt and said of himself on the occasion?"

Mr. Curran, totally forgetting the person who made the inquiry, inadvertently, indeed rather simply, answered, "Really I cannot say, nor is it in the power of steam to force one expression from him on such a subject, for he never speaks of himself." Mr. Curran, in relating the misfortune of this reply, thus inadvertently given, in one of those curious effusions in conversation, thus describes his own sensations:—"I had scarcely uttered the words, when I was stunned with their own echo: I was like a child playing at the touch-hole of a cannon with a torch, and in an instant shocked with the recoil of his own rashness: indeed, I question if the comparison be not too dignified, too human to illustrate the beastly misery of my embarrassment. No! I felt more like a poor, worried, half-starved, cowardly turnip, who after cautiously climbing within a few inches of the top of the kitchen dresser, and almost within reach of the tempting fragments that lay there, suddenly slips upon the range of polished pewter: down headlong tumble, with a frightful dissonance, the clog, and an endless retinue of dishes, plates, ladles, pots, platters, and frying-pans, the crockery ware throwing in a friendly accompaniment; the cook, in the rage of thirst and perspiration, seizes a basin of scalding soup; while her astounded footed journeyman, having closely covered his little apology for a tail, half dead with hunger and apprehension, slinks into the next stew-hole."

On one occasion Lord Clonmell was so pressed both by the argument, the eloquence, and the wit of Mr. Curran, that he lost temper, and called on the Sheriffs to be ready to take any one into arrest, who would be found so contemptuously presuming to fly in the face of the Court. Mr. Curran, perceiving the twittering of a swallow actively in pursuit of flies (for like as in Nero's court, so, in the presence of this Emperor, scarcely a fly was to be found), in his turn called the Sheriffs to take that swallow into arrest, for it was guilty of contempt, as it had contemptuously presumed to fly in the face of the Court. The ridicule of this, and the peals of laughter which ensued, closed the scene.—*O'Regan's Memoirs of Curran.*

ANECDOTES OF CURRAN.

From Counsellor Phillips's Recollections.

At a time when called before the College board for wearing a dirty shirt—

I pleaded, said Curran, inability to wear a clean one; and I told them the story of poor Lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. "I wish, Mother," said Barry, I had eleven shirts."—"Eleven! Barry, why eleven?" "Because, Mother, I am of opinion that a Gentleman to be comfortable ought to have the dozen." Poor Barry had but one, and I made the precedent my justification.

In an election for the borough of Tallagh, Egan* was an unsuccessful candidate—he, however, appealed from the decision, and the appeal came of course before a Committee of the House of Commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer, Egan was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his wig in the other, and his whole countenance raging like the dog-star, when he met Curran—"I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran—"Sorry! why so, Jack—why so? I'm perfectly at my ease." "Alas! Egan, it's but too visible to every one that you're losing tallow (Tallagh) fast."

* A cotemporary counsellor of robust fame.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN—(as related by himself.)—

When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage; on the contrary, he seemed pleased, and even delighted; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see,) perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of waggy; thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweatmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could; and then he sent me to school at Middleton. In short he made a man of me.

I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old Gentleman seated alone in my drawing room; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed:—"You are right, Sir; you are right. The chimney-piece is your's—the pictures are your's—the house is your's. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!" He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a Right Honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY PLEASURE.—Mr. O'Regan, in his very amusing Life of Curran, introduces the following anecdote of a particular friend of the Orator:—"He was a mighty hunter, and a very good-natured and well-tempered man; devoted to Mr. Curran with the sincerity of an early attachment. On the chase he was eloquent; but after that subject became exhausted, he scarcely had one other left him; yet in this gentleman's society Mr. Curran found himself very happy. Some friends asked him how it was that his taste did not revolt at passing so many dull nights with him. "I am very much gratified by those recollections he always brings me back to, and it is with his heart I hold communion; nor can you imagine what pleasure his good humour and singularities afford me." He is an excellent man. I once asked him," said Mr. Curran, "how he, who was not fond of books or of music, could amuse himself in the country on a wet day, confined as he frequently was; and his account I will give you in his own way: 'Music and books, by J—s, I have both, and I amuse myself with *um*; I have an old rum of a fiddle, and I rasps that till I bidders myself; and then I falls asleep.' Well, and when you awake, how are you amused? 'Why then I takes up a book, I think they call it Tom Jones, and I reads that till I falls asleep again; and it's always new to me, for I forgets it as fast as I reads it.' "After this specimen of companionship," said Mr. Curran, "do you think my friend so dull as you conceived him to be."

ANECDOTES OF CURRAN.—A few years before his death, Mr. Curran strolled one day into the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. As he contemplated the monuments, he became deeply affected by the spectacle of mortality on every side, and for the moment dismissing every harsher feeling, gave up his mind to the solemn reflections which the scene was calculated to inspire. "The holy influence of the spot (to adopt the words of an illustrious countryman of his in relating this circumstance) had so subdued him, that he began to weep." While he was in this softened mood, he observed at a little distance his old antagonist Doctor Duigenan. Mr. Curran, considering that they were both to be soon beyond the possibility of further contention, and that no place could be more suited for the exchange of mutual forgiveness, approached, and affectionately offered him his hand. "I shall never take Mr. Curran's hand," said the Doctor, and turned away abruptly.

When Mr. Curran was confined to his bed and suffering considerable pain, he could not abstain from the same playfulness, (referring to some humorous allusions to the state of his health, in a letter to a friend, written from London in 1815.) His medical attendant having observed one morning, that he found he coughed with more difficulty than on the preceding evening; "That's very surprising," replied the patient, "for I have been pissing all night."—*Life by his Son.*

Specimens of Mr. Curran's Bon Mots.

Mr. Curran was engaged in a legal argument—behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally designed to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, "Then," said Mr. Curran, "I can refer your Lordship to a high authority behind me, one who was intended for the church, though (in a whisper to a friend beside him) in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

An officer of one of the Courts, named Halfpenny, having frequently interrupted Mr. Curran, the Judge peremptorily ordered him to be silent, and sit down. "I thank your Lordship," said the counsel, "for having at length nailed that rap to the counter."

Mr. Curran cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, till he retorted. "You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great bite."

A miniature painter, upon his cross-examination, by Mr. Curran, was made to confess that he carried his improper freedoms with a particular lady so far as to attempt to put his arm round her waist. "Then Sir," said the counsel, "I suppose you took that waist (waste) for a common."

"No man," said a wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the Bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, Sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a wise acre?"

"Would you not have known this boy to be my son, from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered, "Yes, Sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

Mr. Curran was asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue? answered, "I suppose he is trying to catch the English accent."

At a public dinner, he was defending his countrymen against the imputation of being a naturally vicious race. "Many of our faults, for instance," said he, "arise from our too free use of the circulating medium, (pointing to the wine), but I never yet heard of an Irishman being *bo n drunk*."

A gentleman who was too desirous of attracting the attention of those about him to the style and fashion of his dress, and at one time to the shape of a pair of half-boots, which he had that day drawn on, appealed to Mr. Curran, among others for his opinion, who said, "He observed but one fault,—they shewed too much of the calf."

A barister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, and of which, not at all apprized, he was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till at last, addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in the wig?" The answer instantly was, "Nothing but the head."—*O'Regan's*

ON THE
DEPARTURE OF THE "PAR NOBILE FRATRUM,"
LORDS C—R—GH AND ST—W—T,
FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris et fratres et qui rapuere sub illis
Vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.
Ovid. Metam. 13, 202.*

Go, brothers in wisdom, go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions;
The one, the best Lover we have—of his years—
And the other, prime Statesman of Britain's dominions!
Go, Hero of Chancery, blest in the smile
Of the Misses who love, and the Monarchs who prize thee;
Forget Mrs. ANG—LO T—YL—R awhile,
And all Tailors but him, who so well dandifies thee.
Ne'er heed how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never mind how perverse affidavits may thwart thee;
But show the young Ladies thou'rt scholar enough
To translate "amor fortis" a Love "about forty."
Ah! sure 'twas no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the orders you'd earn'd in't,
That sweet Lady FANNY should cry out, "My stars!"
And forget that the moon, too, was some way concern'd in't.
For not ev'n the R—G—T himself has endur'd
(Tho' I've seen him with badges and orders all shine,
'Till he look'd like a house that was over insur'd.)
A much heavier burthen of glories than thine.
And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young Lady so mad is,
Or any young Ladies can go so astray
As to marry old Dandies that might be their Daddies,
"The stars are in fault," my Lord Sr—w—t, not they †.

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
Thou Malaprop Cicero, over whose lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about Monarchs and glories,
And features and nullidge‡, like syllabub, slips;—
Go, haste to the Congress, pursue thy vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours;
Leaguings with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.
Fare ye well, fare ye well, wise pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions;
The one, the best Lover we have—of his years—
And the other, prime Statesman of Britain's dominions!

P. F.

* It is singular to find a bit of English in Ovid; but, instead of "at Paris," we should read, "at Vienna."
† "When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."
‡ His Lordship thus pronounces *knowledge*; deriving the word (at least as far as himself is concerned in it) from the Latin, "nullus."

THE MARQUIS OF B— REQUESTING TO HEAR FROM MR. C—S W—N HOW HE FELT HIMSELF IN HIS NEW PLACE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WAS ANSWERED BY THE FOLLOWING LINES:—

My very dear Lord, in answer to "how
"We feel on those seats which we occupy now?"
I must freely confess, that in certain respects
I cannot be blind to some trifling defects.
And first from their distance from that envied Chair,
To occupy which was my castle in air;
My voice, which you know was always so weak,
Is now more than ever forc'd into a squeak.
As to room, we have plenty, and that makes amends,
For I sit very snug with my three steady friends:
The Lawyer, the Soldier, and he who will sit
Wherever his interest and conscience permit.
And I think I could find, by some means or other,
A seat of repose for my polyglot brother.
And W—R—N you know, though an excellent creature,
Is amply endow'd with the family feature.
These benches have long been the station of those
Who in absence of places and wit here repose.
Here W—LB—R—CZ fidgets with conscience's twins,
One speaking for *outs*, t'other voting with *ins*.
No cough from a neighbour here ever discloses
The tedium arising from B—KES when he prosed.
Those jokes from behind which were wont to disorder
My former exertions on questions of order,
No longer are heard, or are lost in that space
That parts me from those I so loved when in place.
Here Generals on shelf, and Admirals yellow,
The quiet enjoy of perpetual fallow.
But enough of these places, I'm anxious for those
That tend more to profit, and less to repose.
F—M—TLE's impatient, and you want the Garter,
But what have we got for those honours to barter?
Our honour is gone, our numbers not wanted,
Supposing our talents were taken for granted.
The House, to address when we shew our intention,
Is not much disposed to shew any attention,
Whigs and Tories unite and in one thing agree
That dinner is better than listening to me.
And our other great orator, sage PH—L—RE,
Ere long will be voted a terrible bore.
You Peers may do something, when once you begin
Till which time believe me your faithful

and
C—S W—N.

FAREWELL TO THE PAGODA BRIDGE

Emblem of Britain's state! famed Bridge, farewell!
Good is thy fall, if for example's sake:
Thou not in vain did'st wear the cap and bell,
If other fools from thee will warning take.
If timely wise, the little great would know,
How vain their present glitter, short their date;
How all the mingled glare of pomp and shew,
Serve but to glut the greedy pangs of fate.
From Folly's lap you sprung, all gaudy deck'd
With symbols, shapes, and fancies undefined:
One hour of wonder, thousands of neglect,
Have viewed thee—bauble of a baby mind!
But to reflection's eye thy withering form,
Thy timbers struggling vainly with decay,
Trembling each plank beneath the passing storm,
Where rottenness and mud their spoils display:
Appear in sad similitude of case,
To what the nation holds to present view;
Like thee, with ruin staring in her face,
She mourns her faded pomp, and glory too.
This is the faithful picture. Time will see
(If thy example strike not to the heart)
Britain, too, soon a crumbling wreck like thee,
Doom'd from her station, pride and power to part.
May she be timely wise, no more permit
Capricious taste with vain expence to load her;
And may her Rulers henceforth have the wit
To spare the tax of any new Pagoda.

THE PROPHECY.

When B—N—G may his own conceit surpass,
And Brother H—Y scarce be deemed an ass;
When of his own accord Sir G—E the Fat
Rejects the parings cast to captured rat;
When C—N—G's judgment may to sense submit,
In due restraint of metaphor and wit,
Nor through the tropes and mazes of his mind
Its thread-bare patch-work, arrant fustian, find;
When the vain vapours of ambitious taste
(The bubbles of a breath which once was chaste)
No longer on the venal gales shall ride
Of Treasury cheers, that swell Corruption's tide;
When all the better hopes that youth could raise;
When classic fire was fann'd by classic praise,
Shall bid once more the vanish'd meteor rise,
To bless the wearied Senate's drowsy eyes;
When scorning hacknied trick and low grimace,
To share with C—R—GH some travell'd grace,
He trusts to Nature's force and Truth's display,
And soars once more the dazzler of his day.—
When void of smile VANSITTART shall appear,
When PHIPPS and OSBORNE get beyond "Hear, hear!"
When W—NE to order shall neglect to *squeak*,
And aught but places, pelf, or pensions seek;
When L—W his *Sire's* good taste forgets to shew,
When WILLIAM SMITH is deemed a finished Beau;
When FOLKESTONE deals no more in sterling sense,
And T—D to Eaux de Cologne makes pretence;
When P—LM—N no more, the fair one's slave,
His strut shall soften, and his whiskers shave,
And on St. Stephen's floor no longer be
The dull sublime of mediocrity;
When G—LB—N leaves his consequence behind;
When wit or fancy flash from B—TH—ST's mind;
When during Sessions P—LE no longer sends
His cards and compliments to Irish friends;
When bald MAC—N—HY on legs is seen,
With brow unruffled, pleasant, and serene;
When G—FR—N shall adopt the wholesome plan,
To think himself not quite so great a man.
When F—N—Y speaks in English, and with ease;
When APSLEY by good humour fails to please;
When TH—N—E labours † call for Benches full;
When C—R—GH is clear, and GR—TT—N dull;
When W—LB—CE no more on HANNAH dotes,‡
And justly moulds his speeches to his votes,
Nor frisks across the floor in saintly pranks,
With his pure twin of humbug, babbling B—KES;
When FERGUSON no longer Scotland's boast,
For treasury spoils shall join her scrambling host;
And cease, in contrast with too many a name,
To more than half redeem his country's fame;
When unlike justice SUTTON hold the scales,
And one dissenting voice his worth assails;
That worth with half its merits yet unknown,
Though high in all opinions but his own;
When sinecures shall fail, and pensions cease,
Nor standing armies scare the sons of peace;
Then shall Corruption end, Reform commence,
And want of Faith be deemed a want of sense.

* This confusion of metaphor in the description of the above gentleman's oratory, is in humble imitation of his own peculiar felicity in this species of eloquence.

† Brother Bragge.

‡ Labours in vain—hardly motions.

§ To prevent mistakes, Hannah More, not Hannay.

NELSON'S MONUMENT.—A Provincial Paper records the following *highly poetical stanza* in praise of the Hero of the Nile, by a Norfolk *Laureate*, spoken on the occasion of laying the top stone of the Naval Obelisk lately erected at Yarmouth, by Mr. THOMAS SUTTON, Clerk of the Works:—

NELSON!—that Norfolk Hero bold,
And honour to the British fleet;
His Norfolk Monument behold,
Placed where the seamen all can see't!*

* Here the speaker pointed to the ocean with his stick!

But in this, Sir, as in all other matters, example is every thing. And therefore, to illustrate my meaning, I subjoin a metrical translation of a very affecting incident recorded in Bonaparte's account of his last battle with the Allies. The flowers of pathos exhibited by the dying Duke of Frioul and his tender-hearted Master, which seemed rather odd to our cold-blooded countrymen in a plain prose narrative (as it stood in the English newspapers), will appear at once both natural and touching, when restored, as far as our imperfect language will permit, to their original form.

F. S. N. D.

The Duke to the Emperor offer'd his fist,
Which the Emperor took in, o his and then kiss'd.
Said the Duke, with a coolness quite charming to see,
"The whole of my life I've devoted to thee;
And if for a moment its loss I regret,
'Tis to think that it might have done more service yet."
"Duroc!" the good Emperor gravely replied,
"Duroc!" there's a life still to come—and he sigh'd,—
"You are going, I take it, to wait for me there;
And at some time or other I'll join you, *mon cher*."
"Aye! Sir, but some thirty years hence, I suppose,
When you've done all you promise, and drubb'd all your foes.
Sere never liv'd creature so honest as I!
Unreproach'd by one's conscience, how pleasant to die!—
My daughter—I leave her to you, mighty Sir;
You I'm sure will be always a father to her."

The Emperor, squeezing the Marshal's right hand,
Condescended for fifteen good minutes to stand!
In silence to stand—nor a syllable said—
His hand all the while was supporting his head.
The Marshal at last had the courage to say,
"Ah, Sir! this sight gives you pain—go away!"
His Majesty heard him quite calm to the end,
And all he could say was—"Farewell then, my Friend!"

On the Duke of Dalmatia he lean'd for support;
On his Master of Horse too he lean'd;—and, in short,
Upon both he most graciously lean'd, as he went,—
And pass'd the whole night by himself in his tent.

Lines written in the title-page of *Hume's History of England*, presented several years ago to Mr. HENRY JOHNSTON, of Drury-lane Theatre, by the late Mr. LEWIS:—

"It matters little what one gives,
The matter's in the cause of giving,
While he that gives this book still lives,
Remember you've a friend still living."

M. G. LEWIS.

VERSES,

BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, BROTHER OF EDWARD THE FOURTH, ON PRESENTING A WHITE ROSE TO LADY ANN BEAUCHAMP, OF THE LANCASTRIAN PARTY.

Should this fair Rose offend thy sight,
Placed on thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lips it spy,
To kiss it should'st thou deign,
With blushes pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

A lady having left her glove at a gentleman's house named SHARP, he returned it, with the following well-known lines, taken from the "*Elegant Extracts*," which he wished to pass for his own composition:—

"If that from glove you take the letter G,
Then glove is love, and that I send to thee."
To which she returned the following:—

"I got my glove, dear Sir; but recollect,
Your friends may be more sharp than you expect.
If to be really keen you would aspire, I feel
You must be around—but don't attempt to steal."

ORIGINAL LETTER AND POEM, By ROBERT BURNS.

(No date, but supposed Nov. or Dec. 1787.)

SIR—The enclosed Poem was written in consequence of your suggestion, last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. It cost me an hour or two of next morning's sleep, but did not please me; so it lay by, an ill-digested effort, till the other day that I gave it a critic brush. These kind of subjects are much hackneyed; and besides, the wailings of the rhyming tribe over the ashes of the great are curiously suspicious, and out of all character for sincerity. These ideas damped my muse's fire; however I have done the best I could, and, at all events, it gives me an opportunity of declaring that I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obliged humble servant,

Monday Morning. ROBERT BURNS.
To Charles Hay, Esq. Advocate.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD PRESIDENT.

Lone on the bleak hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds and wintry-swellings waves;
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly,
Where to the whistling blast, and waters' roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
O heavy loss my country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high viceroy of her God.
Her doubtful balance e'd, and sway'd her rod;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk abandoned to the wildest woe.
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men.
See from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,
And throw on poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly bursting cry;
Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in those degenerate times:
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark injured Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,
And much-wronged Misery pours the unpitied wail.
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
Inspire and sooth my melancholy strains!
Ye tempests rage! ye turbid torrents roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul:
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;
Be nameless wild and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my Country must endure,—
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

HERRICK, who was the contemporary of SHAKESPEARE for the first twenty-five years of his life, that is, from 1591 to 1616, has given us the following curious and pleasing account of the ceremonies of Twelfth Night, as we may suppose them to have been observed in almost every private family:—

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR, KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The Pea also

Must revell, as Queene, in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be the King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unwig'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wooll;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus we must doe
To make the Wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King
And Queen was ailing;
And though with all ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
And free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

HERRICK'S HESPERIDES.

A gallant old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:—

"If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is Love, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer:

"If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that *wont do for me*."

COUNSELLOR GARNISH.

We take shame to ourselves for not having sooner noticed the very able address to the Court of King's Bench during the last Term of a Barrister from the sister kingdom, in the cause *Serge against Sabretach*. The following is, we believe, a pretty correct report of it:—

"When I look around me, and above me, and below me, and dizzily ponder over the tide of time, which, rolling through this elevated edifice, sweeps the mighty and the mean to one common bourne, whence, as the poet of nature informs us, no traveller returns—when I reflect that the Court which I now address, may perhaps the very segment of the seat I now occupy, was heretofore enlightened by that Aurora Borealis of legal effulgence, which formed a halo on the brows of a Dunning and a Mansfield, I feel rooted with terror to the ground, and paralyzed in my lower extremities like the marble thighed monarch in the Arabian Tales. Would to Heaven that the red-haired Founder of this venerable Hall had snatched Tyrrell's dart from his own bosom, and plunged it into mine, ere I had essayed this office! But the different epochs of our existence checks the wish!—My Lords, my client, the plaintiff, is of the useful class of beings (nine of whom were heretofore supposed to constitute a man) who give broad cloth to the back—serge to the stomach—buckram to the body—thickset to the thigh! His manners are modest—his conduct is creditable—his shop is shewy—and his residence is Ratcliffe. The defendant is an Officer of Dragoons, recently drawn from the purlieus of Pall-mall, and quartered at Hounslow. Luckily for him the days of drawing and quartering are over, or wrongs like my client's might justify the corporeal partition. It might be accident, it might be design, which caused Captain Sabretach on a visit to the Wapping Docks, to lounge over Ratcliffe Highway. Attracted by these words, "Serge, Tailor and Habit-maker," he halted at the plaintiff's door. An elegant pelisse, with arms extended, hung swinging on the door-post—he entered the shop, and with a blandishment well suited to the perfidy of his purpose, he ordered a pelisse of the same workmanship and materials. The superb ornament started like the web of Arachne from the fingers of the plaintiff's journeyman, and on the Monday week following the defendant issued from the Hounslow Barracks, the envy and admiration of his booted brethren. His collar was of sable fur. 'Get me a suit of sables,' cried he, mimicking the march of the dupe of Denmark; but when he would have added, 'the Devil wears black,' the Dæmon of Darkness stuck in his throat. My Lords, you are (and long may you continue to be) clad in the robes of office, and you know what fur is. When you reflect that the pelisse was of extra-superfine French brown; that bands of braids were buttoned on the bosom, with a fork of ditto behind; that the side seams were finely and fully figured; that the tassels were tamboURED; and that frogs, presumptuous as those of Pharaoh, enveloped the defendant from chitterlin to chine, you will not, I am sure, elevate your eye-brows with extra astonishment, when you learn that the price demanded was seventeen pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence. The plaintiff was pressing—the defendant was dunned; but cash not being forthcoming, the plaintiff drew a bill of exchange for the amount, which the defendant accepted, payable at Messrs. Child and Company's, Temple-bar. The bill was presented when due, and was noted for non-payment. God forbid that I should impute any blame to Messrs. Child and Company. Their answer was 'No effects;' and after sedulous inquiry I find, that when a man has no money in a banker's hands, such banker is not bound to pay his drafts. This, my Lords, the defendant must have known. His acceptance, therefore, was a mockery of the lace merchant; it was buttering the bacon of baseness; it was thrusting the red-hot poker of pertness into the already blazing conflagration of my client's grievances. The defendant had now thrown away the scabbard, and the plaintiff drew the sword. He sued out a writ, in the name of George the Third, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; Ireland, that emerald in its unfathomed caves of despotism; that hapless tin kettle, doomed to be eternally appurtenant to the tail of the dog of war. A declaration was filed, cautiously containing counts for goods sold and delivered, and for work and labour, with a notice to plead in eight days.—Even now the plaintiff did more than by legal courtesy he was bound to perform. He demanded a plea—how primitive the process! otherwise judgment—how awful the alternative!

"This was contumeliously contemned; it was treated as *Brutum Fulmen*. But the Plaintiff, my Lords, was no mimic Jove, bantering and blustering from a bridge of brass; Serge, and not *Salmoneus*, was the antagonist whom the Defendant was to cope with. The bolt was hurled, and interlocutory judgment was signed for want of a plea. At this stage of the proceedings, the Plaintiff's Attorney put into my unexperienced hands an affidavit of the cause of action. The motion he wished me to submit to your Lordship, was novel and arduous. Seniors in silk, and Paines in prunella, would have shrunk from its experiment. But, full of my client's wrongs, and swelling like the Sybil with my subject, even so humble an individual as myself now ventures to move your Lordships—that it may be referred to the Master to compute principal and interest on the Bill of Exchange upon which this action is brought!!!"

An eminent Quaker visited a Lady of rank, whom he found, six months after the death of her husband, sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, in all the dignity of woe, and gently taking her by the hand, he thus accosted her:—"So, friend, I see that thou hast not yet forgiven the Almighty." This reproof had such an effect upon the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately had all her trappings of grief destroyed, and went about her necessary avocations.

A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen usually employed by him, having for their object to make their compliments to him, and ask for their new year's gifts.—"Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts—Chuse 15 fr. or the Bible."—"I don't know how to read," said the first, so I take the 15 fr."—"I can read," said the second, but I have pressing wants." He too took the 15 fr. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad about 13 or 14. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness—"Will you too take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labour and industry."—"As you say the Book is so good, I shall take it, and read from it to my mother." He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of 40 fr. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

A Quaker at Norwich, having bought a horse, which proved unsound, of a Gentleman named Bacon, he wrote to inform him of it, but received no answer. Shortly after, meeting the seller at Norwich, he requested him to take back the horse, which the other positively refused to do. Finding his remonstrances of no avail, the Quaker calmly said—"Friend, thou hast doubtless heard of the devil entering the herd of swine, and I find that he still stick fast in the Bacon."

A farrier in the country lately made out a bill to a farmer who had employed him, and whose Christian name was Jacob, which he contrived to spell without using one single letter contained in the word Jacob. It would puzzle some people, perhaps, more learned than the farrier, to endeavour to put five letters together, none of which are in the word Jacob, and make it sound so well as *Gekup*, which was the way the doctor (as such persons are called sometimes in the country) spelt it.

Some time before the breaking up of the British head-quarters at Cambray, an Irish soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of Foot, was convicted of shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice, as follows;—"Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington! he's no Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers he has tucked me up for it!"

Dr. Robertson observed, that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in Scripture as being like excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

DIRECTIONS TO MEMBERS.

It has been well observed, in speaking of the House of Commons, that "*the milk throws up the cream*," and it is certainly idle to expect any but venal Representatives from venal electors. The Reformers, however, have doubtless opened the eyes of the people to their true interests, and we may now hope to see perfect purity, where hitherto, except in the instances of a *puritanic* one here and there, we have not looked to find any thing of the sort. This, of course, will be a very singular Parliament, and, being necessarily compounded of entire novices, it is fit to present them with some *Rules* how to act, without violating what is called the "*lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*."

1. Some one must be Minister—why not you?—Though returned for the rottenest borough (I don't pretend to say which that is), think this no impediment—it is rather a recommendation. In this happy event, should there be much stir about *Reform* (as in your time is very likely, for the people are never satisfied when the Minister and the whole Court are full of the *prosperity of the country*), let your emissaries spy *Treason*, or cry "*the Church in danger*"—then quickly fill the jails. Have no *trials*, lest several "*Gentlemen of unsullied character*" should be exposed, or, what is worse, expose. As you will act on *ex parte* evidence (which tends to *simplify* justice exceedingly), it will be also proper to get one of your colleagues to write a Circular to the Magistrates, who sometimes play the devil with the Statute Book, that they may construe the Acts as you think convenient.—*Indemnify yourself*—and there is no harm done.

As to *majorities* against you, let such trifles give you no uneasiness, for the shame is not yours, but his who chose you. Heap disgraces on him, as it suits you—*n'importe*—for he, you know, "can do no wrong." Insist vehemently on this maxim, as it may, perchance, *by your appointment*, be heavily questioned.

2. Till you have gained the end, for which you live, and breathe and have your being, keep always with those in place—nothing becomes a Member of Parliament so much as *consistency*—it is not a vulgar virtue, which is *its own* reward. You'll get nothing tangible on the other side; and can lose no ground in *patriotism* (which *you may* have professed); for how can he be thought to care about his country, who does not *take care of himself*?

3. "*Self-preservation is nature's law*," therefore always look first to yourself, and don't be an *unnatural* brute.

4. If you can speak, be very guarded, and be sure to speak on the right side of the question, that is, with the majority. To do this, as you are a novice will be difficult, if you merely listen to the Minister's speech, therefore watch his looks, or, safer still, ask him beforehand.

5. If you are a dummy, you must be more careful still—*Yea* is as easily said as *No*, therefore keep sober till after the division. But perhaps you are a "*Vital Christian*"—in that case, it won't signify, for you can recant (as well as cant) and after *yea* say *no*, excusing yourself as a *Dissenter*.

6. Be always ready with "*hear, hear*," and "*a laugh*," but if you are very stupid (no offence—the *whole country* is, you know, *represented* in Parliament) it will be well to take a few lessons; or better to keep your eye on one more instructed, letting him begin. Wear boots for *scraping*, and always have a *cough* at a moment's notice. It is an old text-copy for children—"Make yourself useful, and you become formidable."

7. Read the history of Parliament, and never doubt your own ability, or despair that promotion has any cap to fit you. Let your case be never so melancholy, you are always qualified for a *Sinecure*, or a Junior Lord of the Admiralty; indeed, with respect to the latter, the less you know, the more it is suited to you, as it is a very *profitable* school for green Statesmen. Besides, you have *grateful* relations in abundance, all ready for the Church or the Army, and *as fit* for one as the other; be you and your Patron (whatever his rank,) kind to them, and they will *remember you*.

9. Be a great stickler for *forms*; "*habit is second nature*"—the Country has been long used to forms, keep them up, and do what you will with *the substance*.

9. Talk of *Liberty* with great veneration; but if your leader find it troublesome, you, who have your object, and

"An understanding of a size
To think your Master very wise,"

must vote for a gagging bill; "*Quod illi fuerit opportunum tibi semper fore commodum*."

It is true that GREEN says,

"—*Liberty*, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the *Gag's* restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint."

—But what do you lose by that?

10. To go over to the Opposition is dangerous, unless the tables seem likely to be turned, or you know yourself to be "*inter cæcos luscus*," and you are sure you shall be recalled with advantage. Having taken this step, don't be nice with your tongue—the more abusive the better*; never mind a rupture; whatever others may fancy, the Minister will, as it suits his purpose, consider it as mere *Parliamentary language*, and you'll be better friends than ever. As you are in the wrong, and the Minister is base enough to pocket the affront, it is necessary, for equality sake, that you should *pocket* something else.

11. Always vote for all taxes. As this is a new Parliament you need not mind your constituents, for the chances are that you will never face them again—at any rate, there is no necessity to think of them for these five or six years. I said *all taxes*, but perhaps there is one about which you may hesitate—the *Property Tax*; it may fall heavy on you, and are you to tax yourself? However, this depends on equivalents, and as you may *feel*.

12. It is *possible* that you may not, after all, be very popular; but remember that should you be very *unpopular*†, you will have reached the summit of your ambition; for a writer in the early part of the last century assures us, that "to be out of favour with the public, is the sure way to gain the love of the Prince. None are thought fit to be Priests in the *Temple of Government*, but persons compelled to enter it for *sanctuary*."

These rules, and all others framed on the same principle, must be observed if you wish to live a *good life*, that is, to live with those who

"*Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,*
Curâ dignum nihil vident;—i. e.
Who eat and drink and laugh and play,
And never care how others pay.

Or, if you desire, in your elevated station, to maintain your *dignity*, which, above all things, requires that you should *never forget YOURSELF*!

* "*Remoto pudore, tuo tantum ingenis utere*."—TACITUS. You have *privileges*. Vent your heartless jest and buffoonery freely, but be very sore at any retort—that, at least, will shew that you have *some feeling*.

† Mr. Justice Foster said, as quoted by Lord Mansfield (Rex v. Dean of St. Asaph), that "a popular Judge is an odious character." Now, as the Judge carefully avoids this odium, and as what is good for the goose is good for the gander, why should not the Minister and the Member of Parliament?

April 31.

KING CHARLES II. after taking two or three turns one morning in St. James's Park (as was his usual custom), attended only by the Duke of LEEDS and my Lord CROMARTY, walked up Constitution-hill, and from thence into Hyde Park; but just as he was crossing the road, the Duke of YORK's coach was nearly arrived there. The Duke had been hunting that morning on Hounslow-heath, and on returning in his coach, escorted by a party of guards, who, as soon as they saw the King, suddenly halted, and consequently stopped the coach. The Duke, being acquainted with the occasion of the halt, immediately got out of his coach, and, after saluting the King, said he was greatly surprised to find his Majesty in that place with such a small attendance, and that he thought his Majesty exposed himself to some danger. "No kind of danger, James; for I am sure no man in England will take away my life, to make you King." This was the King's answer. The old Lord CROMARTY often mentioned this anecdote to his friends. —(Dr. King's Anecdotes.)

The Clerk of the Chapel of Ease, at Melther, in Yorkshire, to recover a lost horse, posted up a public notice, of which the following is a copy:—"Stolen, or otherwise carried away from Hallam, a horse ten hands high; four feet, one a black one; God save the King; with a pack saddle on his back."

The following is a literal copy of a notice recently given by the Clerk in a parish church in Devonshire:—"This is to gee notis, here's narra Sunday here next Sunday: keas why, Measter is gwaing to Daalish to preach."

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED NATIONAL POEM.

By Wm and Robt. WHISTLECRAFT,
Of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-makers.

This is the original on which *Beppo* has been constructed, if original that is to be called which has been itself constructed on a mixture of styles already popular, and past their day. HUDIBRAS, COLMAN, and PETER PINDAR, seem to have contributed to the generation of this new *Orion*, and whether the satire or the wit, or the strong ridicule of its progenitors, be frequently transfused or not, the burlesque never fails. It is obviously the work of an ingenious man, turning to his pen, merely to throw off the humour of the moment. It has the easy air of self-indulgence that belongs to the voluptuary of Literature, mingled with the light causticity that gives keenness to the observations of the man of the world. The story is merely an excuse for all kinds of random pleasantries on modern authorship and manners. The preface informs us, that "my late brother, WILLIAM WHISTLECRAFT," had written the chief part of the Poem; and that though times had changed since 1813, the period of its birth, it was deemed expedient ("by the advice of friends") to send it out to the world as it was left, notwithstanding its illomened proposition of "two Boards for verse and prose, which, in the present crisis, might be stigmatised; but it is well known, that the public opinion was more consonant to magnificence and useful encouragement at that time than it has been for the last twelve months, or is likely to be again, unless the funds should experience a further advance, together with an improvement in the branches of Customs and Excise." The story selected for immortality and illustration, is *The Adventures of King Arthur*; and the design is opened in a Proem which begins thus good humouredly:—

I.

I've often wished that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse,
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I would choose,
To sail about the World like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demerara,
To New South Wales and up to Niagara.

II.

Poets consume exerceable commodities,
They raise the Nation's spirit,—when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious,
As an industrious and pains-taking body 'tis
That Poets should be reckoned meritorious,
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one Board for VERSE and one for PROSE.

III.

Princes protecting Sciences and Art
I've often seen in copper-plate and print,
I never saw them elsewhere for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't,
But every body knows the REGENT's heart,
I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint,
Each Board to have twelve Members with a Seat
To bring them in per ann. five hundred neat.

IV.

From Princes I descend to the Nobility,
In former times all persons of high stations,
Lords, Baronets, and persons of gentility,
Paid twenty guineas for their dedications.
This practice was attended with utility,
The patrons lived to future generations;
The Poets lived by their industrious earning,—
So men alive and dead could live by learning.

V.

Then twenty guineas was a little fortune,
Now, we must starve unless the times should mend,
Our Poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
If their addresses are diffusely penned.
Most fashionable Authors make a short one
To their own wife or child, or private friend,
To shew their independence I suppose,
And that may do for gentlemen like those.

The Poem now opens with great solemnity, and the reader is introduced to the full glories of the Round Table:—

II.

The great King ARTHUR made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came his vassals, most and least,
From every corner of the British Isle,
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style,
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The Ladies and the Knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts and various crimes,
And, therefore, from the original in prose,
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes,
They serv'd up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple pies, and custard,
And therewithal they drank good Gaseon wine,
With mead and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

V.

The noise and uproar of the seullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Were past all powers of language to describe.
The din of manful oaths and female squalling,
The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions.

VI.

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers, with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mount-banks, with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day.
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts, and foreign birds, and creatures
And Jews and foreigners with foreign features.

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses,
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims and penitents and grave burgesses,
The country people, with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with their cans and messes,
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting maids and waiting women.

VIII.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation,
Of minstrels, menials, courtezans, and boors,
(Although appropriate to the meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours,
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts, and stabs,
Occasioned by their dice, and drink and drabs.

After this delineation of the manners of our heroic age, certainly one of the most minute and characteristic if not the most stately portraits of English chivalry in its hours of relaxation, the Poem introduces us to the higher circles of the Court, and thus pays his tribute to their acquirements.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving,
King ARTHUR's Court has never had its match,
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch,
Their manners were refined and perfect,—saving
Some modern graces which they could not catch,
As spitting thro' the teeth and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for modern ages.

XI.

They looked a manly generous generation,
Beards, shoulders, eye-brows, broad and square and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp and quick;
Shew'd them prepared on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick,
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well bred.

XIII.

The ladies look'd of a heroic race,
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eye-brows, arch'd and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserv'd, and somewhat sullen,
Their dresses partly silk and partly woollet.

This Poem is said to be by Mr. FRERE, a gentleman distinguished by many literary claims; we shall probably make some further extracts.

BEAUTY AND WINE, A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

In praises of Beauty let other men join,
The charmer I sing, is a bumper of Wine;
For Beauty's a flower that fades like a rose,
But Wine we love better the older it grows.
Tho' Lucy can smile like a HEBE, I own,
Yet true, for I've felt it, Miss Lucy can frown;
But constant the smile in the juice of the vice—
None e'er saw a frown in a bumper of Wine.
Then Beauty is fickle, as fickle as fair,
For charms though so common, fidelity's rare;
And Love will take wing on a question of pelf,
While my bottle will stand, when I can't, by myself.
Tho' lovely the charms that to Beauty belong,
Yet women, I've heard, have a thing call'd a tongue;
And children will cares and anxieties bring,
But a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.
What fools have been made by a pair of bright eyes,
But take your two bottles, you'll feel yourself wise:
That sound is my doctrine there's none can deny—
If you doubt it, my friend, take a bumper and try!

ELEGY,

ON POOR OLD WATSON, MRS. CHAMBERS'S FAVOURITE CAT, WHOSE DEATH WAS OCCASIONED BY AN INHUMAN BLOW OVER HER LOINS WHEN HEAVILY IN KITTEN, JUNE, 1818.

In vain I mourn in verse or prose—
In vain the tears chase down my nose;
She's gone who erst had bitter woes
Through tail and head:
Ah me! those rude, unfeeling blows,
Poor Watty's dead!

Fill, fill the glass and let me drink,
I'll drown this tale, 'tis black as ink,
A more unfeeling thing I think
I never heard;
Yet ere I do from sorrow slink,
I'll pen a word.

For 'tis not right poor Wat should die,
And in her cold damp coffin lie,
Who, dying, almost drain'd the eye
Of Sorrow half,
Without the Poet's parting sigh
And Epitaph.

Weep ev'ry cat! for she is gone
To sleep the earth's cold bosom on,
With such a character as one
In ten don't get.
O! such a cat beneath the sun
I've seldom met.

On peaceful hinge her temper hung—
Remark'd poor Watty had been long
For real good nature, foot, and tongue,
As e'er was made:
She seldom us'd her talons strong
But in her trade.

For honesty—I'll swear it, she
Was better than some Christians be,
And on life's ways more honestly
Her course she rode;
And yet she ne'er had heard of the
Old Bailey code!

So well-behav'd, she'd never mew
Unless when she was spoken to,
And then not loud, as some cats do,
A thorough squall!
But just a little plaintive "whew,"
And that was all.

On working days or Sabbath seen,
Her coat was always spanking clean,
From snout to tail, as any Queen
In courtly hoop;
And yet she ne'er us'd cloth, I ween,
Or mottled soap.

In cellar deep, or attic high,
She did her duty punctually,
With wagging tail and watchful eye,
And ready feet;
I wot no mouse could paddle by
And she not see't.

So careful—if in cupboard snug
She saw a mouse she'd like to hug,
How slyly she her paw bath dug
In hole or slit—
I'll say't, she never broke a mug
In catching it.

Although so many deaths poor Wat
Had been the cause of, yet she got,
I'm proud to say, no sorry blot
Her morals in;
But ah! deni'd it can be not,
She did some sin!

But what it was shall ne'er come out—
I'll never tell how she would ront
With neighbours' sable Tom about
At dead o' night;
No matter—what was done we'll scout,
And hide it quite.

Poor Wat! though thou has left this sphere,
There still is one drops many a tear
Upon thy clay-cold grassy bier,
Now thou art dead:
Thou hadst as good a mistress here
As e'er broke bread.

Farewell!—I've penn'd thy short memoir,
So now my chapter I'll give o'er:
Drop! goes my pen: I'll write no more
Thy mousing crew—
Until I find another cat
As good as you.

THE PUNSTER'S PURSUIT OF A SIMILE.

The Poets oft in simile,
A vessel's course to life compare,
Intrusting Prudence with the helm,
The compass to grave Judgment's care.

But voyage and bearing I can tell,
And thus give finish to the trope;
Each Benedict sails near Cape Horn,
Each Bachelor for Cape Good Hope;

And Fools will seek the Scilly Isles,
For Isle of Man each Maiden steers;
While Jesters sail, with mirthful gale,
To Bay of Fun-dy or All-jeers.

Projectors, with their airy schemes,
Are destined for the Isle of Skye;
And Labour plies through Straits Endeavour,
The little bark of Industry.

The Spendthrift's cruise the 'Pon-tic Sea,
While Knaves cast anchor at Sli-go,
And pensioned Slaves to La-drone Isles,
By power corrupt are led in tow.

The Poet's bark with rapid course,
Will wander wide by Fancy led;
But Science' sons with timid heed,
Will oft times cast th' exploring lead.

Young Orators with press of sail,
Seek Florid-a's impetuous stream;
And youthful Love seeks Roses Bay,
Where fancied blisses ever beam.

A haven oft is found in Brest,
When Slander's gale on Merit blows;
Or sailing onward makes Cape Clear,
Where conscious Worth finds sweet repose.

Thus various as the varying year,
With devious course our ways we wend;
Yet, strange, each voyage will terminate
Securely anchor'd at Gravesend.

DANDY MANIFESTO.

From Quilliac's Inn (better known as Dessein's),
Your sighs I've re-echoed, re-groaned at your pangs;
I hear you exclaim, "Why so idle, GEORGE B—M—L;
"Ascend, like your Saint of a namesake, the pommel,
"The long lance of Ridicule hurl from your roan,
"And do for the Dragon, who—asks for his own."

Ye Dandies, of Folly's wide ocean the bubble,
The Deo. the Black, the Commercial, the Double,
My dull second fiddle, in tune in all weathers,
Say where are my boot-tops, and where are my leathers?
Unnerv'd by my absence, like Wapping carouzers,
Ye sport "filthy Dowlas," legitimate Trowsers.
Who dared, till I made that self-immolant blunder,
To wear a great coat, with no little coat under?
Who dared, while I boasted an Emperor's sway,
To drive to the 'Change, in a cabriolet?
With a Lilliput foot-boy, a prig of a lacquey,
Self-balanced behind, like a young Madame Saqui.

"From steeple to steeple," from Dartford to Dover,
Thy hand, vacant Dandyship, beckons me over;
I hail the prognostic—the call I obey—
Ye Louis Dix-huits, scamper off while ye may!

My virtues remembered, my frailties forgot,
See Victory moves at her pas de charge trot:
Again seven hundred at Boodle's I'll borrow;
And, if the raw lender I meet on the morrow,
By way of repayment, obligingly wait,
Tête-a-tête, seven minutes at Cumberland-gate:
Or, should he consider that honour too dear,
I'll call the dog "Tom" for the rest of the year.

Embarked from this market for kid gloves and brandies,
Like NAP. I come pop on the out-witted Dandies,
To hood-wink their eyes, while I model their hats,
And, if not their claims, to adjust their cravats.
Aloft "on the arms of my people," I'll swim,
And when in my palace re-seated, like him,
I'll promise to see every thistle out-weeded,
And stick to my promise as firmly as—he did.
Calais, 19th May, 1818.

Facts, Fancies, and Recollections.

"Trivial fond records."

Superstition.—The discipline of the Greek Church directs, that when once a priest is at the altar, he must not remove from it during the time he ought to stand there, whatever may happen to him. For instance; we are told that the prelate Gabriel, metropolitan of Novogorod, and archimandrite to St. Alexander Neuski, being one day engaged in saying mass at St. Petersburg, the house contiguous to the church took fire, and the flames reaching the steeple, Gabriel was warned of the danger he was in, and yet he stirred not, even although he was told a second time, that the bells would not be long in bruising him to atoms. As the cries of the multitude, conjuring him to remove from certain death, made no impression on him, one of his relations leaped towards the altar, and tore him from it. Scarcely was he twenty paces from it, when the steeple fell in with a great crash on the sanctuary!

Anecdote of a Jewish Lady.—The learned Shickhard relates the following affecting story from R. Abraham Levita: * A Saracen commander of a fleet from Corduba, in Spain, cruising on the coast of Palestine, took a vessel bound to Sebaste, with some learned Jews on board. There was one eminent Rabbini among the rest, called R. Moses, the father of R. Enoch, together with his wife, whose name is omitted in the story, though it well deserved to be recorded. It is only said of her that she was a woman of exquisite beauty; and the brnte of a captain being about to commit violence on her person, she calls to her husband (who was within hearing, but in chains) and asks him in Hebrew, whether they who were drowned in the sea should revive at the resurrection of the dead? He replied, in the words of Psalm lxxviii. 22, "The LORD said, I will bring again from Basan, I will bring again from the depths of the sea." Upon which she immediately threw herself into the sea and was drowned.

* Jus Regium Hebr. p. 169.

Oct. 12, 1768, the Empress Catherine was inoculated, in order to introduce the practice among her subjects. The operation was performed by Dr. afterwards Baron Dimsdale, who was liberally rewarded by a present of 10,000*l.* and a pension of 500*l.* per annum.

Chinese Apathy.—When a European ship of war, for the first time, hove in sight of some Chinese fishing-luggers, the men would scarce deign to lift their eyes from the water to look on the wondrous spectacle before them!—The same stupid apathy, or exclusive attachment to what is Chinese, marks all their actions. Ignorance may be cured, but dulness is incorrigible.

When Fairfax, after the Restoration, was accused of having consented to the death of Charles I. and his signature,

Si toti conveniunt ego non dissentio,
If all agree I do not disagree,

was brought in proof against him, he is said to have artfully inserted a comma after the word "non," when the meaning would be, "If all agree, I do not; I disagree."

Flying from Church!—When Dr. Leigh was vice-chancellor of Oxford, application was made to him by several persons, as well of the town as the University, in favour of a flying itinerant, who, for the diversion of the inhabitants, would undertake to fly from the top of the steeple of St. Mary's church into the adjoining meadows, if the Vice-Chancellor would give him leave; but the Doctor, with his usual pleasantry, said, that "every body should have his free consent to fly to the church, but he never would give leave for one to fly from it;" and so dismissed the petitioners.

Archbishop Williams.—The observation made at the close of his life by this great prelate, who had been Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, is very solemn and affecting: "I have passed," says he, "through many places of honour and trust, both in church and state, more than any of my order in England for 70 years before: but were I assured that by my preaching I had converted but one soul unto God, I should herein take more comfort than in all the honours and offices that have ever been bestowed upon me."

Dr. Blacklock, a celebrated Scottish poet, lost his sight by the small-pox in infancy; notwithstanding which he entered the Church, and was honoured with the degree of D.D.

The Great Duke of Luxemburgh.—This illustrious man declared, on his deathbed, that "he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon, that he had administered a cup of cold water to a worthy poor creature in distress, than that he had won so many battles as he had triumphed for."

Facts, Fancies, and Recollections.

"Trivial fond records."

Apostacy.—Of the loose and indeterminate texture of sceptical minds, a remarkable proof appears in the fact, that three principal writers, whose works may be denominated the arsenal of infidelity, turned from Protestantism to Popery; and then, after becoming nominal Protestants again, sunk into a state of absolute deism. These were BAYLE, of whom it is difficult to say, whether he was a Manichean Fatalist, or a mere Latitudinarian; TINDAL, who, to keep his fellowship under James the Second, professed his belief in transubstantiation, and at the Revolution took the oaths of allegiance and the Sacrament; lastly, GIBBON, whose character was marked by a double apostacy; first in religion and afterwards in politics; when, from being a flaming patriot, a bold antagonist of Lord North, he accepted a seat at the Treasury, and became one of the members of the Board of Trade.

Bolinbroke and Mallet.—It is well known that David Mallet, after swindling the Duchess of Marlborough out of five hundred pounds to write a book which he never began, became toad-eater to the infidel of Battersea, the man who turned his political principles, or rather conduct, from side to side, just as suited his interest, betraying and robbing all who put confidence in his professions. Bolinbroke, after running a course of private debauchery and public treachery, faithless alike to God and man, left a magazine of papers to his friend, if such characters can be said to have friends, with injunctions to publish them when the carcass of the author should be deposited in the vault of his ancestors. Mallet contrived by puffing to excite a wonderful expectation in the literary world; and some fear in the minds of serious believers. It was said that the foundations of revealed religion would be shaken by this tremendous explosion, and about the time when the publication was to take place, which, according to the custom of the trade at that period, was fixed at twelve o'clock on an appointed day, Mallet, in the circle of a select company, pulled out his watch, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, in half an hour Christianity will sicken!" It was in allusion to this infamous boast that Johnson called Bolinbroke "a sneaking coward, who, having charged a blunderbuss up to the muzzle against religion, left a scoundrel to draw the trigger!"

Straying Flocks.—We sometimes hear clergymen complain of the instability of their people, in leaving their churches to attend upon the ministry of more popular preachers. In general, perhaps, the fault lies with the complainants themselves. A clergyman being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on a Sunday, made this reply: "I have preached them here; let him, if he will, preach them back again." Good old Bishop Latimer told such a complaining divine, "Feed your flock better, and then they won't stray."

Singular Occurrence.—Mr. Latrobe, in his late Voyage, says, "Among other live stock on board was a young jackall. This savage cub, a moment after he was brought on board, seeing an unfortunate cock walking on deck, seized it by the neck, and sprang with it overboard, supposing the green ocean to be a field. The boat being out, both were soon taken up, and the jackall saved."

Fashionable Bonnets.—A lady, with an immense Leghorn bonnet, who was recently under examination before the Lord Chief-Justice of the Court of King's-Bench, did not speak out, even after several warnings and admonitions: at last his Lordship lost all that patience for which he is particularly distinguished, and burst out—"I must get the Officers of the Court to remove that *pent-house* from your head, that I may hear you."

A New Lion!—From the singular cut of the whiskers, and mustachios (resembling the mane of the King of Quadrupeds) and the *tout-ensemble* of a certain Peer at the head of the *Dandies* of high life, his Lordship is deemed an object of greater curiosity than any of the noble animals in the Tower, and he is now familiarly known among his friends by the name of the *Dandy-lion!*

The human species is now divided into three sexes—men, women, and *dandies*. Odds bobbins! is the favourite exclamation among the *dandies*, when at a loss in lacing their *stays*.

Legal Christmas Boxes.—In the Report of the Commissioners for inquiring into the duties, salaries, and emoluments of the Judges, &c. of the Courts of Justice in England, it appears, that the Lord Chief-Justice of the King's-Bench, "according to ancient usage, receives annually, at Christmas, four yards of broad-cloth from Blackwell-Hall, and 36 loaves of sugar, presented to him by particular officers on the Plea side of the Court;" and that each *Puisne* Judge receives annually from the same officers a small silver plate and 18 loaves of sugar!

Facts, Fancies, and Recollections.
"Trivial fond records."

Hobson's Choice.—The proverbial expression of "Hobson's Choice,—this or none," was occasioned by one Hobson, a carrier at Cambridge, and who let out horses to the students, always resolutely refusing to let out any other than the one happening to stand next the stable-door, with a view of giving to all the horses an equal share of work and rest, as he constantly advanced them to the upper part of the stable in rotation as they came in from their journeys.

Singular Will.—Professor Burdack, in his Report respecting the Anatomical Institution of Königsberg, says, "M. Kanter, late a teacher of music at Königsberg, even in his last will expressed his wish to promote the welfare of society: he bequeathed his landed property to some establishments for public education, and his body to the Anatomical Institution. On the 23d of December the funeral procession proceeded to the house of the Anatomical Institution, where the friends of the deceased, who followed in 18 carriages, delivered the body to me. In conformity with the will of the deceased, on the 30th of December Dr. Fon Baer delivered, in the presence of a number of professors, physicians and students, a lecture on broken bones and ruptures, with demonstrations from the body."

Remarkable Winters and Summers.—In 1709 occurred that famous winter, called, by distinction, the *cold winter*. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the seas to the distance of several miles from the shore. The frost is said to have penetrated 3 yards into the ground. Birds and wild beasts were strewn dead in the fields, and men perished by thousands in their houses. The more tender shrubs and vegetables in England were killed; and wheat rose in price from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a quarter. In the South of France, the olive plantations were almost entirely destroyed; nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic Sea was quite frozen over, and even the coasts of the Mediterranean about Genoa; and the citron and orange-groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.—In 1716, the winter was very cold. On the Thames, booths were erected and fairs held.—The cold of 1740 was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay 8 or 10 feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and many thousand persons walked or skated on it. At Leyden, the thermometer fell 10 degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's scale. All the lakes in England froze; and a whole ox was roasted on the Thames. Many trees were killed by the frost; and postillions were benumbed in their saddles. In both the years 1709 and 1740, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ordained a national fast to be held, on account of the dearth which then prevailed.—The summer of 1679 was remarkably hot. It is related that one of the minions of tyranny, who in that calamitous period harassed the Presbyterians in Scotland with captions questions, having asked a shepherd in Fife, whether the killing of the notorious Sharp, archbishop of St. Andrew's, (which had happened in May) was murder; he replied, that he could not tell, but there had been fine weather ever since.

Justices of the Quorum.—The commission whereby justices are appointed commences with a section empowering them generally as keepers of the peace; then follows a section giving them jurisdiction over felonies and other misdemeanours, including however a clause requiring that there shall be present one of a certain number of those before appointed, whose names are in such clause enumerated. When the commission was in Latin, this clause was worded "*Quorum aliquem vestrum A. B. &c. unum esse volumus*;" the first word giving rise to the above term of distinction. Formerly it was customary to appoint only a select number of justices, eminent for their skill and discretion, to be of the quorum; but in this enlightened age they are all presumed to be sufficiently qualified for that honour, and consequently, though the quorum clause is still continued, yet the names of all the justices appointed are repeated in it.

Recollections for October.—Oct. 23, 1667, was founded the Royal Exchange, "the great emporium of commerce," where "more languages are spoken than at the tower of Babel after the confusion; nor are the schemes here agitated, in many instances, less chimerical than that of those celebrated builders; though very few of these people ever think of building heaven-ward."—Oct. 28, 1704, expired John Locke, esq; an acute metaphysician, an able reasoner, and a Constitutional patriot. His *Essay on the Human Understanding* established the former character, and his *Discourses on Government and Toleration* the latter.

Holy Lottery.—At Natchez lotteries are as prevalent as in the Eastern States; there is one carrying on for building a Presbyterian church. The "Scheme" was preceded by a long address upon the advantages of religion, and the necessity of all citizens supporting Christianity, by purchasing tickets in this holy lottery!

Facts, Fancies, and Recollections.
"Trivial fond records."

In the reign of K. Charles I. the Company of Stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible was committed by patent, made a very remarkable blunder in one of their editions; for, instead of "Thou shalt not commit adultery," they printed off some thousand copies with "Thou shalt commit adultery." Archbishop Laud, to punish their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon the Company in the Star Chamber.

Modern Hours.—The Duchess of Gordon once requested the company of Mr. Pitt to dinner at nine. "Really," replied he, "I should be happy to accept your Grace's invitation, but I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Peterborough at that hour!"

When the famous Dr. Pitcairn was in Holland, the University of Leyden complimented him with the professorship of physic, which, however, he soon quitted, and retired to Edinburgh, under pretence of visiting his native country. For three years he was strongly solicited to return, during which time that important post was kept vacant for him; but he resolutely refused, without assigning any other reason than that his friends in Scotland liked his company, and were loth to part with him. This contemptuous answer so offended the heads of that university, that they at last proceeded to a new election; at the same time entering it as a standing order in their statute-books, "That no Scotchman should ever be elected to a professorship in that university for the future."

Whimsical Occurrence.—A New-Orleans paper of the 27th of June says "A celebrated divine, in allusion to the opposition of an eminent individual to the American Bible Society, exclaimed, 'As soon may a shad arrest the progress of a North River steam-boat, as he can impede that of this Society.' Extraordinary as it may appear, the Chancellor Livingston was stopped for some time, in her passage from New-York to Albany, on Thursday morning, May 21, by means of a shad, which had passed into the injection-cock which supplies water to the condenser. When the fish was taken out, it was found that the poor shad had lost its head in the hazardous experiment."

Pride of Ancestry.—In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility in France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duke de Croy, at Paris, is a representation of the Deluge; in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the Croys."—A piece of tapestry in the palace of the Duke de Levis represents the Virgin Mary, with an ancestor of the De Levises standing bareheaded before her. "Dear cousin," says she, "pray be covered;" and he replies, "Cousin, I would rather remain as I am."

Remarkable Story.—Sir William Kingston was provost-marshal to Edward VI. After a rebellion which happened in that reign upon the alteration of religion, he invited himself to dine with Mr. Bowyer, the mayor of Bodmin, in Cornwall; who, thinking himself honoured, provided an entertainment for the provost suitable to his dignity. While dinner was getting ready, Sir William took Mr. Bowyer aside, and whispered in his ear that there must be an execution that afternoon, and therefore ordered him to cause a gallows to be set up opposite his own door. The mayor obeyed his command, and after dinner the provost took the mayor by the hand, and desired him to lead him to the place of execution. On beholding it, he asked the mayor if he thought it was strong enough. "Yes," replied the mayor, "doubtless it is." "Well, then," said Sir William, "get up and try, for it is provided for you!" "I hope, Sir," said the mayor, "you are not in earnest." "By my troth," observed the provost, "there is no remedy, for you have been a busy rebel." And so, without any form of trial, he caused the mayor to be executed!

Another remarkable instance of the Provost's summary mode of proceeding is given in the case of a miller, who having been very active in the same rebellion, and fearing the diabolical spirit of Kingston, who shewed no mercy wherever he came, went from home, and told a young, stout fellow, his servant, that if any gentlemen should come and inquire for him, to tell them that he was the miller. The provost came, as the miller had expected, and the servant said as he was ordered; upon which the provost commanded his myrmidons to seize him, and hang him on the next tree. The poor fellow, on hearing this order, cried out, "I am not the miller, but the miller's man." Nay, friend," said Sir William, "I will take thee at thy first word: if thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and a rebel, and deservest to be hanged; if thou art not the miller, thou art a false, lying knave, and canst not do thy master better service than to be hanged for him." And he caused the man to be executed.

ELIZABETHAN DRESSES.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.]

MR. EDITOR—I have occasionally observed in your Miscellany, certainly sneers at the dress of the present day, which, I am exceedingly sorry to think, does not meet with your approbation. As all we know of your personal appearance is, "that you are a man clothed in dark garments," the public are unable to judge whether or not your theory of apparel accords with your practice. For my own part, I do not care a straw whether I ever see you or not. I once believed, on the authority of a friend, who never made a joke in his life, that the picture of the old gentleman on the cover of your Magazine was intended for you, and I really could not help respecting your very venerable appearance. I thought, indeed, from the length of your beard, that you had rather injudiciously sat for your portrait on a Saturday evening—and as you have no neckcloth on there, I fancied it was out getting washed for the Sabbath. I beg your pardon, however, for this mistake, as I have since been informed, on the best authority, that the picture alluded to, is one of Mr. Blackwood, and if he thinks he looks a prettier man in that costume, I have no objection to his wearing it. By the way, this mistake about the picture gave rise, I should fancy, to the idea since exploded, that the Editor and the publisher were one and the same person.

You, Sir, however, who are such a critic in dress, must be deep read in its history; and it is, I presume, from a comparison of that of the present day with the fashion of other times, that you are disposed to be so very sarcastic. Now I am willing to stake my character as a well-dressed man—(and I assure you, that, although I have mounted a wig of late in the Parliament House, I am still, after mid-day, as complete a Dandy-Quadriller as ever)—that the dress of the present day is the most rational that ever prevailed in this country since the reign of the immortal Alfred. Let us take the reign of Queen Bess, erroneously called the Virgin Queen; or of King James I, rightly denominated the British Solomon. I will paint a belle and beau of that day so clearly, as to save you the expense of an engraving, though perhaps your ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, will execute one in time for your next Number.

I suppose it is a matter of indifference, whether I begin at the feet of the ladies of the Elizabethan age, and so mount up, in my description, to their heads, or commence operations with their heads, and descend gently unto their feet. I adopt the latter mode.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Falstaff* says to *Mrs. Ford*, "thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, and any tire of Venetian admittance." "The ship-tire (says the excellent Dr. Drake, in his most amusing book on *Shakspeare*), appears to have been an open flaunting head-dress, with scarfs or ribands floating in the air like streamers."

"With ribands pendant flaring round her head."

The tire-valiant was probably something more showy—and, I suppose, only hoisted in calm weather and light breezes, like sky-scrapers on the masts of ships. Such head-dresses awoke different images to different minds, and while to some they suggested that of a ship with every inch of canvas set, to others they seemed rather ludicrous than magnificent. A satirical poet of 1595, speaks of—

"Flaming heads with staring haire,
With wyres turn'd like horns of rain;
To peacocks I compare them right,
Who glorieth in their feathers bright."

Beneath head dresses such as these, the ladies were contented, like those of our times, to wear nothing but their own hair. We are told by Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Ayes*, that it was a common practice to allure children who had beautiful hair into private places, and crop them. The dead, too, were rifled for the same purpose.

"The golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away
To live a second life, or second head,
And beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

It happened that Queen Bess had red hair, and when that failed her, Paul Hentzer tells us, that she wore a red wig. It therefore became fashionable to wear red wigs, though, from the love of vanity, wigs were to be seen of all hues.

"Wigs of all hues, and without pins the hair."

"It is a wonder more than ordinary (says a satirist) to behold their perewigs of sundry colours." As few faces could look well under a wig, the ladies were under the necessity of painting their cheeks, to render the contrast less violent. To what length this fashion rose, may be guessed at from *Shakspeare*. "Let her paint an inch thick &c." Not contented with a good coating of paint to their faces, they added masks and mufflers. The former were made of velvet, "wherewith" (says Stubbs), when they ride abroad, they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes wherout they look. So that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chance to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a devil, for face he can shew none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them. These masks were of all colours.

"On each wight now are they scene,
The fallow-pale, the browning bay,
The swarthy blacke, the grassie-green,
The pudding red, the dapple-gray."

Ear-rings of immense size were universally worn and glittering with precious stones. The ruff round their necks, says Dr. Drake, under the foster care of the ladies, attained in stiffness, fineness, and dimensions, the most extravagant pitch of absurdity. It reached behind to the very top of the head, and the tenuity of the lawn or cambric of which it was made was such, that *Stowe* prophesies they would "shortly wear ruffs of a spider's web." The ruff being of such fine texture, was strongly starched to make it stand upright; and, in addition to this, was supported by an underpropper, called a supertasse. Stubbs says, "one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdom of great ruffs is underpropped is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devil has learned them to walk and die their ruffs, which, being dry, will stand stiff and inflexible about their necks."*

The bosoms of the ladies were all bare, her Majesty setting them the example; for when Paul Hentzer first saw her going to Chapel, she was in her 65th year, "her face oblong, fair, and wrinkled—her teeth black"—and "her bosom uncovered." The waist was long beyond all proportion, and terminated in a point. The fashionable petticoat was the Scottish fardingale, of enormous bulk, so that when a lady was dressed in one of them, with the gown, as was usually the case, stuffed about the shoulders, and the ruff in the first style of the day, her appearance "was truly formidable." Shoes with monstrous high heels (in imitation of the Venetian chopine, a kind of stilt, better than a foot high) were the prevalent mode, and silk stockings which the Queen first wore in 1560, soon became universal.

To make the picture complete, we have to add profusion of bracelets, necklaces, &c. and to put into the lady's hand an immense fan, constructed of ostrich feathers, with handles of gold, silver, ivory, and wrought with great skill into various elegant forms. Of these fans the author of "*Quippus*" for upstart new-fangled gentlewomen," 1595, says

Seeing they are still in hand
In house, in field, in church, in street,
In summer, winter, water, land,
In colde, in heate, in drie, in weat;
I judge they are for wives such tools
As baubles are, in playes, for fooles.

When a gentlewoman was arrayed as aforesaid, was natural for her to desire to see how she looked, and accordingly a small looking-glass was worn pendant from the girdle; into which the fashionable coquette might ever and anon stop to adjust the love-knot that hung wantonly over her shoulder. Hear how Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, enumerates the allurements of these gorgeous damsels.

"Why do they decorate themselves with artificial flowers, the various colours of herbs, needle works of exquisite skill, quaint devices, and perfume their persons, wear inestimable riches, precious stones, crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and tirs of various fashions; deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, girdles, rings, pin-spangles, embroideries, shadows, ribatoes, versicolor ribbands. Why do they make such glaring shows with their scarfs, feather fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, d. masks, velvets, tissets, cloth of gold, silver tissue? Such setting up with sarks, straitening with whalebone, why it is but as a day-net catcheth larks, to make young ones stoop unto them. And when they are disappointed, they dissolve into tears, which they wipe away like sweat; weep with one eye, laugh with the other, or as children weep and cry they can both together,—and as much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping, as of a goose going barefoot."

To this eloquent lament I have nothing to add. But will you, Mr. Editor, after this, pretend to find fault with the dress of the ladies of the present day? Who among them wear false hair, either partial and occasional curls, or universal and everlasting wigs? Who among them shew on their cheeks other paint than the purple light of nature, love and beauty? Where now the naked bosom—the smooth-swelling breast of youthful loveliness,—the fuller rotundity of matronly modesty, or the attenuated and shrivelled yellowness of single blessedness well stricken in years? A shroud is over all we love, over all we fear. Love is not now a-days engendered in the eyes. Imagination is all in all. Neck, shoulders, back, bosom, arms, ankles and legs, are like objects seen in a dream, too beautiful to endure the light of a waking existence,—and at the crowing of the cock or the ringing of the breakfast-bell, all disenchanted into muffled-up realities.

I remain, &c. JN. CUERPO.

* On the 27th of May, 1582, a gentlewoman of Amsterdam could not get her ruff plaited according to her taste, though she employed two celebrated laundresses; upon which, says Stubbs, “she fell to swear and tear, to curse and ban, casting the ruffles under feete, and wishing that the devil might take her when she did wear any neck-arches again.” The devil assumed the form of a beautiful young man, and “tooke in hand the setting of her ruffs, which he performed to her great contentation and liking; insomuch, as she looking herself in a glasse (as the Devil bade her), became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kissed her,—in the doing whereof, he writhed her neck in sunder, so she died miserably; her body being straight waies changed into blue and black colours, most ugly to behold, and her face (which before was so amorous) became most deformed, and fearfull to look upon. This being known in the city, great preparation was made for her buriall, and a rich coffin was provided, and her fearfull body was laid therein, and covered very sumptuously. Foure men immediately assayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it; then six attempted the like, but could not once stirre it from the place where it stood. Whereat the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened to see the cause thereof:—where they found the body to be taken away, and a black catte, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, setting of great ruffles, and frizzling of hair, to the great fear and wonder of the beholders.”

This reminds us of Dr. FRANKLIN and his Wig-maker. The Doctor, when Envoy from the United States at Paris, ordered a wig from a celebrated artist. The wig was brought home to the Republican Minister, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Franklin—(trying on the wig)—“I think you took measure of my head?”
Wigmaker—“I had that honour.”
Franklin—“Well, then, you have bungled the matter very much, for the wig don’t fit.”
Wigmaker—“Not fit! impossible! it must fit.”
Franklin—“Certainly it does not—it is too small.”
Wigmaker—“Permit me the honour to observe that it is not too small; it is your Excellency’s head that is too large.”

A gentleman, who had been led to enter a theatre in a provincial town, by seeing a large party going in before the play began, was asking what the representation was to be? “Sir,” said his next neighbour, “it is a private party acting for their own amusement.”—“Then, Sir,” replied the gentleman, “I will trouble you to let me pass, as I am certain it will not be for mine.”

In consequence of two marriages which took place, not long ago, in Lancashire, not far from Oldham, a very curious alliance is formed. A gentleman married a lady, whose brother soon after, married her husband’s daughter, by a former wife. In the course of time, each party had a child; the former a daughter, the latter a son—therefore, the first-mentioned lady is mother to her brother, sister to her daughter, and grandmother to her nephew; her little daughter is niece to her sister, aunt to her cousin, and sister to her uncle; the young man is brother to his father and mother, son to his sister, uncle to his wife, and brother to his niece; his wife is sister to her father and mother, daughter to her sister, niece to her husband, and aunt to her sister; his little boy is grandson to his aunt, the older lady, and cousin to his aunt, the little girl.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

The facetious SYDNEY SMITH is reported to have described thus a clergyman he met at dinner;—“Sir, he was a wonder! He had a six-parson power of stomach, and betwixt the courses he had some lucid intervals.”

The following Letter from Mr. Humphrey Wanley, who was Librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford, gives a curious account of an Impostor, who personated the Duke of Monmouth, and who figured away at the expence of the credulity of our worthy ancestors:—

“AUG. 25, 1698.—We have an account from the Assizes of Horsham, in Sussex, that on Monday se’n-night last, a fellow was indicted and tried there, for personating and pretending himself to be the late Duke of Monmouth; and by that means drawing considerable sums of money out of the zealots of that country.

“It appeared that he lodged at the house of one widow Wickard (though with seeming privacy), where his true friends visited him, and were admitted to kiss his hand upon their knees; he said he was the true legitimate son of King Charles II. and that his uncle, King James, had that honour for him as to execute a common criminal in his stead; to satisfy the priests, and to send him out of the way. And that the Prince of Orange was a very honest Gentleman, and his Deputy, and would surrender the Crown to him when things were ripe, &c.” Happy was he that could by any interest be introduced to his Highness, to have the honour of his hand.

“It happened that one of his trusty friends one morning coming to pay him a visit with a stranger with him, found him in bed; at the sight of the stranger he seemed much surprised and offended, and turning himself quick to the wall, sighing, said, ‘Oh! my friends will undo me;’ at which the Gentleman assured his Highness that the person he had brought with him was, life and fortune, in his interest; upon which he turned about and gave him his hand to kiss. Presently after came into his lodgings a wench with a basket of chickens, as a present from her mistress, and another with a letter to him; at the reading of which he seemed a little discontented, upon which they desired to know if his Highness had received any bad news. He answered, ‘No, ’twas indifferent; ’twas from Lord Russell, to acquaint him that he was come with his fleet to Torbay, and wanted some further directions; and that which troubled him was, that he wanted a horse and money to carry him thither;’ at which they bid him not trouble his Highness, for that he should be supplied immediately with both; which accordingly he was, and was away a fortnight, till he had spent both money and horse, and then returned. ’Tis said he had received above 500l. thus.

“Upon his trial he declared himself to be the son of him that keeps the Swan Inn, in Leicester, adding, that he could not help it, if the people would call him the Duke of Monmouth; he never bid them do so, but told two Justices of the Peace before, who had sent for him, his true name, and made so cunning a defence, and none of his zealots coming in against him (being prosecuted only by Major Brewer), that he was cleared of the indictment, only the Lord Chief Justice afterwards bound him to good behaviour, for which he soon found bail amongst his party, who maintained him like a Prince in prison, and three or four of the chief of them attended him to the bar at his trial, and believe him still to be the true Duke of Monmouth. The gaoler got the first day he was committed, 40s. of people that came to see this impostor at 2d. a piece.”

A brother comedian, who was in the books the capital sum of 2s. was met by the celebrated PETERSON, who made his demand. The debtor turning peevishly from him said, “Hang it, I’ll pay you to-day, in some shape or other!” Mr. P. good-humouredly rejoined, “I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can.”

A person crossing over the Severn at the New Passage, was asking the master of the boat whether there were ever any people lost in the passage?—“No, Sir,” answered the Monmouthshire tar, “never: my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day.”

A worthy deacon in New England is much offended at some wag for the following announcement of his marriage:—

“MARRIED—Mr. Nodiah Drew to Miss Dorothy Andrew.

“When a virgin becomes a married dame,
She loses her lovely maiden name,
But no such loss lucky Doll befell,
She has merely lost AN ARTICLE.”

Bum-Bailiff.—The opprobrious title of Bum-Bailiff, so constantly bestowed on sheriff's officers, is, according to Judge Blackstone, only the corruption of bound bailiff; every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds, and to find security for his good behaviour, previous to his appointment.

A Cordwainer.—A Cordwainer seems to have no relation to the occupation it is meant to express, which is that of a shoemaker. But *cordonnier*, originally spelt *cordnainer*, is the French word for that trade, the best leather used for shoes coming originally from Cordna in Spain. Spanish leather shoes were once famous in England.

Topsy-Turvy.—When things are in confusion, they are said to be turned *topsy-turvy*: the expression is derived from the way in which turf for fuel is placed to dry on its being cut: the surface of the ground is pared off with the heath growing on it, and the heath is turned downward, and left some days in that state, that the earth may get dry before it is carried away. It means then top-side-turf-way.

The Beef-Eaters.—At the institution of the yeomen of the guards, they used to wait at table on all great solemnities, and were ranged near the buffets: this procured them the name of buffetters, not very unlike in sound to the jocular appellation of Beef-Eaters, now given them; though, probably, it was rather the voluntary misnomer of some wicked wit, than an accidental corruption, arising from ignorance of the French language.

Thieves' Vinegar.—During the great plague in London, in the year 1666, four thieves, availing themselves of the public calamity, took that opportunity to plunder the houses of the dead and dying, yet, notwithstanding, escaped the infection themselves. On its being inquired how they thus ensured their own safety, it was found, that they constantly carried about them sponges of prepared vinegar; which preparation future apothecaries adopted in all infectious cases, and sold under the denomination of *Thieves' Vinegar*.

Origin of the Game of Chess.—About the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian æra, the sovereignty of a large kingdom, near the mouth of the Ganges, devolved upon a very young monarch: experience had not yet taught him that he should consider his subjects as his children, and that their love was the only solid prop of the state; it was in vain that these important truths were held up to his view by the sage Brahmins and his Rajahs; elated with power and grandeur, he swayed the land with unnatural severity. Sissa, the son of Dahur, the most venerable of the Brahmins, on whom the splendour of philosophy and wisdom shone from his infancy to his seventieth year, saw that there were virtues in the monarch, which required only the culture of reason to bring them into life; and, afflicted at the miseries of his country, he undertook to display to the monarch the cause of them. Sissa, aware of the disrepute into which the precepts of morality and virtue had fallen, from the evil examples held up by those who taught them, was led to devise a mode of instruction whereby his lessons should appear the result of the prince's own reasoning, rather than the instructions of another. With this view he invented the game "Shaik," or "The King." In this game, he contrived to make the king the most important of all the pieces, but yet the easiest to attack and the most difficult to defend, and only to be defended by the next in rank or consequence in the game, in gradation. The game was first spread abroad among some of the leading men; and, from the great fame of Sissa, became soon in vogue; the prince heard of it, and directed that the inventor should be his instructor. The sage Brahmin had now attained his desire, and, in the course of his instructions, took seasonable occasion to point out the dependance of the king on the pawns, and other seasonable truths: the prince, born with genius, and capable of virtuous sentiments, in despite of the maxims of courtiers, applied to himself the morality which the game so strongly exhibited, and, reforming his conduct, his people soon became happy. The prince, eager to recompense the Brahmin for the great good derived from his ingenuity, required him to demand what he thought competent. The Brahmin asked only a gift of corn, the amount of which should be regulated by the number of houses (or squares) on the chess-board, putting one grain on the first house, two on the second, four on the third, and so on in double progression to the sixty-fourth house. This apparent moderation of the demand astonished the king, and he unhesitatingly granted it; but when his treasurer had calculated the amount of the donation, they found that the king's revenues were not competent to discharge it; for the corn of 16,384 towns, each containing 1084 granaries of 173,762 measures each, and each measure to consist of 32,768 grains, could alone answer the demand. The Brahmin then took the opportunity of pointing out to the monarch how necessary it was, especially for kings, to be guarded against the arts of those who surround them, how much they owed to their subjects, and how cautious they should be of inconsiderately bestowing their goods wastefully.

Love.—Is the surest pledge for the virtue of a female; it is her lover only who can conquer it. An indifferent female is not always strong enough to withstand the attacks of a libertine; but a female, under the influence of a virtuous love, always withstands it. The one is, in the struggle, almost bereft of weapons; the other opposes, against the libertine, the HEART of her husband.—*Esprit des Esprits*.

Habit.—Mr. Southey, in his *Omniara*, has the following anecdote on the force of habit. An emir had bought a left eye of a glass eye-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time; he could not expect that it would see all at once, as well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the habit of it! Custom, says somebody, is a great thing; at this rate, it is every thing.

Vegetables first eaten in England.—Vegetables were imported from the Netherlands about the year 1509, there being no kitchen gardens in England. Before this time sugar was eaten with meat, to correct its putrescency.

The Bell Savage Inn.—The *Spectator* has explained the sign of the Bell Savage Inn plausibly enough, in supposing it to have been originally the figure of a beautiful female, found in the woods, called in French *la belle sauvage*. But another reason has been since assigned for that appellation, namely, that the inn was once the property of a lady Arabella Savage, and familiarly called Bell Savage's Inn, probably represented as at present by a Bell and a Savage, or wild man, which was a rebus for her name, rebuses being much in fashion in the sixteenth century; of which the Bolt in Ton is an instance, for the name of Bolton.

Bull and Mouth.—Henry VIII. having taken the town of Boulogne, in France, the gates of which he brought to Harde, in Kent, where they are still remaining, the flatterers of that reign highly magnified this action, which, Porto Bello like, became a popular subject for signs; and the port or harbour of Boulogne, called Boulogne Mouth, was accordingly set up at a noted inn in Holborn. The name of the inn long outliving the sign and fame of the conquest, an ignorant painter, employed by a no less ignorant landlord to paint a new one, represented it by a bull and a large gaping human mouth, answering to the vulgar pronunciation of bull and mouth.

Matches.—It was told of the late Mr. Sheridan, that Mrs. M—, a termagant and scold, was married to a gamester; on which he said, "Cards and brimstone make the best matches."

Superficial Knowledge.—A young man in a large company, descanting very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "'Tis Scarlett," replied a gentleman. "That may be," said her Grace, "and yet he is not deep-read."

Friends at Court.—A gentleman, begging the witty Duke of — to employ his interest for him at Court, added that he had nobody to depend on but God and his Grace. "Then," said the Duke, "Your condition is desperate: you could not have named two beings who have less interest at Court."

Hanging in Chains.—Two Irishmen being at an execution of malefactors at Newgate, one said to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now, but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey," replied he, "no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

Lawyers.—The Emperor of Russia being at Westminster-hall in Term time, asked "Who all those busy people were, and what they were about?" being answered, "Lawyers," he replied, with great gravity, "Why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

Constitutional Cold.—"When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman, "I am always remarkably dull and stupid." "You are much to be pitied, then, Sir," replied another, "for I don't remember to have seen you without a cold in your head."

Legal Settlement.—An old female disciple of Joanna Southcot preached about the country that she had been eleven months in Heaven. One of the audience started up and said, "it was a pity that she did not stay the other odd month, as she might then have gained a settlement."

A young Lady, well known in Paris for her elegant manners and vivacity of mind, was recently present at a numerous party, where several were amusing themselves by playing at the simple game of *resemblances and differences*. It happened that chance associated together *Robespierre* and *Robber*. Every one agreed upon the impossibility of finding a difference. "Pardon me," said the young lady, "I perceive one. The Robber demands the purse or life; Robespierre demanded the purse and life."

The rock of Telemachus, which had been believed to have existed only in the beautiful work of Fenelon, was recently discovered in south lat. 33 deg. 12 min. and east long. from London, 22 deg.

Voltaire, conversing with the President of one of the old French Parliaments, expressed his astonishment that a body which had so many counselors in it should act so absurdly. "A good horse will stumble sometimes," said the President. "But not a whole stable full of horses," replied Voltaire.

The following curious article has appeared in a Flanders paper: "The poet Guiliard, author of *Œdipe à Colonne*, was intimate with Marshal Lannes. In his correspondence, still unpublished, Guiliard relates the following singular anecdote, which, he says, he had from General Lannes himself, who took a pleasure in repeating it; in a manner which indicated his belief in the doctrine of fatalism. It is well known that Lannes served with Bonaparte in the grand campaigns of Italy. Nearly all the Generals of that fortunate army were young. They accordingly often met to amuse themselves; and the joy which success inspired added to the gaiety of youth. One day, while they were assembled at Bonaparte's quarters, the conversation turned on oracles; there was by no means much credulity among the party. Bonaparte, either to entertain his company, or because he fancied himself gifted with prophesy, announced his intention of telling all their fortunes. The military necromancer took their hands alternately, examined the lineaments, and seemed to utter any extravagance that struck his fancy. Bursts of laughter of course followed every prediction. It came to the turn of Lannes: Bonaparte took his hand, looked at it, dropped it without saying a word, and passed to another. Lannes asked the reason of this silence. To avoid replying, the General-in-Chief discontinued the amusement, as if he thought the child's play had lasted long enough. Lannes insisted—"Let us be done with it," said Bonaparte, "you see it is only a bit of folly." The curiosity of Lannes was, however, too strongly excited; he returned to the charge, and at last Bonaparte yielded and took his hand. "Do you see that line?" said he. "It prognosticates that you are to be killed by a cannon-ball." "Indeed!" replied Lannes, laughing, "If it does not come soon, there will be no place left for it to hit." He had then 15 wounds on his body; and had received 32, when he was killed by a cannon-ball at the battle of Wagram!"—It may be observed, by the bye, that this pleasantry of Bonaparte, so unfortunately verified, was not likely to compromise his prophetic character. He might with perfect safety predict the killing of his Generals by cannon-balls. Some of his prophecies must have necessarily proved true; and one prediction fulfilled is quite sufficient to make the fortune of a sorcerer.

Heroism in a Quaker.—In the late American war, a New-York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy, rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers, was an athletic Quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards, on the deck, without any apparent fear; the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length, the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put into execution; and the Quaker being on the look out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side!

The Origin of the Representation of Britannia on the English Copper Coin.—To Charles the Second's partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation on our pence and farthings. He admired, and even almost idolized this celebrated beauty, but could not seduce her, as he was base enough to essay, though he assailed her with compliments which he considered were likely to succeed; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our copper coinage.

Ingenuities of the present Age.—By sending to a grocer's shop for black tea, you obtain alder-leaves; for green, sloe-leaves dried with copperas. This encourages home manufactories, instead of dealing with the sancy ko-ton-forcing Chinese.—For heating foreign coffee, you get nutritive vegetable powder of native horsebeans.—Flour of mustard is altered into flour and mustard; being much less pungent, and therefore more agreeable, as it never brings tears into your eyes, nor bites your children's tongues.—Yellow ochre modifies the intolerable heat of ginger; and rapeseed (divested of its oil) does the same good office for pepper.—Wine is made of every thing except grapes.—In short, there is scarcely an article of commerce sold in its genuine coarse state, unimproved by the arts and sciences of modern ingenuity.

Hungary Water, why so called.—Hungary Water is a distilled water prepared from the tops of flowers of rosemary; so denominated from a Queen of Hungary, for whose use it was first made.

Hurly-Burly.—Hurly-Burly, in vulgar language, denotes confusion or tumult, and is said to owe its origin to two neighbouring families, *Hurleigh* and *Burleigh*, which filled their part of the kingdom with contest and violence.

Independence.—Hatemtai was the richest of the Arabians, and at the same time the most liberal; he every day made large donations to those who applied at his gate for relief. One of his friends praising his liberality, said, "I think there never was a man of so noble a spirit." "I beg your pardon," said Hatemtai; "I not long since met a poor fellow staggering under a bundle of thorns which he had been cutting for fire-wood. Seeing his poverty, I asked him why, instead of labouring so hard, he did not go to the gate of Hatemtai for relief. He answered, the man that can earn a morsel of bread by his own labour, has no need to be obliged to Hatemtai. This man's mind was truly noble."

The Devil and Doctor Faustus.—Fust, or Faustus, was a citizen of Mentz, and one of the earliest printers. He had the policy to conceal his art; and to this policy we are indebted for the tradition of "The Devil and Dr. Faustus," handed down to the present times. Faustus, in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, in the year 1462 printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript. Fust undertook the sale of them at Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. At first he sold his copies for so high a sum as five or six hundred crowns, the prices usually demanded by the scribes. He afterwards lowered his price to sixty crowns, which created universal astonishment: but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and lowered the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies

increased the wonder; informations were given to the police against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized: the red ink, with which they were embellished, was said to be his blood: it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the Devil; and if he had not fled, most probably would have shared the fate of those whom ignorance and superstition condemned in those days for witchcraft.

Vulgar Errors.—It is difficult to account for many of the prevailing vulgar errors with regard to what is supposed to be law. Such as, that the body of a debtor may be taken in execution after his death. Other vulgar errors are, that the old statutes have prohibited the planting of vineyards or the use of sawing mills. It is supposed likewise to be penal to open a coal-mine; or to kill a crow, within five miles of London: as also to shoot with a wind gun, or to carry a dark lantern. That the law has set a price on the head of the hedgehog, may also be classed among erroneous notions; for no such law is now in being or ever did exist in this country. To those vulgar errors may be added, the supposing that the King signs the death warrant (as it is called) for the execution of a criminal; as also that a woman marrying a man under the gallows will save him from execution. It is also a very prevailing error, that those who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish. Another vulgar error is, that a surgeon or butcher (from the barbarity of their business) may be challenged as a juror. Among the ignorant, it is supposed that there is a statute which obliges the owners of asses to crop their ears, lest the length of them should frighten the horses which they meet on the road. The notion that in order completely to disinherit the heir at law, his ancestors must bequeath him a shilling, is also founded in error. It is a very prevailing vulgar error also, that every Bishop, before he accepts a Bishoprick which is offered him, affects a maiden coyness and answers *nolo episcopari*. Another error is, that first cousins may marry, and second cousins may not. This paradox arises from confounding the provisions of the civil and canon law; by the former of which first cousins are permitted to marry, but by the latter second cousins are prohibited. The other additional vulgar errors are, that when a man designs to marry a woman that is in debt, if he takes her from the hands of the priest clothed only in her shift, it is supposed that he is not liable to her engagements. The second, that selling a wife in the public market, with a halter about her neck, will free a man thereafter, from the responsibility of a husband. Another common error is, that there was no land-tax before the reign of William the Third.

Origin of the Nine of Diamonds being called the Curse of Scotland.—The night before the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland thought proper to give orders to General Campbell not to give quarter; and this order being despatched in much haste, happened to be written on a card, and that card the nine of diamonds; from which time and circumstance it has gone by the appellation of "The curse of Scotland."

ANECDOTES OF ROB ROY M'GREGOR.

[From "The New Monthly Magazine."]

Rob Roy was born towards the close of the seventeenth century. His father was M'Gregor, of Glengyle, in Argyleshire, and his mother was of the ancient and respectable family of Glenlyon, in the county of Perth. He had a small property which had been in the possession of his family for several generations, and he lived on it for a course of years, sustaining the character of a lenient proprietor, and a peaceable man. But in consequence of a failure in a cattle-dealing speculation which he entered into at the request, and with the partnership of the Duke of Montrose, a misunderstanding took place, which proved to the latter a source of much trouble and annoyance; and to the former, the origin of all his misfortunes, as well as of all his fame.

The cause of the quarrel was simply this: As the Duke had entered as partner in the concern alluded to, and as he should have been entitled to his share of the profits had the scheme proved successful, M'Gregor thought it but fair that he should also bear his proportion of the damage. Accordingly, after having made an accurate deduction from the Duke's capital (10,000 merks) he returned him the remainder, giving him, at the same time, a statement of his reasons for not refunding the whole. Montrose, so far from acknowledging the fairness of this measure, insisted on having back the entire sum he had advanced, interest and principal. Rob Roy had neither the ability nor the inclination to comply with this unjust request. In offering the money to Montrose, he thought that he had done every thing that honesty and fair dealing required; and as it had been refused, he believed himself to be perfectly justifiable in applying it to his own purposes, and accordingly the money was expended on a vain, but adventurous project in the year 1715. The Duke, on being apprized of this, laid an adjudication on M'Gregor's lands, and in a short time, left the unfortunate man and his family without the shelter of a house or of a home.

This proceeding, cruel and arbitrary as it was, never drew a murmur from the strong mind of M'Gregor. He knew that entreaty was fruitless, and he was superior to the unmanliness of complaint. Indignant at his wrongs, and stung with the thought of impending misery, he calmly buckled on his armour, and swore the fellest enmity to Montrose.

The fierceness with which he kept up this spirit in all his hostility and deadliness, the wrathful firmness with which he adhered to his purposes of revenge, and the success with which he but too often accomplished them, are known to all who are conversant with the modern history of the Highlands.

His opponent was a man of great power and influence in the state, and he availed himself of this advantage in retaliating on Rob Roy; for an armed force had often been employed on the side of Montrose, and often to little purpose. The followers of the free-booter, on the other hand, were few, but they were select, and unalterably attached to their leader and to his interests. Few as they were, so great was the terror they had struck into the Lowland districts in their vicinity, that the Duke of Montrose could seldom or never muster a sufficient number who had courage and confidence to meet them.

In the course of this predatory warfare, M'Gregor encountered many hardships and inflictions, which common minds would have sunk under with dismay. He was deprived of his patrimony—he was driven from the land of his ancestors—sad fate for any Highlander. His impoverished family was compelled to seek shelter and subsistence in another country, and himself was proclaimed an outlaw and a rebel.

The narrow risks he ran in this miserable state, together with his "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field," are truly surprising; while his cleverness of contrivance, and that ready presence of mind which he displayed under the pressure of unexpected emergencies, almost exceed belief. He

has often been known, with a slight disguise, and with a price on his head, to mingle with his enemies, and converse with them, and to act as guide to those very parties who had been sent out in search of him. On these occasions he invariably led them to an ambush, or facilitated his own escape.

To the author and origin of his misfortunes, the fire of M'Gregor's hatred and wrath had been directed as to a focus. His incursions were directed exclusively against the lands of his enemy. Whole granaries were emptied, and whole fields were cleared of their cattle "at one fell swoop;" and for these depredations M'Gregor never sought the covert of night. His was never the dark insidious purpose nor the cowardly onset. He advanced like one who came not to seize his prey, but to claim his right; for he made his appearance in the face of day, and in defiance of numbers; and he appeared to proceed on the conviction that all the property of his adversary was but a sorry equivalent to the wreck of his own family and fortunes, and to the loss of his character as a peaceable and respected citizen.

But with all these characters of revenge, fury, and fearlessness, this man possessed the very milk of humanity and kindness. The helpless and the oppressed ever found a friend in M'Gregor. He never refused to procure redress for the poor man's wrongs, and his purse and claymore were ready at any time to rescue an ill-used peasant from the power of a hard and overbearing proprietor.

Such was the noted Chieftain, Rob Roy M'Gregor. His bravery has been a theme to the historian, the novelist, and the poet. That he caused for a time much disorder in his country cannot be denied; but till the commencement of the feu, with Montrose, no man could have led a life more orderly, or more honourable. He was unchangeable in his friendships. In his resentments he was fierce to an extreme; yet it was not the fierceness of a savage, but of an injured persecuted hero. We justly condemn him for the greatness of his revenge, but we forget the variety and the extent of his wrongs. Now-a-days we are apt to dwell on the gloomy and repulsive features of his character; and yet even at this more refined stage of society there are not wanting those who admire that giant spirit of his, which so many disasters could not crush, and which so many enemies could never conquer.

* Graham, of Killearn, factor to the Duke of Montrose, had been collecting his rents in a small public-house or Inn on the borders of Monteith. This Gentleman had imbibed all his master's hostility to the Highland free-booter; and after the business of the day was over, and money collected to a great amount, he loudly declared that the ponderous money-bag should be the property of him who would bring Rob Roy into his presence. M'Gregor, who on occasions of moment and interest to himself, might almost be said to be omnipresent, was near enough to overhear this friendly declaration, and with his wonted caution and celerity, he ordered his *Gillies* to take their station, two by two, around the house, as a precaution against any unexpected arrival, and to prevent an escape, if any should be attempted. He then boldly entered the apartment where the factor was seated in the midst of a group of tenants, who had just emptied their purses into his. "Well, Killearn," said the fearless free-booter, "here I am; the Rob Roy M'Gregor, the greatest enemy your master has on this side of hell. Now I claim the proffered blood-money; produce the bag." The factor, who at first stared at M'Gregor with as much amazement as if he had seen a spectre from the grave, was quite astounded at this demand, and the more so as it came from a person whom he knew it was fruitless to refuse or to resist. Accordingly he began, as well as a faltering voice would allow, to work on the feelings of his unwelcome visitor—"No whimpering for me," interrupted he, striking the table with his fist, "down with the bag." The demand was immediately complied with, and the unfortunate factor was compelled on the spot to acknowledge to the tenants the receipt of the rents. "One word more," said M'Gregor, "and our business is settled for this time.—Swear by your eternal soul that you will neither raise an alarm, nor divulge one circumstance that has passed at this interview before the expiration of two hours."—"Now," added he, after the ceremony was over, "I have done with you, valiant factor. If you attempt to break your oath, remember you have a soul to save, and remember too, that M'Gregor has a dirk, which has seen the light of day through a stouter man than Killearn."

Hereupon Rob Roy and his *Gillies* withdrew, and were in a much shorter time than had been prescribed, in perfect safety among their fastnesses.

ACCOUNT OF HIGHLAND ROBBERS.

There is not an instance of any country having made so sudden a change in its morals, as the Hebrides. Security and civilization possessed every part; yet not many years have elapsed since the whole was a den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind. They conducted their plundering excursions with the utmost policy, and reduced the whole art of theft into a regular system. From habit it lost all the appearance of criminality; they considered it as labouring in their vocation; and when a party was formed for any expedition against their neighbours' prosperity, they and their friends prayed as earnestly to Heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design. The constant petition at grace of the old Highland chieftains, was delivered with great fervour in these terms: "Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it." The plain English of this pious request was, that the World might become, for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion. They paid a sacred regard to their oath; but as superstition, among a set of banditti, infallibly supersedes piety, each (like the distinct casts of Indians) had his particular object of veneration; one would swear upon his dirk, and dread the penalty of perjury, yet made no scruple to forswear himself upon the Bible: a second would pay the same respect to the name of his chieftain: a third again would be most religiously bound by the sacred book: and a fourth regard none of the three, and be credited only if he swore by his crucifix. It was also necessary to discover the inclination of the person, before you put him to the test; if the object of his veneration was mistaken, the oath was of no signification. The greatest robbers were used to preserve hospitality to those that came to their houses; and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those who put implicit confidence in them. The Kennedies, two common thieves, took the young pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support; and to supply him with linen, they once surprised the baggage horses of one of our general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness, to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value 30s. The greatest crime among these fellows, was that of infidelity among themselves: the criminal underwent a summary trial, and, if convicted, never missed of a capital punishment. The Chieftain had his officers, and different departments of government: he had his judge, to whom he entrusted the decision of all civil disputes; but in criminal cases, the chief, assisted perhaps by some favourites, always undertook the process. The principal men of his family, or his officers, formed his council, where every thing was debated respecting their expeditions. Eloquence was held in great esteem among them, for by that they could sometimes so work on their chieftain as to change his opinion; for notwithstanding he always kept the form of a council, he always reserved the decisive vote in himself. When one man had a claim upon another, but wanted power to make it good, it was held lawful for him to steal from his debtor as many cattle as would satisfy his demand, provided he sent notice (as soon as he got out of the reach of pursuit) that he had them, and would return them, provided satisfaction was made on a certain day agreed on.

When a creach, or great expedition had been made against distant herds, the owners, as soon as discovery was made, rose in arms; and with all their friends made instant pursuit, tracing the cattle by their track for, perhaps, scores of miles. Their nicety in distinguishing that of their cattle from those that were only casually wandering, or driven, was amazingly sagacious. As soon as they arrived on an estate where the track was lost, they immediately attacked the proprietor, and would oblige him to recover the track from his land forwards, or make good the loss they had sustained. This custom had the force of law, which gave to the Highlanders this surprising skill in the art of tracking. It has been observed before, that to steal, rob, and plunder with dexterity, was esteemed as the highest act of heroism. The feuds between the great families was one great cause. There was not a chieftain but that kept in some remote valley in the depth of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves in readiness to let loose against his neighbours, when (from some public or private reason) he did not judge it expedient to resent openly any real or imaginary affront. From this motive, the greatest chieftain robbers always supported the lesser, and encouraged no sort of improvement on their estates but what promoted rapine. The greatest of the heroes, in the sixteenth century, was Sir Ewin Cameron: he long resisted the power of Cromwell, but at length was forced to submit. He lived in the neighbourhood of the garrison, fixed by the usurper, at Inverlochy. His yassals persisted in their thefts, till Cromwell sent orders to the commanding officer that on the next robbery he should seize on the chieftain, and execute him in twenty-four hours, in case the thief was not delivered to justice. An act of rapine soon happened: Sir Ewin received the message; but, instead of giving himself the trouble of looking out for the offender, he laid hold of the first fellow he met with, & sent him bound to Inverlochy, where he was instantly hanged. Cromwell, by this severity, put a stop to these excesses, till the time of the restoration, when they were renewed with double violence till the year 1745. Rob Roy Macgregor was another distinguished hero in the latter end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the last century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science, and established the police above mentioned. The Duke of Montrose unfortunately was his neighbour. Rob Roy frequently saved his Grace the trouble of collecting his rents; used to extort them from the tenants, and at the same time give them formal discharges. But it was neither in the power of the Duke, or any of the gentlemen he plundered, to bring him to justice; so strongly protected was he by several great men to whom he was useful. Roy had his good qualities: he spent his revenge generously; and, strange to say, was a true friend to the widow and orphan. Every period of time gives new improvement to the arts. A son of Sir Ewin

Cameron refined on those of Rob Roy; and, instead of dissipating his gains, accumulated wealth. He, like Jonathan Wild the Great, never stole with his own hands, but conducted his commerce with an address and to an extent unknown before. He employed several companies, and set the more adroit knaves at their head; and never suffered merit to go unrewarded. He never openly received their plunder, but employed agents to purchase from them their cattle. He acquired considerable property, which he was forced to leave behind, after the battle of Culloden gave the fatal blow to all their greatness. The last of any eminence was the celebrated Barisdale, who carried these arts to the highest pitch of perfection. Besides exalting all the common practices, he improved that article of commerce called the 'Black Meal,' to a degree beyond what was ever known to his predecessors. This was a forced levy, so called from its being commonly paid in meal, which was raised, far and wide, on the estate of every nobleman and gentleman, in order that their cattle might be secured from the lesser thieves, over whom he secretly presided and protected. He raised an income of five hundred a year by these taxes; and behaved with genuine honour in restoring, on proper consideration, the stolen cattle of his friends. In this, he bore some resemblance to our Jonathan; but he differed in observing a strict fidelity towards his own gang; yet he was indefatigable in bringing to justice any rogues that interfered with his own. He was a man of polished behaviour, fine address, and a fine person—and considered himself in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public and preserver of general tranquillity.

Some pigs, belonging to the members of a corporation in Cornwall, having strayed from the common on which they were feeding, that respectable body were highly incensed at the indignity offered to them, and determined to prevent such a mortification in future. Accordingly, at the next election of a chief magistrate for the borough, when his worship had been invested with the insignia of office, he rose and addressed his fellow burgesses in a set oration. Having for some time expatiated on the prevalence of irregularities in the borough, he proceeded to devise remedies for the evils of which he complained.—"I advise," said his worship, "that the pigs belonging to us (the corporators) be marked in future with a K for corporation; and also that the pints and quarts used by the publicans, be marked with H for ale, and S for cider, that people may be sure they get proper measure."

A witness at the Gloucester Assizes being asked by the Counsel what made him recollect so well the period at which a circumstance occurred? with a sheepish look and some hesitation, replied, "I was then, Sir, a happy man." "A happy man," re-echoed the Barrister:—"Yes," added the witness, "I was then newly married!"

Helviot, a celebrated French actor, was one day walking on the Boulevards at Paris, accompanied by Baptiste and his Lady; they were attracted by the sounds of a harp played by an old beggar. As the talent of the harper was not of the first order, he obtained but little notice from the Parisian promenaders. Helviot, however, was so much interested for him, that he stepped aside with his companions, to propose rendering him a service. Madame Baptiste lowered her veil, and sat down to the harp, whilst her husband and Helviot accompanied her in a trio with their voices. The excellence of the performance soon attracted an immense crowd, who expressed their admiration, by filling the hat of Helviot, who held it for the benefit of the beggar, with pieces of silver. The joy of the old man may easily be conceived.

Philip III.—Philip III. King of Spain, was a weak Prince, who suffered himself to be governed by his Ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides that the voice of patriotism, heard in a corrupted Court, would have become a crime never to have been pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on the table, one day, a letter sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip III. at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma." In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip II. made a book with empty pages; which bore this title—"The great and admirable voyages of the King, Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escorial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escorial. Jests of this kind at length cost him his life.

Facts, Fancies, and Recollections.

"Trivial fond records."

Lord Chatham.—His eloquence was of every kind, tranquil, vehement, argumentative, or moralizing, as best suited the occasion. In 1764, he maintained the illegality of general warrants with great energy in the House of Commons. "By the British Constitution," said he, "every man's house is his castle; not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements, for it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may blow around it, all the elements of nature may enter in; but the King cannot, the King dares not."

Fenelon.—A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions which had taken place under it, in opposition to the arguments of the Archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

Gobelins.—An old Flemish painter, called Gluck, having got possession of the secret for dying a beautiful scarlet, communicated it to one Giles Gobelin, who established a manufactory for it in the place in France which still bears his name. This undertaking was deemed so rash, that it was termed Gobelin's folly: but his astonishing success at length induced people to suppose that he had made a compact with the devil, from which the application of the term goblins to evil spirits is probably derived. The building in which tapestry is now made is still distinguished by his name, and called the Gobelins.

A French poet has hitched into rhyme the alleged exclamation of the Imperial guard at the battle of Waterloo:—"The Guard will die, but not surrender." Upon this a Parisian critic observes, "It is very remarkable that the expression was uttered neither at the battle of Waterloo, nor by the General to whom it is attributed. It was invented at leisure, far out of the reach of cannon and musket shot, by a pacific scribe, who drew up the bulletin of that sanguinary engagement, and whose invention was afterwards belied by the fact."

Mr. Arthur Young relates the following incident in the education of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York; the Prince was about 12 years of age at the time:—"A spot of ground in the garden of Kew was dug by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his brother the Duke of York, who sowed it with wheat, attended the growth of their little crop, weeded, reaped, and harvested it, solely by themselves. They thrashed out the corn, and separated it from the chaff, and at this period of their labour were brought to reflect, from their own experience, on the various labours and attention of the husbandmen and farmers. The Princes not only raised their own crop, but they also ground it, and having parted the bran from the meal, attended to the whole process of making it into bread; which, it may be well imagined was eaten with no slight relish. The King and Queen partook of the philosophical repast; and beheld with pleasure the very amusements of their children rendered the source of useful knowledge."

A Philosophical Historian.—It has been justly observed that several modern historians who have pretended to write in a philosophical spirit, have been very indifferent as to the truth or falsehood of the facts on which their philosophy rested. The celebrated Abbé Raynal was a writer of this class, as appears from the following anecdote:—Towards the end of the year 1777, the Abbé Raynal calling one evening on Dr. Franklin at his lodgings in Paris, found, in company with the Doctor, their common friend Silas Deane. "Ah! Monsieur l'Abbé," said Deane, "we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?" The Abbé resisted this attack with some warmth; and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the Abbé had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. "Now, here," says Deane, "is a tale in which there is not one word of truth." Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed. "My dear Abbé," said he, "shall I tell you the truth? When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper; and, as it sometimes happened, that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality: now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions." "And upon my word," cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, "I would much rather insert your fictions in my works than the truths of many other people."—Such is the way in which modern philosophers write history!—*Journal des Dames.*

Facts, Fancies, and Recollections.

"Trivial fond records."

A widow of the name of Rugg having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "O, I have sold my old Rugg for a good Price."

Anecdote.—A gentleman passing Lymington church, when under repair, observed to one of the workmen, that he thought it would be an expensive job: "Why yes," replied he, "in my opinion we shall accomplish what our Minister has endeavoured to do for the last 30 years, but in vain—bring all the parish to repentance!"

As wicked a fellow as ever polluted a pen yet has this passage worth transcribing from him, while his name is not worth mentioning: "The malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond, which though it cloud its beauty for the present, yet it is easily rubbed off, and the gem restored, with little trouble, to its genuine lustre."

Maxims of Prudence.—If we would observe these three small imperatives, *audi, cerne, tace*, we should need no other passport for travelling over the world. A very discreet man said, he had often got hurt by eating too much, rarely by eating too little; often got hurt by wearing too few cloaths, rarely by wearing too many; often by speaking, rarely by holding his tongue.

Maxims of Health.—Of a frequent use of the liquors which are called spirits, he as afraid as you would be of a familiarity with evil spirits.—A knight visiting the famous Dr. Lower, in his last sickness, asked him for the best advice he could give him, how to preserve his health and prolong his life: the doctor merely replied, *Do NOT EAT TOO MUCH!* After some other discourse, the knight, imagining that the doctor had not thoroughly answered his inquiry, repeated it; and the doctor simply repeated his answer.—Baglivi is not the only gentleman who has observed how much serenity of mind contributes to health. Hoffman, in his treatise *Des Moyens de vivre Long-temps*, has observed, that "in the way of keeping the mind quiet, the fear of the Lord tends unto life. An holy and an easy mind is the most healthful thing under heaven, the most potent prophylactic in all the world." To this I would only add, *For ever obsta principiis.* If any sickness come upon you, be sure to be sick soon enough. Maladies taken at the beginning may be easily and presently conquered, when delays are dangerous. And if you are upon a recovery from any disorder, be not well too soon.

Hogarth.—Soon after the celebrated Hogarth set up a carriage, he had occasion to visit the Lord Mayor (Mr. Beckford). When he entered the Mansion-house, the weather was fine; but being detained some time, it rained heavily on his coming out; and leaving the house by a different door to that by which he entered, he quite forgot his carriage, and began to call for a hackney coach, but finding none on the neighbouring stands, he sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester-fields without bestowing a thought on the comforts of having a vehicle of his own, until Mrs. Hogarth, surprised to see him so wet and splashed, asked him where he had left it!

Prince Potemkin, field-marshal of Russia, who died Oct. 15, 1791, rose from the lowest rank of society; and was successively the lover, the confidant, the general-in-chief, and prime minister of the Empress Catherine II. who allotted 100,000 rubles to erect a mausoleum to his memory.

Wedding-Rings.—The singular custom of wearing wedding-rings appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding-day or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which the man gave to the woman a ring, as a pledge, which she put on the fourth finger of her left hand, *because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart*, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.

Collins the Poet.—At Chichester, tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of his last days. He would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving nights and days together, loving their

"Dim, religious light—"

and, when they chanted their anthem, the listening and bewildered Poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains and his own susceptible imagination moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and terror most affecting in so solemn a place: their friend, their kinsman, and their poet, was before them, an awful image of human misery and ruined genius!—*Calamities of Authors.*

Origin of the Word Cockney.—Cockney is the distinguishing appellation by which those gentlemen are honoured, who, being natives of the metropolis, are supposed never to have very far exceeded the vibrative limits of St. Paul's clock or Bow bell. A citizen of London making an excursion with his son to the neighbourhood of Highgate, the lad (who had never before taken a journey of such magnitude and extent), happening to hear a horse neigh (which was quite new to him), hastily exclaimed, "How that horse barks, daddy."—"Barks! you booby," replied the father, "neighs! you mean, a dog barks, a horse neighs!"—They had not proceeded far, when the youth, finding his ears assailed by the sudden crowing of a cock, was so fascinated with the shrill and unexpected sound, that he instantly attracted his companion's attention with, "Hark, daddy, how that cock neighs!"—To which happy effusion of fancy, the citizens of London will probably stand indebted for the name of *Cockney* to the end of time.

Derivation of the Word Parliament.—This word is of French origin, and is derived from the word *parlement*, which signifies discoursing, conferring, or conversing with, and is likewise derived from a *parler la mente*, to speak one's mind; because in conferences we declare our sentiments.

Origin of the Term John Bull.—Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, travelled for improvement, and having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer's, he placed himself under him as a novice; but a circumstance very soon convinced the master, that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician shewed John a song, which he had composed in *forty parts*!—telling him at the same time, that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone, and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours, he added *forty parts* more to the song. Upon which the Frenchman was so surprised, that he swore in great extacy, he must be either the Devil, or John Bull; which has ever since been proverbial in England.

At Munich there prevails a singular custom:—Every child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable establishment. The moment he enters the hospital, and before he is cleaned, and gets the new clothes intended for him, his portrait is painted in his ragged dress, and precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the hospital, this portrait is given to him; and he promises by an oath to keep it all his life, in order that he may be reminded of the abject condition from which he had been rescued, and of the obligations he owes to the institution which saved him from misery, and gave him the means by which he was able to avoid it in future.

Male Accouchement!—The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are confined, are nursed and attended with as much care as the lying-in women, and are supplied with the most nourishing diet.—This custom also prevails among the Brazilians, if we may believe Maffeus, who informs us that "women in travail are delivered without much difficulty, and presently go about their household business: the husband, in her stead, keepeth his bed, is visited by his neighbours, hath his broth made him, and junkets sent to comfort."

Origin of Corn-Factors.—About ninety years ago, the farmers, coast-ways, used to attend Bear Quay once a-week, with samples of their various articles of grain then lying off in sloops, &c. in the river. Corn being at that time cheap, as well as abundant, it frequently happened that the farmers were obliged to return home without selling their grain; and as the Essex growers principally used the Bull inn, in Whitechapel, (which the buyers on that account also frequented,) some of them who had a good opinion of the landlord, whose name was Johnson,* began to leave their samples with him, to be sold at fixed prices; but afterwards finding him very expert as a middle man, they entrusted him with a discretionary power as to market prices, which he managed so much to the satisfaction both of buyers and sellers, that in a short time he opened a little counting-house on Bear Quay, and called himself the corn-factor of the Essex farmers. This business he enjoyed solely till his death, and acquiring by it a considerable fortune, it devolved to his son, and afterwards to his grandson, whose partner, a Mr. Neville, the present Mr. Claude Scott, joined in the corn-factoring business with the money bequeathed him by the second Johnson.

* He was originally the shoe-boy of this inn.

Quaint Conceit.—The following quaint conceit of one of our old writers, on Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake, may not be generally known:

O Nature! to old England still
Continue these mistakes;
Still give us for our Kings such QUEENS,
And for our Queens such Kings.

Peter the Great having directed the translation of Puffendorf's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe into the Russian language, a Monk, to whom this translation was committed, presented it to the Emperor when finished, who turning over the leaves, exclaimed, with an indignant air, "Fool! what did I order you to do? is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he shewed him a paragraph in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, but the translator had omitted it. "Go instantly," said the Czar, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

Naiveté.—Soon after the celebrated Heylin had published his "Geography of the World," he accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a gentleman who lived on the New Forest, Hampshire, with directions where his servant should meet him to conduct him thither. As soon as he was joined by the gentleman's servant, they struck off into the thick of the forest, and after riding for a considerable time, Mr. Heylin asked if that was the right road; and to his great astonishment received for answer that the conductor did not know, but he had heard there was a very near cut to his master's house through the thicket; and he certainly thought, as Mr. Heylin had written the "Geography of the World," that such a road could not have been unknown to him!

Origin of Sandwiches.—Lord Sandwich, when minister of state, having passed twenty-four hours at a public gaming table, was so absorbed in play during the whole time, that he had no subsistence but a bit of beef between two slices of toasted bread, which he ate without ever quitting the game. This new dish was ever afterwards, and is to this day, called by the name of the minister who invented it.

Why the Rocks on which Sir Cloudeley Shovel was cast away upon are commonly called the Bishop and his Clerks.—A fleet of merchant ships, on their return from Spain, about 300 years ago, were shipwrecked on these fatal rocks; among whose miserable members none were saved but three, viz. Miles Bishop, and James and Henry Clark, who were miraculously preserved on a broken mast. From this dreadful misfortune the rocks took the name they bear at present, and will most likely continue for ages a memento of that melancholy accident.

Ecclesiastical Dancing.—Louis XII. of France, held a grand court at Milan, in 1501, when the balls are said to have been most magnificent. Two cardinals, De Narbonne and De St. Leverin, footed it there with the rest of the courtiers.—Cardinal Pallarino relates, that the fathers, doctors, bishops, and other church dignitaries, assembled at the Council of Trent, rested for a while, in 1562, from their theological polemics, and deliberated on the important proposition of giving a ball to Philip II. king of Spain. This was agreed to, and all the ladies of the city were invited, and the Spanish Bigot, together with all the fathers of the council, danced on the occasion.

St. Andrew's Cross.—St. Andrew's Cross is, as is well known, always represented in the shape of the letter X. That this is an error, ecclesiastical historians prove, by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, and which St. Stephen of Burgundy gave to the convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles, and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error may be thus explained: when the Apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm; and in this posture he was made fast to it, his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

Frederick the Great.—Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determining that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment. He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text, the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the Royal Chapel, from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the Royal Chapel was crowded to excess. The King arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written therein: he did not however in so critical a moment lose his presence of mind; but, turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of the creation.—*Bramsen's Letters of a Prussian Traveller.*

BY DOCTOR JOHN WOLCOT,
Olim PETER PINDAR, Esq.

TO MY BARN,*
AN ELEGY.

To thee the wandering tribes were wont to roam,
Each jovial Gipsy with his merry mate,
With dark Futurity quite hand on glove,
Fortelling, for a penny, folks their fate.

To thee, through wind and rain, the good King PATCH,†
To get a warm straw-bed, was known to trudge it—
Of simple Knights, who never made a batch,
Nor drain'd his people's purses by a Budget.

Where are the tribes that worship'd not his name?
King PATCH—what music to a Gipsy ear!
What Gipsy wishes not for half his fame,
Or reads his dying speech without a tear!

In thee the Royal BAMFYLDE,‡ many a time,
Enjoy'd his feast and dance, and sunk to sleep,
Who, like ULYSSES, roam'd from clime to clime
In search of wisdom, on the land and deep.

By Slander, parent of the blackest lies,
The radiant form of Truth was never courted,
That he for wisdom travell'd she denies,
And swears he only travell'd—when transported.

Pleas'd have I seen this celebrated King,
With brighter talents than most Monarchs born;
Pleas'd have I heard him Chase of Cheviot, sing,
And Robin Hood, and wind his bugle-horn.

Tax'd are the Gipsies too, by foul-mouth'd Slander,
With taking, but without the grace to pay,
Pig, fowl, duck, turkey, gosling, goose, and gander,
Their fingers fish-hooks, angling ev'ry day.

Say, Truth, if ever once a Gipsy stole
From me, the Bard, the value of a grig,
Goose, gander, gosling, turkey, duck, or fowl,
Or from the sow purloin'd her baby-pig?

I, too, have felt the force of Slander's tongue,
And scorn'd her rage, her lying prose and metre,
While HAWKINS yields a plaudit to my song,
The snakes of Envy hiss in vain at PETER.

Thus have I dar'd defend an injur'd race,
Call'd by a wicked world a thieving crew;
Here let not Justice blush to shew her face,
What says the proverb?—"Give the Dev'l his due."

Farewell, my Barn! should man thy frame destroy,
May birds of darkness on his roof alight,
Owls break his slumbers with portentous cry,
And groans of Gipsy ghosts his soul affright!

* The Poet had previously addressed two Odes to his Barn, but had taken no notice of its frequent tenants the Gipsies. These lines are among many fugitive pieces of the Author, and were never before printed.

† The designation of one of the Gipsy Sovereigns.

‡ The celebrated Bamfylde Mere Carew, well known to the Author in early life.

ADVICE TO THE KING OF SPAIN,
ON HIS WORKING A PETTICOAT FOR THE VIRGIN MARY.
BY DR. JOHN WOLCOT, OLIM PETER PINDAR, ESQ.*

Great King! the newspapers declare,
Which puts me quite on the broad starc,
(Though newspapers from truth too often vary,)—
That you, dread Sir, of needle note,
Have work'd a pious petticoat,
A hallow'd off'ring to the Virgin MARY.

Why trick your Lady out so fine?
She never once went forth to dine,
Nor play or opera ever deign'd to grace;
She never gave a single rout,
Not e'en poor tea, and then turn out,
Nor at a bull-feast shewed her holy face.

Then heed the Bard:—Your state maintain,
Nor thus expose yourself again
A standing jest for every saucy railer:
Bid Superstition's flame expire—
Fling all your needles in the fire—
Give King-craft up—and turn an honest Tailor.

* This is another of the pieces recently written, and in private circulation among the fugitive productions of the Author.

A LYRIC EPISTLE.

TO PUG, THE FAVOURITE MONKEY OF HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM
TRELAWNEY, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.
WRITTEN BY DR. JOHN WOLCOT, OLIM PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

O blest by his auspicious smile
Who rules and lives in royal stile,
With envy I have view'd thy happy fate;
Have seen thee play thy comic tricks,
Producing laugh, instead of licks,
From him who governs us in lofty state.

Like Pupils in St. Giles's bred,
Pickpocketry their easy trade,
Not the most honourable trade, of course,
Unpunish'd, I have seen thee snatch,
With much dexterity, his watch,
And gallop from the presence with his purse.

At dinner, with an easy grace,
Thou at the table claim'st a place,
Next to his Excellency, cheek by jole,
Who talks familiar more to thee
Than to his Brother Tom or me,
Or e'en his pious Chaplain, Parson Cole.

If e'er thy dainty tooth it suit
To munch the table's choicest fruit,
To thy alforches it is sure to pass;
Or if thy dainty lips incline
To drink his Excellency's wine,
Thou gulp'st it down, and fling'st away the glass.

I've seen thee seize an orange rind,
Or what thy nimble paws could find,
And hurl it at the head of our great Lord:
Had I, attempting thus to please,
Presum'd on liberties like these,
What were my fate? Why, banish'd bed and board.

I've seen thee with thy wanton tail
The Glasses wickedly assail,
Then from the table hopping, chatt'ring run,
What said the Governor to this?
Lord! laughing, taking nought amiss,
"Our little rascal will enjoy his fun."

The Dogs are both at thy command,
Sancho and Dash obedient stand,
To ope their jaws in anger not once daring;
To take thee on their back to ride
Around the royal rooms with pride,
Or midst the garden walks by way of airing.

Thine imitations Pug of men,
By scrawling Paper with a pen,
Putting on spectacles and wig and hat,
Afford our Governor delight,
When too, in spite of squal and bite
Thou tak'st a Barber off and shav'st a Cat.

Pug 'tis thine interest I desire,
To warm me and the Muse inspire,
And such, indeed, thy fascinating power,
That could'st thou speak (avaunt all fibbs),
No better e'en than Vick'ry Gibbs,
My fortune might be made in half an hour.

The Secretary's place, dear Pug,
Now void, were comfortably snug;
My only wish, ah! could I that obtain,
Made happy, I should then forbear
To curse my Stars that sent me here,
And sigh "God send me to old Towey again."

* * * This we understand is among the unpublished multiplicity of fugitive pieces by the present Author.

Written on the front of a Shoemaker's House at
Feversham in Kent.

Here lives a man, who don't refuse
To mend old boots, likewise old shoes;
His work is firm, his charge is just,
The times are hard, he cannot trust.

In the window of a Bookseller's shop at Royston,

* Instruments to let you know
When it will be Rain or Snow,
Hot, or Cold, or Wet, or Dry;
If you doubt it, only try.
*Barometers.

The following Lines appear over the window of a Jack of
all Trades in Woodbridge.

I, BRADY RIVET,
GRIND Razors, Knives, Scissars, and mend old Umbrellas
To fence off the rain from your polls;
And such is my genius, from sun-beams to screen us,
I NEATLY repair parasols.
N. B. Sell straps for your razors, but who would suppose
Cure warts on the fingers, and corns on the toes!!

INSCRIPTION ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.
Just like the fickle sex, I change 'tis true;
But I reflect—that's more than Women do!

[From the 7th Vol. of "Irish Melodies."]

I.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within.
Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But Affection is warmest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment Affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

III.

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

A seventh volume of *Irish Melodies* has just come forth. The airs are all genuine Irish, and possess the sweetness and originality which distinguish the former volumes, and they have received from Sir JOHN STEVENSON the addition of beautiful accompaniments. Of the verses, it is enough to say that they come from the pen of THOMAS MOORE, Esq. The following song breathes all the airiness and fancy of his most youthful muse:—

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR—*Roch bonn shin doe.*

I.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss,
And until they can shew me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But tho' they were even more bright than the green
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven-blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.
From the 7th vol. of *Irish Melodies*, by T. Moore, Esq.

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.

Pluralité des Mondes.

La terre pourra être pour Venus l'étoile du berger, et la mère des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous. *Ib.*

for
Tho' they were even more bright than the green
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven-blue sea,

Read,

Tho' they were even more bright than the Queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea.

FROM MOORE'S MELODIES.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, have spoken,—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.
And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet, even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.
Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd,—half flow'rs, half chains.
But come, if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh! breathe for me,
And shew the world in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill:
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still.

Extract from Moore's Melodies.

Love, nursed amongst pleasures, is faithless as they;
But the Love born of sorrow, as sorrow is true!
In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about,
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears:
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

DULCE DOMUM.

THERE is a land of ev'ry land the pride,
Belov'd by Heav'n o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of virtue, valour, wisdom, truth,
Time tutor'd age, and love exalted youth:
The wand'ring mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest Isles, the most enchanting shores,
Sees not a realm so beautiful, so fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In ev'ry clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For, in this land of Heav'n's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
Here woman reigns,—the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow'd way of life;
In the clear haven of her delighted eye,
An angel-gaze of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic comforts meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, this spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man, a patriot?—Look around,
And thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country,—and this spot thy home.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

BY T. CAREW, ESQ.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

On being presented with an APPLE by a
YOUNG LADY.

[From the New Margate Guide.]

AN Apple caus'd our present state,
And by inevitable fate,
Condemn'd us all to die;
But if that Apple was so fine,
And came from such a hand as thine,
Who from its charms could fly?
How can I then old Adam blame,
When I myself had done the same,
Had you the Apple given?
I should, like him, without dispute,
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
And lost, for you, a heav'n.

PAGEANTRY of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Paul Hentzner, a German, who travelled in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives the following account of the dress and mode of living of that Princess. The original work, which is in Latin, is now extremely rare. A translation of several curious extracts was made by Horace Walpole:—

"We arrived next at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VII. It was here Elizabeth, the present Queen, was born, and here she generally resides; particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the Presence Chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay, through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to the Chapel: at the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility.

"In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of Counsellors of State, Officers of the Crown, and Gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out, which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—

"First went Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded; next came the Chancellor, bearing the Seals, in a rich silk purse, between two, one of which carried the Royal Sceptre, the other the Sword of State, in a red scabbard, studded with golden *Fleurs de Lis*, the point upwards. Next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small Crown, reported to be made of the gold of the celebrated *Lunebourg* table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English Ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign Ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian—for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch: whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian Baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour; wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white; she was guarded on each side by the Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the anti-chapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with, 'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity:—

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which after they had both knelt three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a saltcellar, a plate, and bread; when they had knelt, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife, the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe, as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of 24 dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a Gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the Lady taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought for fear of any poison. —During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this cere-

monial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to ladies of the Court."

The same traveller, it appears, attended to sports as well as pageants. He gives the following account of Bartholomew Fair:—

"Every year upon St. Bartholomew's Day, when the fair is held, it is usual for the Mayor, attended by the two principal Aldermen, to walk in a neighbouring field. Upon their arrival at a place appointed for that purpose, where a tent is pitched, the mob begin to wait before them, two at a time; the conquerors receive rewards from the Magistrates. After this is over—a parcel of live rabbits are let loose among the crowd, which are pursued by a number of boys, who endeavour to catch them, with all the noise they can make. We were at this shew, one of our company, To Solander, doctor of physic, had his pocket picked; his purse, with nine crowns *du soleil*, which without doubt was so cleverly taken from him by an Englishman, who was kept very close to him, that the Doctor did not at least perceive it."

The following is his account of the fitting of the Chamber of Parliament:—

"In the chamber where the Parliament is usually held, the seats and wainscot are made of wood, the growth of Ireland, said to have had that occult quality, that *poisonous animals* are driven away by it."

The celebrated HENDERSON was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day bating with a fellow student, who not keeping temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. HENDERSON took out his handkerchief, wiped himself, coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for argument."

The manuscript Memoirs of General RAPP contain the following anecdote:—"When BUONAPARTE was at Schoenbrunn, he used sometimes to amuse himself with a game at *vingt-et-un*. One evening, in which he had been very lucky, he showed the pieces of gold he had won in his hand, and said, 'The Germans love these little Napoleons, do they?'—'Yes,' replied RAPP, 'they do, Sir; but then they are not at all fond of the Great one.'"

The Septuagint was a translation of several books from Hebrew to Greek, employed by PTOLEMY to complete his library in Alexandria. The first translation in England was made by TYNDAL, in 1526, but it was only of the Pentateuch and New Testament in which he was assisted by COVERDALE; and thereafter translated the whole of it, which was revised and reprinted by MATTHEWS, about ten years after when HENRY VIII. forbade the sale of it, or any other. He ordered TUNSTAL, Bishop of Durham, and HEATH, Bishop of Rochester, to make a new one, which was published in 1541; but forbade the sale of it likewise, and that none should read it without a licence. EDWARD VI. revived TYNDAL'S and TUNSTAL'S which were soon suppressed by MARY, in whose reign some Calvinists, who had fled to Geneva, made another, which they printed in London in 1598, partly in favour of the Presbyterians, for which the Bishops and der ELIZABETH strove to stifle it, but without effect, and Archbishop PARKER, with other Bishops, brought out one against it, according to the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New Testament; but JAMES I. not liking it, ordered it to be made more agreeable to the Hebrew, leaving TUNSTAL'S of the Psalms, as in our Liturgy, and this is what we now use.

"Notice.—Was committed to the goal of Frederick county, Maryland, the 29th of September last, as a runaway, mulatto man, who calls himself William, five feet ten inches high; had on when committed, an old blue cloth coat, striped linsey vest, tow-linen pantaloons and shirt, fur hat about half worn; he is about 39 years old, says he is free, that he was manumitted by Philip Love, in Reisterstown, Baltimore county. The owner (if any) is desired to release him, otherwise he will be sold for his imprisonment fees, as the law directs."—(Signed, &c.)

A celebrated dramatist, who had lately taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act, was met by a friend, who expressed great pleasure in seeing him look so well, saying, "Why, you've grown quite fat." "Fat!" replied the wit, "why didn't you know that I was enlarged?"

ROYAL THEATRICALS.

In the year 1749, the tragedy of *Cato* was performed by the children of his Royal Highness FREDERICK Prince of WALES, assisted by some of their juvenile companions, at Leicester-house, Leicester-square, before a brilliant assemblage of the Prince's friends. Of the performers on that occasion, all, we believe, with the exception of his present MAJESTY, who was then about eleven years of age, have made their exits from this sublunary scene. The *dramatis personæ* were thus represented:—

<i>Portius</i>	Prince GEORGE (his present Majesty).
<i>Juba</i>	Prince EDWARD.
<i>Cato</i>	Master NUGENT.
<i>Sempronius</i>	—— EVELYN.
<i>Lucius</i>	—— MONTAGUE.
<i>Decius</i>	Lord MILSINGTON.
<i>Syphax</i>	The Hon. —— NORTH (son of Lord NORTH).
<i>Marcus</i>	Master MADDAN.
<i>Marcia</i>	Princess AUGUSTA.
<i>Lucia</i>	Princess ELIZABETH.

The subjoined Prologue was spoken by Prince GEORGE. Our readers will perceive the similarity of the sentiment contained in the lines—

"What, though a boy, it may with pride be said,
A boy, in England born, in England bred,"
with that which is to be found in his MAJESTY's first speech from the throne—"born and educated in England, I glory in the name of Briton."

PROLOGUE.

To speak with freedom, dignity, and ease,
To learn those arts which may hereafter please;
Wise authors say—let youth, in earliest age,
Rehearse the poet's labours on the stage.
Nay more, a nobler end is still behind,
The poet's labours elevate the mind;
Teach our young hearts with gen'rous fire to burn,
And feel the virtuous sentiments we learn.

T' attain these glorious ends, what play so fit,
As that, where all the powers of human wit
Combine, to dignify great *Cato's* name,
To deck his tomb, and consecrate his fame?
Where Liberty! O name for ever dear!
Breathes forth in every line—and bids us fear
Nor pains, nor death, to guard our sacred laws
But bravely perish in our country's cause?
Patriots indeed! worthy that honest name,
Through every time and station still the same.
Should this superior to my years be thought,
Know—'tis the first great lesson I was taught.
*What, tho' a boy, it may with pride be said,
A boy, in England born, in England bred:*
Where freedom well becomes the earliest state,
For there the love of liberty's innate.
Yet more—before my eyes those heroes stand,
Whom the great WILLIAM brought to bless this land,
To guard, with pious care, that gen'rous plan,
Of pow'r well-bounded—which he first began.

But, while my great forefathers fire my mind,
The friend, the joy, the glory of mankind;
Can I forget that there is one more dear?
But he is present—and I must forbear.

[It is a pity that any of these patriotic maxims should have been lost sight of in the course of his MAJESTY's reign.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the Princess AUGUSTA and Prince EDWARD.
Princess Augusta.—The Prologue's filled with such fine phrases,
GEORGE will alone have all the praises,
Unless we can (to get in vogue)
Contrive to speak an Epilogue.

Prince Edward.—GEORGE has, 'tis true, vouchsaf'd to mention
His future gracious intention;
In such heroic strains, that no man
Will e'er deny his soul is Roman.
But what have you or I to say to
The pompous sentiments of *Cato*?

GEORGE is to have imperial sway;
Our task is only to obey.
And trust me, I'll not thwart his will,
But be his faithful *Juba* still.

Princess Augusta.—Why, not to under-rate your merit,
Others would court with different spirit:
And I, perhaps, might like another,
A little better than a brother,
Could I have one of England's breeding—
But 'tis a point they're all agreed in,
That I must wed a foreigner,
And cross the sea—the Lord knows where.
Yet, let me go where'er I will,
*England shall have my wishes still.**

Prince Edward.—In England born, my inclination,
Like your's, is wedded to the nation;
And future times, I hope will see
Me General in reality.
—Indeed I wish to serve this land,
It is my father's strict command;
And none he ever gave, will be
More cheerfully obeyed by me.

* Doubtless the Princesses of the present day cherish a similar feeling.

A Washington Paper, correcting an erroneous account of a man's death, says—"We are happy to say, Major JOHN ANDERSON is not dead, he is only married."

The late Duke of QUEENSBERRY, who very seldom quitted London, except for a day to his villa at Richmond, was rallied on his want of taste by an intimate friend, who asked him if he did not think London very dull in summer? "Why I do," replied his Grace gravely; "but not so dull as the country."

An elegant arm-chair, formed from the "rafters" which dirled to the pipes of *Auld Nick*, in Alloway Kirk, has been presented to the Earl of EGLINTON by a gentleman in Ayr. The chair is of the Gothic form, handsomely ornamented with the Scottish thistle, plough, harrow, &c. and the whole Poem of "*Tam o'Shanter*," engraven on brass, is indented into the wood.

One of the Paris Journals waggishly announces, that the Committee of the Society of Magnetism are about to publish a very curious work, intitled *The Art of curing the Body by means of deranging the Mind*.

The present appearance of nightingales in Scotland has revived the following anecdote:—An honest Cambrian some years ago was asked in the Pump-room, at Bath, if there were any nightingales in Wales? "Nightingales!" exclaimed Llewellyn, "what be they then?"—"Birds that sing by night," rejoined his friend. "Oh, then," exclaimed the Welshman, with great simplicity, "we have plenty of nightingales—but we do call them *Owls*!"

Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a trick of repeating, in almost every sentence he spoke, the words *I say*. To his friend, who ridiculed him for the practice, he made the following speech:—

"I say they say you say I say *I say*;
I say, what if I do say I say?
I say, what business have you to say I say?"

An individual who wanted a person to take care of children, advertised, in an American Paper, for one "whose patience is inexhaustible, whose temper is tireless, whose vigilance is unwinking, whose power of pleasing is boundless, whose industry is matchless, and whose neatness is unparalleled."

A Mayor of Oxford (who had not been a member of the University), amongst other good things, once replied thus, to the question of what he had been doing that morning?—"I first went to swear in prostitutes for the militia, then took a ride as far as the *abstacle* (obelisk), and came home in a *décanter*."

[From *The New Monthly Magazine*, for October.]

It is understood that the late Mr. Edgeworth left a manuscript behind him, containing memoirs of his life, which his amiable and celebrated daughter, Miss Edgeworth, is now preparing for the press. We doubt whether such a document, and so produced, would be likely to contain those eccentric traits of character which are peculiar to all individuals, but more particularly so to Mr. Edgeworth. A few anecdotes, therefore, derived from the most respectable authority, may not be displeasing to our readers.

Many persons, not intimately acquainted with this gentleman, have imagined him a free-thinker, in the most unqualified sense of the word; and have even gone so far as to assert that he denied altogether the existence of a future state. What his earlier tenets may have been we know not; but, undoubtedly, a few years before his death, he declared himself quite of a contrary opinion, and held that the world would again be peopled with its former inhabitants, who were to repossess their own proper bodies, purified from earthly feelings, and live here in a state not liable to decay or death.

Mr. Edgeworth was chiefly remarkable for an ingenious, rather than a solid turn of mind; for desultory and various, rather than systematic and profound information. His argumentative faculty was deficient; and when you expected to be answered with logic, you were rebutted with an anecdote.

He had a sort of biographical history of himself, which he seldom failed to give every new acquaintance at the first introduction. It ran thus: "Now, Sir, you know the great Mr. Edgeworth, and you may possibly wish to know something of his birth, parentage, and education. I shall, first, give you my reasons for being an *Englishman*, and then for being an *Irishman*, and I shall leave you your choice to call me which you please. I was born in England, I married two English wives, I have several children who were born in England; and I have a small property in England.—Now my reasons for being an Irishman. I married three Irish wives, I have a large estate in Ireland—I have a number of Irish children—my progenitors were Irish, and I have lived most of my life in Ireland. Sir, I am a man who despise vulgar prejudice, for two of my wives are alive*, and two, who are dead, were sisters."

Mr. Edgeworth was nearly related to the Abbé Edgeworth, that venerable Priest who attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and he was actually arrested in Paris, by Fouché, as a suspected character, in consequence of his affinity; though Mr. Edgeworth inclines to think it was on account of his having pursued a light-ankled nymph one evening home to her hotel, who proved to be under the august protection of the great Police Minister.

Mr. E., we believe, was the first who introduced the telegraph into this country; at least, while in France, he improved its construction infinitely; so much so indeed, that he considered himself the original inventor of it. He certainly had a great mechanical turn, and his house at Edgeworth's Town was quite a curiosity; for, from the kitchen to the garret, wherever machinery could supply the place of hands, it was sure to be found.

Several works published in Miss Edgeworth's name were partly written by himself; but so far as we were able to ascertain, his contributions did not form the most valuable portion. Indeed we have always considered his daughter both a more masculine and more profound writer than himself.

As a specimen of the eccentricity of his manners, we shall record a conversation which took place on his first introduction to the gentleman from whom we heard the anecdote. This person having called to visit the great man, and names being announced by a third party, Mr. Edgeworth instantly turned round to a lady who was present, and said, "My dear, for what purpose have I those galloshes at the fire?"—"To air," answered the lady.—"But why to air?" asked he.—"For the purpose of wearing them," she replied.—"But

for what purpose to wear them?"—"In order to visit that gentleman."—"There, Sir," cried he, "ever while you live call witnesses to your conduct, instead of speaking on it yourself. Had I told you why these galloshes are at the fire, you might not have believed me. By the way, I wonder what is the derivation of the word galloshes?" The visitor seeing him so well inclined to sportiveness was willing to humour him, and said, "the word was probably derived from some one's having exclaimed as he was kicking them off after a walk, *Go, loose shoes!*" Mr. Edgeworth thought they might be "gala shoes," in King James's time, when the most extraordinary shoes were worn. In short, after a variety of Swiftian derivations, the dictionary was produced, and gallosa proved to be a Spanish word.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

It is a rule with Miss Edgeworth to write, without allowing pleasure or indolence to interrupt her, six pages a day; no wonder, therefore, her works are so voluminous, or rather it would be surprising they are not more so, were it not that when her book is finished, she exerts a severe and remorseless judgment in pruning its redundancies. Yet we do not think she has always effected this difficult task happily. "*Patronage*," and a few of her other novels might be considerably reduced in weight, without suffering any diminution of value. She has always, too, a tablet at hand, ready to note down any expression occurring in conversation, which she might imagine likely to assist her literary labours. We cannot help thinking this an injudicious practice; since many, who in the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" might utter happy apophthegms, and give loose to a luxuriant imagination, would feel a disagreeable restraint, and repress their powers, fearful of saying something not sufficiently fine for the press; or else in attempting to talk too well, degenerate into pedantry and affectation. Miss Edgeworth, however, is far from being pedantic or affected herself. On the contrary, if fault must be found with her deportment and conversation, we would say, that both bear an appearance of simplicity, and even triviality; which savours too much of an artificial endeavour at avoiding the author. Nothing, however, can possibly be more amiable than her manners, and nothing more delightful than her conversation, as she conveys information without appearing to instruct, and possesses the happy faculty of pleasing others by eliciting from them those observations, and those talents, which by the assistance of her tablets she knows so well how to apply.

Her conversational wit is not brilliant, but it is playful and engaging. One of the best sallies which we have heard recorded of her, was on her pressing a young and diffident lady to sing. "Well," said the latter at last, "I will sing, on condition that you first pay me a compliment—one that the company shall decide to be witty."—"Surely," said Miss E. "you are not so determined against singing, as to make my being witty a previous stipulation?—surely you will surrender without that article?"—"No," rejoined the Lady, "I am positive."—"That is impossible," observed Miss E., "for we all know that you are *superlative!*"

KENDAL, OCT. 10.—A Call, of which the following is a copy, was given to our bellman, on Saturday last, to call in the market —

to be Soueld Aneat Sitwated koteghones At Crostwatgreen in the towneship of Crostet in the pareth of heversham in the kountey of wesmouer Landwith Tou Small buldens well fensed and oell in god rpear blongen to John Thompson the ouener am Seuperancwated by oueld age tou orchates and gardins and oen inticar orchat and grooen thear in 195 apelltrees pluemtrees pear trees of vearess sortes beretrees 120 flouer routers pinks polleantess gillefloweres recklesses of vearessortes to the nuemer of 400 with veares oder floueres to tedess to name allso 200 young apelltrees peartrees for Saell and Stokes to groft into with a good titell for it is warded to me inn the ward at heversha Church with 47 year peasebell poshan nothing contracted nothing ever paed nothing ever denandad The Saem may be bout by priuet kontract or in revarshal for Lief

On John Thompson the reall ouener.

LAW.—To him that goes to law nine things are requisite—

1stly—A good	5thly—Good Counsel.
In the first place—A good	6thly—Good Evidence;
deal of Money.	7thly—A good Jury.
2dly—A good deal of Pa-	8thly—A good Judge.
ience.	And, 9thly—Good Luck!
3dly—A good Cause.	
4thly—A good Attorney.	

* Mr. E. was divorced by his guardian from his first wife whilst he was a minor.

ENORMOUS SERPENT.

BOSTON (NORTH AMERICA), AUG. 25, 1817.

The great aquatic serpent remained, at the last accounts we have yet received, at Kettle Cove, which place is several miles this side of Gloucester. We understand that herrings and other small fish are found in abundance in this cove, and that the serpent has actually received herrings when offered to him. Whether he will be taken remains doubtful; but we learn that a party well prepared were to have gone in pursuit of him from Marblehead on Saturday morning last. We have not yet ascertained whether they went, or if so, what was the result of their expedition. Should any person or persons be so fortunate as to take him, they might calculate upon a receipt from the exhibition of his skin and skeleton, which would well reward them for their labour and expense. It is said that one of the sharks, which was in company with him, has been taken in the harbour of Gloucester.

It is probable that this uncommon creature has been attracted to our shores by the immense shoal of herrings which are known to have lately entered the Eastern River. Several weeks before the appearance of the serpent, we noticed this uncommon swarm of herring, and quoted some account of their migratory movements from a European writer, who says, that "their migration commences at their rendezvous in the Icy Sea, within the Arctic Circle, where they collect their several colonies into one grand army, and begin their march about the middle of winter. They afterwards separate, one division pouring down along the coast of America, the other towards Europe." It is probable that the Icy Sea, far from the usual haunts of men, is the place of residence of this enormous creature, and that he has crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of the herrings.

[From *The Boston Centinel* of Wednesday.]

TRESEA SERPENT.—This aquatic novelty did not continue long off Kettle Island (Manchester), but returned to his old feeding-place, the entrance of Cape Ann harbour. On Saturday morning he was seen distinctly by two credible persons, who were then near what is called the Eastern Point. The Linnæan Society having requested several Gentlemen to obtain facts respecting this prodigy, on oath, one of the persons, Mr. Story, gave a deposition of having seen it, before the Hon. Mr. Nash, on Saturday evening. He deposed, that he and his family saw the snake (as it is usually called at Cape Ann) on Saturday morning, soon after sun-rise; that he lay stretched at his whole length on the surface of the water, then very smooth, between a ledge of rocks near the eastern point, called Black Bess, and Ten Pound Island, and continued dormant during the space of half an hour, and that he appeared as if reposing: he judged the length of the part of his body visible (his head and tail being both under water) to be at least fifty feet, and, generally, that his body was round, and about the size of the body of a man. Many hundred of the citizens of Cape Ann have seen this novelty, and the only interesting fact of its being of the snake kind is attested by the opinion of a great majority of the spectators. On Saturday afternoon about 14 of the citizens of Marblehead entered Cape Ann harbour, in a sloop and boat, and continued plying in all directions, in search of the monster, having all the necessary apparatus for killing and securing him: but the weather became histerous and unfavourable; and after dusk they anchored in the outer harbour. On Sunday, the weather continuing stormy, they returned to Marblehead. We are confident, from the spirit and energy they displayed, and the perfection of their apparatus, that their enterprise wanted nothing to ensure complete success, but their falling in contact with the serpent.

[From *The Boston Centinel* of Saturday.]

The serpent was seen yesterday morning off Kettle Island, between Manchester and Cape Ann; he was following and feasting on a large shoal of ale-wives. The arrangements made in Cape Ann to take him were ready for operation yesterday morning: and if skill, courage, and strong apparatus can effect the desired object, their success is certain. We conversed yesterday with Captain Beach, junior, who has seen this animal from 12 to 20 times, and has taken an accurate drawing of him for exhibition. He describes him as being, in his most contracted state, about 70 feet in length, and of the size of a flour-barrel. A number of our enterprising citizens have been at Cape Ann some days to encourage and assist in the destruction of the monster. A Committee of the Linnæan Society, we learn, will repair to Cape Ann this day to collect information so interesting to natural history.

LATEST OF THE SERPENT.—Captain Doyle, who arrived here yesterday morning in three days from Cape Ann, informs us, that the day before he sailed a number of boats went out in pursuit of the serpent; that the serpent soon turned upon his pursuers; and that they with great difficulty succeeded in reaching the shore. Two thousand dollars had been offered for his skin.

[From *"The Boston Patriot."*]

In Rollin's Ancient History, under the head of "First Punic War," we find the following account of an enormous serpent, which was slain by the Roman army under Regulus, after the departure of his colleague Marcius for Rome. The monster seems to have borne a strong affinity to the one lately seen in the harbour of Gloucester.

"In the interval betwixt the departure of Marcius and the taking of Tunis, we are to place the memorable combat of Regulus and his whole army with a serpent of so prodigious a size, that the fabulous one of Cadmus is hardly comparable to it. The story of this serpent was elegantly written by Livy, but it is now lost. Valerius Maximus, however, partly repairs that loss; and, in the last chapter of his first book, gives us the account of this monster from Livy himself. He, Livy, says, that on the banks of Bagrada, an African river, lay a serpent of so enormous a size, that it kept the whole Roman army from coming to the river. Se-

belly, and many pressed to death in the spiral volumes of its tail. Its skin was impenetrable to darts; and it was with repeated endeavours that stones, slung from military engines, at last killed it. The serpent then exhibited a sight that was more terrible to the Roman cohorts and legions than even Carthage itself. The streams of the river were dyed with its blood; and the stench of its putrid carcass infecting the adjacent country, the Roman army was forced to decamp. Its skin, 120 feet long, was sent to Rome; and if Pliny may be credited, was to be seen, together with the jaw-bone of the same monster, in the temple where they were first deposited, as low as the Numantine war."

WHIMSICAL ADVERTISEMENT.—The following appeared lately in an Irish Newspaper:—

"A Captain in a militia regiment, who at length being relieved from the hardships of war, is now willing to offer his services as Land or House Steward (the latter would be preferred) to any Nobleman or Gentleman of fortune. The Captain having had the advantage of two years' continued marching and countermarching through England, is perfectly conversant in all the improved modes of agriculture practised in that delightful country. The Captain will be found a thorough economist; having for many years (and no blame to him) supported a numerous offspring on his pay alone. The Captain has been long accustomed to command and obey; he will therefore be found peremptory and authoritative to those under him; and at the same time subservient and obsequious to his employers. The Captain flatters himself he will be a very useful man in a family, carves neatly, dresses salads, makes punch, and for drawing, would not give the bush to any man in Ireland.—N. B. He will cheerfully undertake the management of the cellar.—For particulars apply to A. B. Gosson's Hotel, Bolton-street, Dublin; if by letter, post paid."

EXCISE.—The following curious little document is the opinion of Lord Mansfield, when Attorney-General, upon Dr. Johnson's explanation of the word Excise:—

CASE.

Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book, entitled "A Dictionary of the English Language, in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed, a History of the Language, and an English Grammar."

Under the title "Excise" are the following words:—

Excise, n. s. (*accijis*, Dutch; *excisum*, Latin), a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but *unethically* hired by those to whom "Excise" is paid. The people should pay a rateable tax for their sheep, and an excise for every thing which they should eat.—HAYWARD.

"Ambitious now to take excise"

"Of a more fragrant paradise."—CLEVELAND.

EXCISE.

"With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,

"And on all trades, like Cassawar, she feeds."—MARVEL.

"Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor"

"By farm'd Excise."—DRYDEN'S Juvenal, Sat. 3.

The Author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion:

Qu.—Whether it will not be considered as a libel; and if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers and publishers thereof, or any and which of them, by information or how otherwise?

OPINION.

"I am of opinion that it is a libel; but under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and in case he don't, threaten him with an information. (Signed) "W. MURRAY.

"29th Nov. 1755."

ORIGIN OF ST. SWITHIN.—Swithin, in the Saxon *Swithun*, received his clerical tonsure, and put on the monastic habit, in the old Monastery at Winchester.—He was of noble parentage, and passed his youth in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the scriptures. Swithin was promoted to holy orders by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, at whose death, in 852, King Ethelwolf granted him the See. In this he continued eleven years, and died in 863. Swithin desired that he might be buried in the open church-yard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other Bishops; and his request was complied with; but the Monks, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for the Saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently for 40 days succeeding, that the design was abandoned as heretical and blasphemous, and they honoured his memory by erecting a chapel over his grave, at which many miraculous cures of all kinds are said to have been wrought. To the above circumstance may be traced the origin of the old saying, "that if it rains on St. Swithin's, it will rain forty days following!"

AN ENGLISH BULL!—The following whimsical case occurred a few days ago at the Old Bailey:—An old officer of the Court was about to administer the oath to Mr. J. Baldock (who is very deaf) to give his evidence on the trial of Ward, for forgery, he bawled into Mr. Baldock's ear, in a tone of the greatest self complacency, "If you don't hear what I say, tell me so."

HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO THE REV.
W. COLE.

[From "*The Literary Gazette*."]

On a visit to Berkeley Castle, Mr. Walpole says—

"The room shewn for the murder of Edward II. and the shrieks of an agonizing King, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at top of the house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of foot-bridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps that terminate on strong gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*. In that room they shew you a cast of a face in plaster, and tell you it was taken from Edward's. I was not quite so easy of faith about that; for it is evidently the face of Charles I.

"The steeple of the church, lately rebuilt handsomely, stands some paces from the body; in the latter are three tombs of the old Berkeleys, with cumbent figures. The wife of the Lord Berkeley, who was supposed to be privy to the murder, has a curious head-gear; it is like a long horse-shoe, quilted in quaterfoils; and, like *Lord Foppington's* wig, allows no more than the breadth of a half-crown to be discovered of the face."

Though an antiquarian himself, our author laughed at the pursuit generally, and especially at those branches which he did not care for.

"I bought (says he, June 1775) the first volume of *Manchester*, but could not read it; it was much too learned for me, and seemed rather an account of Babel than *Manchester*, I mean in point of antiquity. To be sure it is very kind in an author to promise one the history of a country town, and give one a circumstantial account of the antediluvian world into the bargain. But I am simple and ignorant, and desire no more than I pay for. And then for my progenitors, Noah and the Saxons, I have no curiosity about them. Bishop Lyttleton used to plague me to death about barrows, and tumuli, and Roman camps, and all those bumps in the ground that do not amount to a most imperfect ichnography; but, in good truth, I am content with all arts when perfected, nor inquire how ingeniously people contrived to do without them—and I care still less for remains of art that retain no vestiges of art. Mr. Bryant, who is sublime in un-

known knowledge, diverted me more, yet I have not finished this work, no more than he has. There is a great ingenuity in discovering all history (though it has never been written) by etymologies. Nay, he convinced me that the Greeks had totally mistaken all they went to learn in Egypt, &c. by doing, as the French do still, judge wrong by the ear—but as I have been trying now and then for above forty years to learn something, I have not time to unlearn it all again, though I allow this is our best sort of knowledge. If I should die when I am not clear in the history of the world below its first three thousand years, I should be at a sad loss on meeting with Homer and Hesiod, or any of those *moderns* in the Elysian-fields, before I know what I ought to think of them.

"Pray do not betray my ignorance; the Reviewers and such literati have called me a *learned and ingenious gentleman*. I am sorry they ever heard my name, but don't let them know how irreverently I speak of the erudite, whom I dare say they admire. These wasps, I suppose, will be very angry at the just contempt Mr. Gray had for them, and will, as insects do, attempt to sting, in hopes that their twelpenny readers will suck a little venom from the momentary tremor they raise. But good night—and once more thank you for the prints."

Indeed Mr. Walpole seems to have a sort of antipathy against authors, as well as against periodical literature. He anathematizes the newspapers, and exclaims against almost every writer who has not propitiated his feeling into an exception by personal acquaintance. Mr. Granger was one of these exceptions.

"You will be concerned, my good Sir, for what I have this minute heard from his nephew, that poor Mr. Granger was seized at the Communion table on Sunday with an apoplexy, and died yesterday morning at five. I have answered the letter with a word of advice about his MSS. that they may not

fall into the hands of booksellers. He had been told by idle people so many gossiping stories, that it would hurt him and living persons, if all his collections were to be printed; for as he was incapable of telling an untruth himself, he suspected nobody else—too great goodness in a biographer."

Dr. Farmer was another.

"I shall not only (May 4, 1781) be ready to shew Strawberry Hill, at any time he chooses, to Dr. Farmer, as your friend, but to be honoured with his acquaintance; though I am very shy now of contracting new. I have great respect for his character and abilities, and judicious taste; and am very clear that he has elucidated Shakspeare in a more reasonable and satisfactory manner, than any of his affected commentators, who only complimented him with learning that he had not, in order to display their own."

The following passage, written forty years ago, is prophetic:—

"I am sorry Dr. E—n has got into such a dirty scrape. There is scarce any decent medium observed at present between wasting fortunes and fabricating them—and both by any disreputable manner; for as to saving money by prudent economy, the method is too slow in proportion to consumptions; even forgery*, alas! seems to be the counterpart or restorative of the ruin by gaming. I hope at least that robbery on the highway will go out of fashion, as too piddling a profession for Gentlemen."

We shall extract but one letter more from this amusing book, but we are sure our specimens are of that light and recommendatory class which will render our readers unwilling to be content with merely our "brief abstract and chronicle."

"October 14, 1778.

"I think you take in no newspapers, nor I believe condescend to read any more modern than the *Paris à la Main*, at the time of the Lique—consequently you have not seen a new scandal on my father, which you will not wonder offends me. You cannot be interested in his defence; but, as it comprehends some very curious anecdotes, you will not grudge my indulging myself to a friend in vindicating a name so dear to me.

"In the accounts of Lady Chesterfield's death and fortune, it is said that the late King, at the instigation of Sir R. W. burnt his father's will, which contained a large legacy to that his supposed daughter, and I believe his real one, for she was very like him, as her brother, General Schultenburg, is in black to the late King. The fact of suppressing the will is indubitably true, the instigator most false, as I can demonstrate thus:—

"When the news arrived of the death of George the First, my father carried the account from Lord Townshend to the then Prince of Wales. One of the first acts of Royalty is for the new Monarch to make a speech to the Privy Council. Sir Robert asked the King who he would please to have draw the speech, which was, in fact, asking, who was to be Prime Minister; to which his Majesty replied—Sir Spencer Compton. It is a wonderful anecdote, and but little known, that the new Premier, a very dull man, could not draw the speech, and the person to whom he applied was the deposed Premier. The Queen, who favoured my father, observed how unfit a man was for successor, who was reduced to beg assistance of his predecessor. The Council met as soon as possible, the next morning at latest. There Archbishop Wake, with whom one copy of the will had been deposited (as another was, I think, with the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, who had a pension for sacrificing it, which, I know, the late Duke of Newcastle transacted), advanced, and delivered the will to the King, who put it into his pocket, and went out of Council without opening it, the Archbishop not having courage or presence of mind to desire it to be read, as he ought to have done.

"These circumstances, which I solemnly assure you are strictly true, prove that my father neither advised, nor was consulted; nor it is credible that the King in one night's time should have passed from the intention of disgracing him, to make him his bosom confidant on so delicate an affair.

"I was once talking to the late Lady Suffolk the former mistress, on that extraordinary event

* Alluding to Dr. Dodd.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSHROOM.

THE twilight star, with dewy ray,
His western lamp of beauty trimmed;
Beaming o'er vapours dense and grey,
Which Evening's face awhile had dimmed;
Young Fancy's vision-gifted eye,
O'er the smooth mead of Autumn's green,
To soft aerial minstrelsy
Saw Fairies sporting with their Queen.
Right merry to the tuneful song,
Gay Sylph and Sylphid joined the reel;
They skimmed so light the sward along,
Scarce kissed the dews each little heel.
And now the moon, full-orbed and chill,
To chase the damp incumbent shade,
Smiled sweetly o'er the eastern hill,
And cheered their evening serenade.
To see the tender mushroom spring
The little elfin tribes repair;
Seated amidst a verdant ring,
The Queen of Fays began her prayer:—
"Genii! unseen by eyes of earth,
Propitious to our tiny race;
Sprites! give the fragrant Fungus birth,
Ere morn, unveils her radiant face!
Here infant Spring's light finger dropped
A cowslip on the lap of May;
But hands unseen the flow'et cropped,
To grace a Fairy's wedding day.
Here let th' autumnal dainty rise,
Where hung the cowslip's scented bell;
At morn to be the Milkmaid's prize,
Who first shall tread the glittering dell."
Her dew-gemmed sceptre waved the Queen
O'er drops more bright than liquid glass;
Smiling, up-sprung, with pearl-white mein,
The Mushroom through the twisted grass.
No lambkins sported near its bed,
Nor colt nor heifer's trampling hoof;
Uns of ambrosial dews were shed,
While kine depastured far aloof.
From its subtexture, pinky, fresh,
A crown of delicatest white,
Soon spiders wove the filmy mesh—
Their floating toils expanded light.
Soon as the milkmaid trod the lawn,
Not one of all the elves was seen;
But curious verdant circles drawn,
Showed where their evening dance had been.
She culled the Mushroom—in its place
Sprang others each succeeding morn;
Prolific, constant, proved the race,
Like it, dew-fed and meadow-born.
There elfin Genii held their court—
The cowslip blossomed there in spring—
There grew, to grace their autumn sport,
The Mushroom in that verdant ring.

CANZONETTE.

From "Select Pieces in Verse and Prose," by the late
JOHN BOWDLER, Jun. esq.

THIS sweet, when in the glowing west,
The Sun's bright wheels their course are leaving,
Upon the azure Ocean's breast,
To watch the dark wave slowly heaving.
And oh! at glimpse of early morn,
When holy monks their beads are telling,
'Tis sweet to hear the hunter's horn
From glen to mountain wildly swelling.
And it is sweet, at mid-day hour,
Beneath the forest oak reclining,
To hear the driving tempest pour,
Each sense to fairy dreams resigning.
'Tis sweet, where nodding rocks around
The nightshade dark is wildly wreathing,
To listen to some solemn sound
From harp or lyre divinely breathing.
And sweeter yet the genuine glow
Of youthful friendship's high devotion,
Responsive to the voice of woe,
When heaves the heart with strong emotion.
And Youth is sweet with many a joy,
That frolic by in artless measure;
And Age is sweet, with less alloy,
In tranquil thought and silent pleasure.
For He who gave the life we share,
With every charm His gift adorning,
Bade Eve her pearly dewdrops wear,
And dressed in smiles the blush of Morning.

* A name

"Well known and honoured in old Bladud's realm."

WOMAN, AND THE MOON.

I'VE often been sorely puzzled and perplex'd,
When thinking of the Sun, and Moon, and so on,
To know what principle, when they were sex'd,
Those who first fix'd their gender chose to go on:—
I will not say that I've been ever vex'd,
When this same thing I've chanc'd a thought to throw on,
But it has given my reasoning powers some pother,
Why we should He the one, and She the other!

The Moon—and Woman: there may be I own
Points of resemblance, more than one or two;
Twenty, for aught I know, might soon be shown;
I'd state them—if I had nothing else to do;
But as I have, I'll leave the theme alone;—
And yet, on second thoughts I'll give a few,
Lest carping critics, who are apt to chatter,
Should say I never thought about the matter.

Imprimis—then; they both shine most at night,
The one on earth, the other in the sky;—
I might say both reflect a borrowed light,
But this perhaps the Ladies would deny,
And they, I own, have an undoubted right
To know what charms they borrow, or they buy;—
Besides, whenever any thing is bought,
And paid for—'tis its owner's as it ought.

But, passing this discussion as a theme
Too delicate to dwell on,—I must say
That whether both dispense a borrow'd gleam,
Or not, there's much resemblance in the ray
Which shines from each; though beautiful the beam,
It is not steady, like the light of day,
But an uncertain, fascinating splendor;—
A little coolish too, when Man grows tender.

Another point of likeness, to my view,
Being, I think, an accurate beholder,
Is this:—when Ladies, and when Moons are new
They're both a little coy; but when got older,
They don't salute you, and then bid adieu,
Both in a breath; but, grown a little bolder,
Are more disposed to give you time to admire,
And are in no great hurry to retire.

Let's try again—the Moon, it has been said,
Has a strange influence on folks half-crack'd;—
And I have either heard, or somewhere read,
Of "Lunatic and Lover all compact,"
Which seems as if 'twere thought by some ill-bred,
(Though sure such wretches should be straightway rack'd)
That 'tis not 'till Man's reasoning powers are gone,
Woman can claim his Noddle as her own.

But this point of resemblance, though it might
Strike some as very striking, I just mention;—
I should be sorry to be unpolite,
And still more sorry to excite dissension
Among you love-sick swains; who, out of spite,
Would swear I had some sinister intention.
Their heads I leave to those who choose to win'em,
'Tis no affair of mine what brains are in'em.

Well!—to proceed;—I find I must make haste,
And not on every point of semblance pore;
Or I shall both my time and paper waste,
And try my Reader's patience, which is more;—
For, when a joke is not quite to our taste,
It's apt to make one feel a little sore;—
Besides, it might be thought it was my aim
To prove the Moon and Women are the same.]

I therefore shall with brevity pass over
Various resemblances between the twain;
How both, when skies are clear, smile on a Lover,
And leave him in the lurch in clouds and rain;
As well as many a theme I might discover
In either's rise, or set, or wax, or wane;
But as I might be prolix, I forbear:—
Besides—I must their difference now compare.

The Moon and Woman differ then—in this;—
The first is true to Nature, and its laws;
It never leaves its sphere,—nor does amiss,—
It apes no artful wiles,—asks no applause,—
In all its changes—still unchang'd it is
In loveliness and beauty; from this cause:—
Since first created it has cheated no man,—
I fear we cannot say all this for Woman!

Again—The Moon sheds her impartial beam
On rich, and poor, with just the same delight;—
Youth, beauty, ugliness, and age all seem
The same to her; to each her smiles are bright;
She sometimes may withdraw her gentle gleam,
But not capriciously, still less in spite.—
I doubt much if these qualities are common
With her to whom we give the name of Woman.

I might, if I had time and inclination,
And were not fearful of exciting riot,
Give other instances of variation,
Which some would smile, and more, perhaps, would
Sigh at:

I give but one defying disputation—
Women are—talkative! the Moon is—quiet!
Were there no other cause, I must opine
This fully proves the Moon not feminine.

QUIZ.

Εν τῇ Πέλοπος, καὶ ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ περὶ ἀποδομοῦ μου τῇ ἐκκλησίαν.

The following Specimens are now on View and Sale by Private Contract, at the Great Westminster Mart. —Conditions of Sale to be known on personal application:—

No. 1. Basalt from Castlereagh in Ireland.—One of the family of Trap-rocks; in general, found in columnar prisms; but, in the present instance, discovered in *overlying* unconformable stratification, inclining to the *flocty* or *flat* rocks of Werner. It is very heavy, stands fire well, and, on analysis, has been found to contain much metal.

No. 2. Liverpool flagging; a conglomerate sand-stone, evidently of mechanical formation, but serviceable. It is coarse on first working, but it improves in use. The coldness of this stone is remarkable; a thermometer placed upon it falling instantly 10 degrees below the freezing point.

No. 3. Asbestos, originally brought from Holland by Mynheer Van; paper to the amount of 30,000,000l. has been manufactured from this article, which manifests no sign of change, though exposed to Tierney's patent blow-pipe, and a constant current of oxygen gas.

No. 4. A fine block of primitive Limestone from Harrowby; very pure, and susceptible of a high polish; well adapted for the decoration of Churches. The sculptured Saints lately placed in niches of Gloucester Cathedral are of this material. A most interesting specimen may be seen passing into the variegated marble of Ebrington.

Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8. Various specimens of Breccia, or plum pudding-stone, from Sidmouth. The pebbles of this conglomerate are neither curious nor valuable; but the cement, by which they are bound together, and attached to the general mass, has long excited the curiosity of scientific inquirers.

No. 9. A specimen from Nighton, lately procured for the Museum.—This fossil is called by Lamarck, the *Lucina*; and, in the Treatise De Virt. Lapid. it is said to be useful in preventing abortions. This fossil has been in the cabinet of a late Collector.

No. 10. This was once considered a valuable species of Free-stone; found in beds near Seaford; but its qualities were mistaken; it is the common Oolite. Artists have endeavoured to cut it into ornaments for ball-rooms, and Mr. Nash even introduced it at Carlton-house; but it is coarse. Mr. Taylor employed it for architectural purposes, and it has lately been tried in the steps leading to the Court of Chancery; but it is not sound enough to bear being trampled under foot by the Lawyers.

No. 11. The red Sandstone from Peel, in the Isle of Man.—This specimen resembles No. 2; but it is purer, and contains beautiful crystals of quartz, and of the lesser gems. This stone is of a late formation, and is useful in sharpening the tools of the manufactories.

No. 12. A specimen of Dolomite, from the Grant Collection. It was at first considered to be statuary marble or granular limestone; but it obtained its present location in the collection from the quantity of magnesia it contains. The magnesia is a mild purgative, and perfectly tasteless.

No. 13. A Flint encrusted with small Crystals, presented by Mr. Fitzgerald, a great Irish collector. On the slightest collision it strikes fire, and the sparks sometimes fly about most offensively. It is of the nature of those calculi employed by the ancients as passive instruments in computing enormous sums.—In a scarcity of better materials, it has been used for the decoration of Cabinets; but then, as indeed at present, it was *out of place*.

No. 14. Labrador Spar, brought by an Ambassador lately returned from Lisbon. This stone is not transparent, though some writers affirm it can be seen through. The play of colours on its surface is beautifully iridescent. The varying prismatic tints reflected from its surface, cast a brilliant but unsteady light upon all within their influence. They illustrate admirably the celebrated couplet of Pope—

"Ere *nil oblique* had broke the steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right."

No. 15. The *paper* Nautilus, from Exmouth.

No. 16. The Orthoceralites, from Hertford.

No. 17. A specimen of Coral Rock, communicated by the Secretary to the Admiralty. The growth of this substance resembles that of the parasitical plants of the botanists, and when it occurs at sea is often fatal to navigators. The gallant Captain Usher was near losing his ship off dangerous coral shoals, and a reef formed near Algiers was only blown up by the combined exertions of our ablest engineers.

Nos. 19 and 20. Amphibiolittio, given by the Lay Lords of the Admiralty.

No. 21. A specimen of a Transition Rock from Truro. This rock effervesces when immersed in the compound tincture of ratsbane; from the Warrender Collection.

No. 22. Decomposed Felspar, resembling the petunjee of China, found in the interior of a Barrow; it does not answer for porcelain, but it is admirable in coarse pottery.

No. 23. An Irish Diamond, from Limerick. The lapidaries have cut off the original angles of crystallization; but the stone is well polished, and has lately been ornamented with English setting.

No. 24. The *Ectrinus Marinus*, or Sea Hedge Hog; from York.

No. 25. The Dudley Fossil, once considered curious, but now neither valuable nor useful.

No. 26. Granite from Dartmoore, presented by Mr. Gilbert; it is impossible to describe this specimen, as it is encrusted with dirt, which seems to have been untouched by water since the universal deluge.

Nos. 27, 28, 29. Transition Rocks from Buckingham. It appears from the fracture of these specimens, that the veins of ore with which they were formerly connected, continue attached to their former stratification.

No. 30. The Lacerta Monitor from Bramber. In the same case are the fossil tortoise and crocodile from Lendisfarne, or the Holy Island; vide The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Nos. 31, 32. Belemnites, from Penryn and Tregeon. These fossils were called *spectrorum candela* and *lapides lyncis*. Their origin is thus described by Ovid:—

"*Victa racemifero lyncis dedit India Baccho
Equibus, ut memorant, quidquid vesica remisit
Vertitur in lepides et congelit aëre tecto.*"

No. 33. *Ostrea Deformis* of Lamarck, the gift of Mr. Goulburn.

No. 34. Crustaceous and Testaceous, specimens from the Lakes.

No. 35 to 326. Entemolithe, from Lord Lonsdale and various Noblemen and Gentlemen.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

[FOR THE MORNING CHRONICLE EXCLUSIVELY.]

The *Melville*, ship of the line, lately under orders proceed to India, to relieve the *Hastings*, is found to be so *heavy* a sailer, that she is to remain some time longer on the Home Service, under the command of Commodore Croker.

The *Liverpool*, of 74 guns, is ordered to cruize off the *Cinque Ports*, to protect the *Vansittart*, Revenue cutter, from the daring attacks of the smugglers on the coast.

The *Castlereagh*, now on *foreign service*, is expected to be ordered home immediately, in consequence of her bottom being unsound, from the *dry rot*.

The *Canning*, of 50 guns, formerly on the Lisbon station, having undergone a partial repair, is now taken up as an *extra* Indiaman in the *Liverpool Trade*, under the command of Captain Gladstone.—This ship suffered much damage some years ago, having received a shot between *wind and water* in an engagement with the *Castlereagh*, and has ever since been in a *sinking* state. Indeed it is generally supposed, that if she had not *lashed* herself to the *Castlereagh* she must have gone to the bottom!

The *Sidmouth* sloop having been found totally unfit for the Home Service, it is supposed, will be put out of Commission. On a survey, both her *main-top* and *bottom* were found in so decayed a state as to be incapable of any useful repair.

The *Bathurst*, of 74 guns, now in the Colonial Service, is under orders to proceed to St. Helena, to support Sir Hudson Lowe's *Military Operations*, for the better prevention of the escape of the State Prisoner from that Island.

The *Mulgrave* Ordnance store-ship, lately lying off the Tower, has sailed for Scarborough, with wine and provisions for the Castle, which were nearly exhausted at the last General Election.

The *Warrender* brig, of 10 *swivels* and one cannon, formerly a *privateer* from the Port of Leith, is ordered to be broken up, having been so much injured by *Rats* as to be totally unfit for service.

The *Dandy*, Capt. W——, in endeavouring to *tack* in a gale of wind, missed *stays*, but fortunately made one of the *Scilly Islands*, where she now remains to repair her *rigging*.

The *Bragge Bathurst*, store-ship, laden with *lead* and *timber*, from Lancaster to London, ran foul of the *Borer* gun-brig, Capt. *Westmorland*, in a fog, in which both their *heads* suffered so much that they were compelled to put into *Cockermouth* for repair. They are now in the *Lowther Dock*.

The *Hertford*, three-decker, Capt. Conway, and the *Cholmondeley*, *armée en flute*, bound for Brighton, are on shore near *Orfordness*, but it is supposed will be got off next spring tide. The Royal George yacht has been sent to their assistance with a supply of fresh provisions and wine.

Remain in the Downs, waiting for a *wind*, the *Buckingham bum-boat*. The *Lonsdale* and *Lowther colliers* are under *quarantine* at the Nore, in consequence of the *yellow fever*, which has for some time prevailed in *Westmorland*.

Sailed—Sir William Curtis, from London, bound for Bletchingly.—Wind S.S.W.

ANECDOTE.—Some time ago, a professor of training (well known in Nottingham), who was suffering from a severe and painful illness, which threatened the most serious consequences, sent for an old friend to lay open his heart to him, which he did in the following terms:—"I am glad to see you; I have not long to stay here, and am now preparing for a better place; I feel the hand of death upon me, and secrets now are of no use to me; but I have sent to you, as an old friend, to tell you, upon the faith of a dying and honest man, whatever you do, don't bet against Merlin for the St. Leger. I have gammoned many, but never gammoned you, but that's all over now; so, farewell, God bless you, and be an honest man."—*Nottingham Journal*.

CURIOUS MEETING.

A Meeting of *Horticulturists* took place, some time since, at the *Cocoa-tree*, *Hutton-garden*, when a great variety of flowers, plants, fruits, &c. was exhibited, to which it was unanimously agreed that appropriate names should be given. The following constitute a few of the articles on which the Assembly bestowed particular denominations:—

Plants, &c.	Names.
A bed of <i>Lilies</i>	The Stock Exchange.
Two <i>Orange-flowers</i>	Lord Yarmouth and Mr. Peel.
An overgrown <i>Mushroom</i> , the produce of a <i>hot-bed</i> prepared by Mr. Pitt..	Mr. Canning.
A surprisingly <i>ductile Ozier</i> —bendable in any direction.	Mr. W. Ward.
A bed of <i>Violets</i>	The Friends of Bonaparte.
A fine specimen of the <i>Irish Crab</i> —a very useless production.....	Mr. Croker.
A <i>Scotch-thistle</i> —highly prized by asses.....	Lord Advocate of Scotland.
The flower <i>Two faces under a hood</i> , of an immoderate size.....	Lord Castlereagh.
A <i>Sensitive-plant</i> , shrinking at every touch.....	Mr. V. Fitzgerald.
A <i>Sloe-tree</i>	The Lord Chancellor.
A most curious specimen of the <i>Dandy-lion</i> species.....	The Marquis of Worcester.
A productive <i>Stack-flower</i>	The Threc per Cents.
A <i>Stinging-nettle</i> , harmless enough, when properly squeezed.....	Mr. Brogden.
A specimen of variegated <i>Mint</i> , which has astonished all who have beheld it.....	Mr. W. Pole.
A curious <i>Marry-gold</i> —originally a poor flower, but, having been transplanted to a garden at Wanstead, it has become amazingly rich....	Mr. Tilney Long Pole.
The largest specimen of the <i>Papyrus</i> , or <i>Paper-tree</i> , ever seen in this country—the <i>Bank</i> and the <i>Bible Societies</i> are alike anxious to possess it.....	The Chancellor of the Exchequer.
A very large plant of the <i>Monk's-hood</i> species.....	Ferdinand the Beloved.
A beautiful <i>Pop'lar</i>	Sir S. Romilly.
An uncommonly fine specimen of the <i>Birch</i> tree—may be most advantageously used in restoring order in <i>Public Schools</i> and <i>Charitable Institutions</i>	Mr. Brougham.
Several species of the <i>Bramble</i> and <i>Brier</i> family, which no person can touch without danger.....	The Gentlemen of the Bar.
A lot of <i>Medlars</i> —never good for any thing till rotten.....	The Attorneys.
A <i>Sun-flower</i> , in bloom.....	Sir W. Curtis.
A bed of <i>London Pride</i>	The Lord Mayor and Aldermen.
A remarkably strong <i>Wall-flower</i> ...	Mr. Brown (Keeper of Newgate).
Several <i>Fir</i> trees.....	The Hudson's-bay Company.
A <i>Rock-Melon</i>	Napoleon Bonaparte.
Three <i>China-roses</i> —shewy, but scentless.....	Lord Amherst, Sir M. Maxwell, and Mr. Ellis.
A <i>Poppy</i> , of most <i>somniferous</i> quality.....	Mr. Bathurst.
A number of <i>Corn-flowers</i>	The Supporters of the Corn Bill.
A parcel of <i>Box-trees</i>	The Pugilists.
Oct. 8.	WALTER WILDFLOWER, <i>Prases</i> .

WILDFIRE.—Callinicus invented the combustible substance so called, in 660, possessing the property of raging with two-fold violence in the water. It was made use of to burn the fleet of the Saracens during the reign of Constantine. Even in the year 940 this secret was unknown except to the inventors, and is now en-

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Prisca juvent alios : ego me nunc denique natum Gratulor. OVID, *de art. Am. lib. iii.*

Old Times, let others praise that please ;
I'm glad that I was born in these.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.
Sir,

People are ever making a disparaging reference to the state of things *formerly*, and even in Virgil's day, it was "*OLIM meminisse juvabit.*" I am sick of this cant about the *good old times*. Though certainly not the *golden age*, these are the days to live in. Let us reckon our wealth, and see how we outweigh them by comparison.

1. *Knowledge* used to be acquired by profound study and deep reading—now how simplified by *Analyses*, *Selections*, *Anas*, *Beauties*, and *Elegant Extracts*.

2. With them, a *good man* was a rarity—we have them by dozens in the City.

3. In the *good old times*, they wasted their strength, digging for gold; fools—"worse poison to men's souls, &c."—we want no mines, a *paper mill* answers all the purpose.

4. Formerly women undressed to go to bed—now, to go abroad. There's *economy*.

5. How is the condition of the *Players* bettered, like every thing else! A Writer of 1600 says,

—"Perchance unto the Cittie players they are come,
Which round about the Towne proclaime their play by sownde of drum ;

Unto the vulgar store of feates and active trickes theil show,
That they upon them to maintaine them something may bestow."
Now they keep their carriages to scorn the country, and make splendid fortunes in a year or two.

6. What was the state of their *Materia Medica*?—Had they in every corner universal and never-failing remedies for all incurable complaints?

7. Then *travelling*—Had they *steam boats*, *telegraph stages*, and *flying waggons*!

8. Wasn't it in their time, 64 miles to Brighton, and now only 49?

9. What would *Cæsar*, so ashamed of his baldness, have given for such a head of hair as Mr. Money deposited in the *Conservatory of Arts* in Paris?

10. *Second sight* was certainly something, but we can see the *invisible girl*.

11. They talked of *humanity*, it is true; but when did they ever leave it to a prisoner's option whether he would be hanged or no? Did they ever put the fairest jewel of the Crown in the cap of a Bank Clerk or Attorney, to give the culprit leave to plead the minor offence? There is hope we shall soon proceed in the same with murder, and let the murderer plead the minor offence—manslaughter. It should also be observed that we have in Scotland a *Professor of Humanity*; and in England a *Society* expressly for the purpose of being *humane*.

12. Then their *Trade*—a pretty trade for the consumer indeed, by comparison with that of the present happy time, when every thing is selling "*under prime cost*."

13. Their *Philosophy* too—their everlasting boast—What was it, but a search after *truth*? A pleasant thing to find truly, and get put into the pillory for a *libel*!

14. And their *Mathematics*—Did they not stick at *squaring the circle*? A thing done every day by our coal-merchants, who make all their "*round coals*" square.

15. Their ignorance of true *Wealth* is more absurd than all. Is it not proved by our Ministers, that it does not consist in how much you possess, but in how much you *owe*? Increase your debt, you increase your riches; and, consequently, to the greatest portion of *wit*, the Fleet, the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and Newgate, add the largest share of *wealth*!

16. In days of yore, *Vice* was triumphant, now we can have none, as we have a *Society* to suppress it.

17. A foolish notion once obtained, that the navy was the bulwark of the country. Prodigious error! A slovenly set of fellows, neither ornamental nor useful; while a *standing army*, how ornamental! and in collecting taxes, as well as increasing them, and keeping the people quiet, how *useful*!

18. If they valued themselves on their *Sympathy*, how far did it extend? Had they "*Sympathetic tables*?"

19. Men have never been truly and worthily ambitious till now. Anacreon says that Nature gave teeth to the lion, sense to man, and beauty to woman, and the last superior to all. Seeing this, do we not wear *stays*, and imitate women in all their delicate graces, thus nobly aiming at superiority, as it becomes the Lords of the Creation!

Fæmina quid faciet, cum vir sit lævior ipsâ?

20. Heretofore *Life* was divided like the Seasons, but at present we order matters better, and man, aye, and woman too, enjoy an *eternal spring*. Look at them, and doubt it if you can. A man now, verging on sixty, will think of a divorce, which Nature has, to all intents and purposes, long since pronounced; but it is a reasonable deception in one, whose glass tells him that he is the *Prince of Dandies*.

21. "*Charity begins at home*," is an adage complimentary to those of other days, but are we less deserving? Witness the *TRUSTEES* to *Charitable Institutions*.

I have no patience to proceed with our manifold improvements. In truth, we are the *Ancients*, and not those who lived in the infancy of the world. This is "*th' olden time*" in which we breathe, and the world's antiquity is evident by its decay and abundant *corruption*. Let us be proud!

October 1.

ANECDOTE.—A Gentleman passing Lymington Church, when under repair, observed to one of the workmen, that he thought it would be an expensive job: "Why, yes," replied he, "in my opinion we shall accomplish what our Rev. Divine has endeavoured to do for the last thirty years, but in vain—bring all the parish to repentance!"

A Visit to the Monastery of La Trappe, in 1807, by W. D. Fellowes, esq.

WE purpose to present our readers with some extracts from Mr. Fellowes's intelligent and elegant book, descriptive of this most singular institution.

The ancient monastery of La Trappe is situated in the province of Le Perche, in the department of La Vendée, and is distant from Mortagne about 25 miles. At this last-named place Mr. Fellowes procured a letter of introduction to the Grand Prior of the monastery; and having obtained the attendance of a guide, he set forward.

We travelled [says our author], after leaving the main road, at the distance of a league, through a country scarcely appearing to be inhabited. Here and there a lone cot, a mere speck, met the eye amidst a landscape composed of nothing but barren wastes and thick forests, nearly impervious to the light. * * * After traversing a rocky plain, covered with heath and wild thyme, where some herds of sheep and goats were browsing, attended by the shepherd, we entered the Forest of Bellegarde. This forest spreads over a large extent of country, and is so dark and intricate, that those best acquainted with it frequently lose their way. No vestige of human footsteps or of the track of animals appeared; a mark, here and there, on some of the trees, was the only direction! Pursuing our way through turnings and windings the most perplexing, we found ourselves to be on the overhanging brow of a hill, the descent of which was so precipitous, that we were under the necessity of dismounting; and by a winding path, hollowed out in its side, descended through a sort of labyrinth towards the valley, whose sides were clothed with lofty woods, rising one above the other. The valley itself is interspersed with three lakes, connected with each other, and forming a sort of moat around the ground; in the centre of which appears the venerable abbey of La Trappe, with its dark gray towers, the deep tone of whose bell had previously announced to us, that we had nearly reached our journey's end.

The situation of this monastery was well adapted to the founder's views, and to suggest the name it originally received of La Trappe, from the intricacy of the road which descends to it, and the difficulty of access or egress, which exists even to this day, though the woods have been much thinned since the Revolution. Perhaps there never was any thing in the whole universe better calculated to inspire religious awe than the first view of this monastery. It was imposing even to breathlessness. The total solitude, the undisturbed and chilling silence, which seem to have ever slept over the dark and ancient woods—the still lakes, reflecting the deep solemnity of the objects around them—all impress a powerful image of utter seclusion and hopeless separation from living man, and appear formed at once to court and gratify the sternest austerities of devotion—to nurse the fanaticism of diseased imaginations—to humour the wildest fancies—and promote the gloomiest schemes of penance and privation!

In descending the steep and intricate path the traveller frequently loses sight of the abbey, until he has actually reached the bottom; then emerging from the wood, the following inscription is seen carved on a wooden cross:

C'est ici que la mort et que la vérité
Elèvent leurs flambeaux terribles;
C'est de cette demeure, au monde inaccessible,
Que l'on passe à l'éternité.

In the absence of the Grand Prior, Mr. Fellowes had every facility afforded him of inspecting the convent by Frère Charle, the Prior's secretary, "whose manners and general deportment [says our author] bespoke him a well-bred gentleman." On the evening of his arrival Mr. F. saw the monks assembled at supper:

Ranged in double rows, with their heads enveloped in a large cowl, and bent down to the earth, they chanted the grace, and then seated themselves. During the repast one of them, standing, read passages from Scripture, reminding them of death, and of the shortness of human existence; another went round the whole community, and on his knees kissed their feet in succession, throwing himself prostrate on the floor at intervals before the image of our Saviour; a third remained on his knees the whole time, and in that attitude took his repast. These penitents had committed some fault, or neglected their religious duties, of which, according to the regulations, they had accused themselves, and were in consequence doomed to the above modes of penance.

We proceed with our extracts, which will be found to describe the general economy, as well as the history, of the monastery:

The refectory was furnished with long wooden tables and benches; each person was provided with a trencher, a jug of water, and a eup, having on it the name of the brother to whom it is appropriated, as Frère Paul, Frère François, &c. which name they assume on taking the vow. Their supper consisted of bread soaked in water, a little salt, and two raw carrots, placed by each; water alone is their beverage. The dinner is varied with a little cabbage or other vegetables: they very rarely have cheese, and never meat, fish, or eggs. The bread is of the coarsest kind possible.

Their bed is a small truckle, boarded, with a single covering, generally a blanket, no mattress nor pillow; and, as in the former time, no fire is allowed but one in the great hall, which they never approach.

The following morning the matin bell summoned me to the Convent, and Frère Charle attended me to the burial-ground: here have been deposited the remains of two of the brothers, deceased since the restoration of their order in 1814. Another grave was ready prepared; as soon as an interment takes place, one being always opened for the next that may die.

The number of Monks who have taken the vow are not in proportion to the others, who are lay brothers, and *Frères Donnés*; in all there are about one hundred, besides novices, who are principally composed of boys, and who do not wear the same habit. The Trappistes, who compose the first order, are clothed in dark brown, with brown mantle and hood; the others are in white, with brown mantle and hood. I occasionally caught a glimpse of their faces, but it was only momentarily; and I can easily believe, with their perpetual silence, that two people well known to each other might inhabit the same spot, without ever being aware of it, so completely are their faces hidden by their large cowl. The Trappistes, or first order, are distinguished by the appellation of *Frères Convers*, the others by that of *Religieux de Cœur*.

The hardships undergone by these monks appear almost insupportable to human nature, and notwithstanding the immense number of deaths occasioned by their rigorous austerities, the Cenobites of La Trappe, at the suppression of their order, amounted to one hundred monks, sixty-nine lay brothers, and fifty-six *Frères Donnés*. The inmates are classed under these three heads; but the lay brothers, who take the same vows, and follow the same rules, are principally employed as servants, and in transacting the temporal concerns of the abbey. The *Frères Donnés* are brothers given for a time; these last are not properly belonging to the order, they are rather religious persons, whose business or connexions prevent their joining the order absolutely, but who, wishing to renew various impressions, or to retire from the world for a given period, come here and conform strictly to the regulations while they remain

without wishing to join the order for life. Many persons on their first conversion, or after some peculiar dispensations of Providence, retire here for a season. In the refectory I observed a board hung up, with "*Table pour l'Office Divin*" written over it, and under it the regulations or order of service to be performed for that week, which are occasionally varied, but never diminished in their rigour. Frère Charle said, that the whole were strictly observed, and were frequently much more severe; for the Père Abbé had instituted more austere regulations than formerly, with the only one exception, of the sick being allowed medicines; and, in cases of great debility, a small quantity of meat.

The Table "*pour l'Office Divin*" was as follows:

Dimanche	12 Leçons et Communion.
Lundi	3 Leçons.
Mardi	12 Leçons—à jeun—Travail.
Mercredi	12 Leçons.
Jeudi	3 Leçons.
Vendredi	12 Leçons—à jeun—Travail.
Samedi	12 Leçons—à jeun—Travail.

Their mode of life and regulations exist nearly in the same state as established by the founder: in reciting them, such horrible perversions of human nature and reason make it almost difficult to believe the existence of so severe an order, and lead us to wonder at the artificial miseries which the ingenuity of pious but morbid enthusiasm can inflict upon itself. The abstinence practised at La Trappe allows not the use of meat, fish, eggs, or butter; and a very limited quantity of bread and vegetables. They only eat twice a day; which meals consist of a slender repast at about eleven in the morning, and two ounces of bread and two raw carrots in the evening: both together do not at any time exceed twelve ounces. The same spirit of mortification is observable in their cells, which are very small, and have no other furniture than a bed of boards, a human skull, and a few religious books.

Silence is at all times rigidly maintained; conversation is never permitted: should two of them even be seen standing near each other, though pursuing their daily labour, and preserving the strictest silence, it is considered as a violation of their vow, and highly criminal; each member is therefore as completely insulated as if he alone existed in the monastery. None but the Père Abbé knows the name, age, rank, or even the native country of any member of the community: every one, at his first entrance, assumes another name; and, with his former appellation, each is supposed to abjure, not only the world, but every recollection and memorial of himself and connexions: no word ever escapes from his lips by which the others can possibly guess who he is, or where he comes from; and persons of the same name, family, and neighbourhood, have often lived together in the Convent for years, unknown to each other, without having suspected their proximity.

On the great festivals they rise at midnight; otherwise they are not called until three quarters past one: at two they assemble in the chapel, where they perform different services, public and private, until seven in the morning, according to the regulations of the week, as exemplified in the "*Table pour l'Office Divin*." At this hour they go out to labour in the open air. Their work is of the most fatiguing kind, is never intermitted, winter or summer, and admits of no relaxation from the state of the weather.

When their labour is over, they go into chapel for a short time, until eleven o'clock, the hour of repast; at a quarter after eleven they read till noon, and afterwards lie down to rest for an hour: they are then summoned into the garden, where they again work until three; then read again for three quarters of an hour, and retire for another quarter to their

private meditations, by way of preparation for vespers, which begin at four, and end at six; at seven they again enter the Chapel, and at eight they leave it, and retire to rest.

At the hour of their first repast, I again attended Frère Charle to the eating-room, where nearly the same forms were observed as at their evening-meal; a small basin of boiled cabbage, two raw carrots, and a small piece of black bread, with a jug of water, constituted their solitary meal. * * *

The Monastery of La Trappe is one of the most ancient Abbeys of the order of Benedictines: it was established under the pontificate of Innocent the Second, during the reign of Louis VII. in the year 1140, by Rotron, the second Count of Perche, and is said to have been built to accomplish a vow, made in the peril of shipwreck. In commemoration of this circumstance, the roof was made in the shape of the bottom of a ship inverted. It was founded under the auspices of Saint Bernard, the first Abbot of Clairvaux, the celebrated preacher in favour of the Crusades. Many ages, however, had elapsed, since its first institution, when the Father Abbot de Rancé, the celebrated reformer of his time, determined to become a member, whose singular history and conversion was the subject of a poem by Monsieur Barthe. * * *

M. de Rancé lived forty years at the head of this singular society, and the same ardor and piety continued to distinguish him to the last.—The excess of self-denial and discipline, exercised by this order, which might readily be doubted, became more known especially to this country, at the time of the French Revolution, when they shared the fate of dissolution with the various religious orders in France. On that occasion many of them sought an asylum in England, and were settled in Dorsetshire, where they received the kind protection and benevolent assistance of Mr. Weld, until the restoration enabled most of them to return; and, surprising as it may appear in the present age, notwithstanding the perpetual violence imposed by their regulations on every human feeling, many are found anxious to enter the establishment.

Mr. Fellowes concludes his interesting account of his visit to La Trappe by saying,

I took my leave of the Convent with feelings which I will not pretend to describe, but which, together with the impressions I received when I first entered it, and the whole circumstances of my visit, I am conscious of retaining while "Memory holds her seat."

A New Saint.—The beatification of a new Saint was celebrated at Rome in the Church of the Vatican on the 20th ult. He was of the order of the Jacobins, and a Spaniard. His name is Francis Possadas. He was born the 25th of November, 1644, and died Sept. 20, 1713. Pope Pius VII. declared, on the 4th of August, 1804, that Francis Possadas possessed, in an heroic degree, theological and cardinal virtues; on the 9th of May, 1817, he added, that out of the three miracles attributed to the intercession of the venerable Possadas, two of the three were certain; and on the 8th of September of the same year, he announced that his beatification might safely be undertaken!

Anthony Benezet disapproved of the often over-rated testimonies recorded of the dead, and requested a venerable friend to use his exertions, if he should survive him, to prevent any posthumous memorial concerning him, should his friends manifest a disposition to offer such a tribute of affection to his memory; adding to the injunction,—“But if they will not regard my desire, they may say—ANTHONY BENEZET was a poor creature, and, through Divine favour, was enabled to know it.”

By a private letter from French Flanders, we have the following singular yet true circumstance:—In a monastery near Ailworth, a monk, being tired of his confinement, endeavoured to get released, but finding he could not, was exasperated to such a degree as to threaten to burn that place down, of which the Prior being informed, confined him in a cell, which was so small that he could scarce lie down or turn himself round, where he was fed on bread and water for the space of 36 years; and when he grew weak and sick, they took him out and administered nourishment and cordials until he was recovered, when he was sent back again to his former habitation. A lady who lived near, happened to hear the groans of some human being; upon which she sent to the monastery, and enquired into the reason, and was told the above: then she interceded for his releasement, but the relentless father would not comply, upon which she sent to the Parliament at Paris, representing his case, who sent an order for his being released. When he was almost gone, on being asked, how long he had been confined, he replied, an hundred years; they shewed him an Almanack, and asked him, if he could explain it? which he did; by which, and several questions asked him, it was calculated that he had been confined in that dark dungeon as long as the aforementioned time.

WILDERNESS OF MOUNT SINAI.

[From Muller's Universal History.]

A sandy desert, 200 leagues in extent, stretches from the borders of Egypt towards the mouth of the Euphrates. Where the two arms of the Arabian Gulf extend themselves into the land, a lofty mountain rises, which abounds in green pastures and pleasant valleys; every where else the whole life of nature seems extinguished in wastes of sand. Far hence, towards Canaan, there is not found a shrub nor any vestige of soil; nothing is seen but the heaven and burning sand, strewn with vast fragments which have been thrown down by earthquakes from the rocky mountains, and which testify the former operations of subterraneous fire. The highest summit is a granitic rock on Mount Sinai, about 22 feet wide, and 12 feet long. These heights and pastures breathe the balmy perfume of fragrant vegetation; secret recesses conceal fountains of cool water, and even ice and snow; while in the plains, the burning sand resembles a fluctuating sea of fire.

In this frightful atmosphere every object is magnified—every thing becomes prodigious and wonderful. A bird appears as large as a camel: the storms heap up the sand into hills, and transport these hills from place to place. Wherever, in spots which nature favours, fountains spring forth, the noble palm rises to view. Excellent pastures are found; and woods, in which the salutiferous resin distils from some plants, while others are covered with manna.

Such is the vicinity of Mount Horeb, which is the half of Sinai, and is separated from the latter by a deep valley. On one of these hills, the most ancient tribes of the desert paid their adorations every fifth year to an unknown God. Every scene of terror inspires the sentiment of devotion, and nature here displays the acts of Omnipotence. A hill extends on both sides of Faran, where, for a league in extent, the rocks are engraven with huge characters, to the height of about 14 feet, which no man has yet been able to decypher. Are these the letters of the first Phœnicians, older than Tyus, and her mother Sidon? or the most ancient memorials of the traditions handed down by the Patriarchs? or have the Garyndes and the men of Mara here recorded their resorts to the five years' festival, as the 72 Princes of China on the marbles of Tai-chan?"

HERMIT.—There is now at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, a young Man, by the name of JOHNS GROVES, in his 28th year, who offers himself as a HERMIT, for a term of five or seven years, to any Gentleman in Wilts, Hants, Dorset, Somerset, or Gloucester. He has not shaved for the last twelve months, and his beard is nine inches in length at this time. His terms are,—for five years, an Annuity of 60 Guineas per annum for life, from the period of coming out;—for seven years, an Annuity of 100 Guineas per annum for life, from the period of coming out. The Gentleman engaging him to find him in all necessary food and clothes during the period of his seclusion, and to pay his travelling expences to the place fixed upon from his present residence.—Letters (post paid) addressed to J. Groves, carpenter, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, (where he has lived the last eighteen years,) will be duly attended to. 1814 6139

Trial by Ordeal.—A correspondent of the *Bombay Courier* of May 30 gives the following account of a trial by ordeal which he had lately witnessed:

The Koolies of a village in the northernmost part of Guzerat were accused of having seized and imprisoned a Bohra, and of extorting a bond from him for 450 rupees. The Thakurda, or chief, a Khemaria Koolie, named Wagajee, denied every part of the charge, and, for the proof of his innocence and that of his people, offered to submit to trial by any kind of ordeal. It is a very common mode of deciding disputes in this part of the country, and is called, by the natives of Guzerat, Dheej; or the oath, also Dewya. The kinds of ordeal common here are dipping the hand in boiling oil, and the placing a red-hot shot in the hand of the accused, or a red-hot bar of iron on his neck. The Bohra agreed to the trial, and it was determined the Koolie should immerse his hand in a vessel of boiling oil. A large copper pot, called by the natives Kurye, full of oil, was put on a fire in the market-place, and a pair of blacksmiths' bellows applied until it became very hot; a rupee was then thrown into it. The Koolie came forward, stripped himself, and bathed, saying his prayers, and protesting his innocence: he resisted all attempts to dissuade him from the trial. *** After the ceremonies, Wagajee walked up to the oil, which appeared boiling, and with great unconcern dipped his hand into it, and laid hold of the rupee, which however slipped out of his fingers into the oil again; he then held up his hand, that the spectators might satisfy themselves of his veracity. I examined his hand: it appeared as if he had merely put it in cold oil, there were no signs of burn or scald whatever upon it. He was absolved, and dismissed with a present of a new turban, amidst the gratulations of his friends and the multitude. I do not believe, after all, that a very large proportion of the people present were convinced of the Koolie's honesty or freedom from guilt in the affair.

HISTORICAL FATE OF THE DANDIES.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some Beaux introduced long swords and high ruffs, which approached the royal standard in such articles, when her Majesty appointed officers to break every man's sword, and clip all ruffs which were beyond a certain length. The utmost consternation followed, but the Queen was inexorable and the Beaux defeated.

The Dandies, in the reign of Charles the First, wore what were called *love locks* at the left side of the head, which so incensed Mr. Prynne, that he wrote a quarto book against them, and after a protracted struggle, attended with various success, the Dandies, in the reign of Charles the Second, compromised the love locks for a slender pair of whiskers.

Cowley, in his discourse "Of Greatness," censures some enormities in the dress of the female Dandies of his time in the following manner:—

"Is any thing more common than to see our Ladies of Quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up?"

Soon after the Restoration the perriwig was introduced from France to England, and worn among the Dandies, to the great consternation of the Judges, Divines, and Physicians of that day, who understood the magic of the wig, and were wont to give it all the advantage of length as well as size. Many Preachers inveighed against the perriwig from the pulpit; and Mr. Wood states that Nathaniel Vincent, D.D. Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, preached before him at Newmarket in a perriwig, according to the then fashion; and that his Majesty was so offended at it that he commanded the Duke of Monmouth, Chancellor to the University of Cambridge, to see the statutes concerning decency of apparel put in execution, which was done accordingly. It seemed the King cared little to enforce a strict observance of form in the dress of the female Dandies, for just about the same time that the Cambridge statutes were enforcing decency of apparel among the male Dandies, poor Richard Baxter was engaged in publishing a book, entitled "*A just and seasonable Reprehension of naked Breasts and Shoulders.*"

Dr. Grainger says that he scarce ever saw a portrait of a Lady by Sir Peter Lely, in this style of dress, but he thought of the following passage of Seneca:—

"Video sericas vestes, si vestes vocandæ sunt, in quibus nihil est quo defendi aut corpus, aut denique pudor possit: quibus sumptis, mulier parum liquido nudam se non esse jurabit."

What fate awaits the Dandies of the present day it is difficult to surmise; we fear no artist has taken the trouble to preserve one of their figures for the historian's comment.

VENTRILLOQUISM.—A few days since in passing through a country town during a fair, M. COMTE met an old woman driving a pig—"how much for your pig, dame?" "sixty guineas," said she; "Does your pig talk?" "I dare say he does," replied the old woman rather surly; "perhaps he may prattle as well as you;" "we shall soon know that," answered the Ventriloquist; and taking the pig by the two ears, the animal appeared distinctly to pronounce these words—"My mistress is an impostor, I'm old and rusty, and not worth half-a-crown." The poor old woman on hearing this declaration from her pig fainted away, and the bye-standers concluded that the pig was bewitched, notwithstanding all the persuasions of the Ventriloquist, M. COMTE, to the contrary.

THE TRAGEDY OF GEORGE BARNWELL.—When Mr. Ross performed the character of *George Barnwell*, in 1752, the son of an eminent merchant, was so struck with certain resemblances to his own perilous situation (arising from the arts of a real *Millwood*), that his agitation brought on a dangerous illness, in the course of which he confessed his error, was forgiven by his father, and was furnished with the means of repairing the pecuniary wrongs he had privately done his employer. Mr. Ross says—"Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words—'A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by witnessing Mr. Ross's performance of *George Barnwell.*'"

DIARY OF A MODERN DANDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.
SIR,

For the amusement of your light summer readers I now transmit to you an original MSS. which I accidentally picked up a few weeks ago near the door of Long's Hotel, in Bond-street. From its careless *slipshod* stile it is evidently the production of a *fashionable Dandy*, and I hope it will be deemed worthy of a distinguished place in your *Mirror of Fashion*.

"To shew
The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure."

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
British Collee-house, Sept. 5. ANTI-DANDY.

THE DIARY.

SATURDAY.—Rose at twelve, with a d-d head-ache. *Mem.* Not to drink the *Regent's Punch* after supper.—The green tea kee.s one awake.

Breakfasted at one—Read The Morning Post—the best Paper after all—always full of wit, fine writing, and good news.

Sent for the tailor and stay-maker—ordered a morning *demi-surtout* of the last Parisian cut, with the collar *a la Guillotine*, to shew the neck behind—a pair of dress *Petersham* pantaloons, with striped flounces at bottom—and a pair of *Cumberland* corsets, with the whalebone back.—A caution to the unwary The last pair gave way, in stooping to pick up Lady B's glove—the Duke of C—e vulgar enough to laugh, and asked me in the sea slang, if I had not missed *stays* in tacking.—Find this to be an old joke stolen from the *Fudge Family*—QUERY. Who is Tom Brown?—Not known at Long's, or the Clarendon.

THREE O'CLOCK.—Drove out in the *Dennet*—took a few turns in Pall-mall, St. James's-street and Piccadilly—Got out at Granges—was told the thermometer in the ice cellar was at 80—*prodigious!*—Had three glasses of pine and one of *Curacao*—the Prince's *Fancy*, as P— calls it—P. is a way in his way.

FIVE TO SEVEN.—Dressed for the evening—dined at half-past eight, "nobody with me but myself," as the old Duke of Cumberland said—a neat dinner, in Long's best style, viz. A tureen of turtle, a small turbot, a dish of Carlton—cutlets.—Remove—A turkey poult and an apricot tart.—*Desert*—Pine apple and brandy cherries.

Drank two tumblers of the *Regent's Punch*, iced, and a pint of Madeira—went to the Opera in high spirits—just over—forgot the curtain drops on Saturdays before twelve.—*Mem.*—To dine at seven on Saturdays.

Supped at the Clarendon with the *Dandy Club*—cold collation—played a few rounds of *Chicken Hazard*, and went to bed quite cool.

SUNDAY.—Breakfasted at three—ordered the *Tilbury*—took a round of *Rotten-row* and the *Squeeze*, in Hyde Park—cursedly annoyed with dust in all direct ons—dined soberly with P—m, and I went to the Marchioness of S—y's *Coversations* in the evening—dull, but genteel. P— calls it the *Sunday School*.

N.B. P—m, who is curious in his snuff as well as in his snuff-boxes, has invented a new *mixture*, Wellington's and Blucher's, which he has named, in honour of the meeting of the two heroes, after the battle of Waterloo—*La belle Alliance*—a good hit—not to be sneezed at.

MONDAY.—Dined in the City with Sir W. C.—all the fashion since the Prince went.—A d-d good dinner and capital wines.—The Baronet an hospitable fellow, but vulgar—sent his plate twice for turtle, and drinks beer after his cheese!—P—m was of the party—the Alderman, holding out his finger and thumb, begged a cool pinch—P. said he should have it, and put his box on the ice-pail—a loud laugh—which the Baronet said reminded him of the House of Commons—don't like practical jokes—hate quizzing and quizzers.—N.B. None admitted at our club.—*Cætera desunt.*

"EVERY INCH A KING."—A French writer has given us an Anecdote, which in these times deserves to be repeated. LOUIS XIIITH of France, in answer to those who advised him to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before he came to the throne, replied nobly—"The King of FRANCE does not remember the injuries of the Duke of ORLEANS." A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded of the Emperor ADRIAN, on seeing a person who had injured him in his former station: "You are safe," said he, "I am Emperor."

A YORKSHIRE BRIEF.—A cause came on to be tried a few Circuits back at the York Assizes, in which the defendant had nothing to say against a verdict in favour of the plaintiff. The attorney, however, was to be paid, and the Counsel to be feed; but to neither could the full quantum be due without a Brief. A Brief was accordingly drawn, and presented to the Counsel, worded as follows:—"We have no defence to this action; but please to abuse the Attorney on the opposite side." For the credit of the profession, we trust the Brief was rejected with disdain.

CALEDONIAN COMFORT.—Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the North, who had taken up their quarters for the night, at a *Highland Hotel* in Breadalbane; one of them, next morning, complained to his friend, that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked him how he had slept? "Troth man," replied DONALD, "nae vera weel either, but I was muckle better aff than the *Bugs*, for de'il ane of them closed an e'e the hale night!"

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII).

[From the "New Monthly Magazine"]

A biography of the last Dauphin of France, by M. Eckard, just published with the title of *Memoires historiques sur Louis XVII.* contains some interesting traits of that unfortunate Prince.

So early as his fifth year, this promising child took great delight in gardening; and a small plot of ground was laid out for him in the Park of Versailles. Hither he repaired every morning and gathered flowers for a bouquet, which he laid upon the Queen's toilet before she rose from bed. When the weather prevented him from paying his usual tribute, he would say, "I am not pleased with myself to-day; I have not done any thing for Mamma; I have not earned her morning kiss." When the Royal Family was compelled by the violence of the unworthy populace to remove to Paris, the Prince still retained this innocent propensity. A piece of ground was reserved for him in the garden of the Thuilleries, where he amused himself every morning, and tended his flowers, but not without an escort of the national guards. Many persons in Paris yet remember to have seen this fine child sporting about there with all the *naïveté* of his tender years.

On one of the Queen's birth-days, Louis XVI. told his son that he ought that morning to gather the very finest nosegay he could; and present it to his mother with a little compliment. The Dauphin, after considering a moment, replied:—"Papa, I have in my garden an *immortelle* (everlasting flower); this shall be all my nosegay and my compliment. I will present it to her and say, 'Mamma, I wish that you may be like this flower!'"

After the flight and return of the Royal Family from Varennes, when the Abbé Devaux, his tutor, was about to resume his instructions, he began his first lesson by reminding his pupil that he had broken off in his grammatical studies at the degrees of comparison; but, added he, "You must have forgotten all this, I suppose?"—"Oh, no! you are mistaken," rejoined the Dauphin; "only hear if I have. The *positive* is when I say, my Abbé is a good Abbé—the *comparative* when I say, my Abbé is better than another Abbé—and the *superlative*," he continued, fixing his eyes on the Queen, "is when I say, My Mamma is the kindest and best of all Mammās."

The following is a Copy of a Bill of Fare, for the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Wax Chandlers. (Being Lord Mayor's Day.)

London, Anno Domini, 1478.

Two Loins of Veal, and 2 Loins of Mutton	0	1	4
One Loin of Beef.....	0	0	4
A dozen Pigeons and a dozen Rabbits.....	0	0	9
One Pig and one Capon.....	0	1	0
One Goose and 100 Eggs.....	0	1	0½
One Leg of Mutton.....	0	0	2½
Two Gallons of Sack.....	0	1	4
Eighteen gallons of Strong Ale, at one penny per gallon.....	0	1	6

Total expense of Dinner 0 7 6.

PUNCTUATION.—JOSEPH SCALIGER, who died at Leyden in 1609, says—"The use of commas and semicolons was in my time invented by MANUTIUS, and entirely unknown to the ancients." Fashionable people rarely use any stops whatever; and in this practice they are countenanced by *Acts of Parliament* and *Deeds*, in which no stops are ever inserted. For the latter there is a reason (which it is not fair to expect in the writings of the former), and it is, that the Courts of Law, in construing them, may read them with such stops as will give effect to the whole.—See 4. *Termin. Rep. Doe and Martin*.

OATH OF A JUDGE.—The oath of a Deemster, or Judge, in the Isle of Man, runs thus:—

"By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in Heaven above, and in the earth beneath, in six days and seven nights, I ———, do swear that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly, betwixt our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within the Isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's back bone doth lie in the middle of

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

In the month of June last, in the cemetery of *Pere Lachaise* at Paris, near the cemetery of the Israelites, the foundation of the sepulchral Chapel of Heloise and Abelard was laid on piles. This monument is now completely rebuilt. Abelard died at the Priory of St. Marcel of Chalons-sur-Marne, April 21, 1143, and was buried there. Peter of Cluny sent his body privately to the Paraclete to Heloise: she placed the coffin of her lover in a Chapel called *le petit Moustier*, which Abelard had built. Heloise died May 17, 1163; she was 63 years old. Her body was joined to that of her husband. In 1497 the common coffin was transferred to the great church of the monastery, but the bones of each body were separated and a tomb was erected on each side of the choir. In 1680, Mary of La Rochefoucault placed the two tombs in the chapel of the Trinity.

In 1766, Madame de Rouarre de la Rochefoucault conceived the plan of erecting a new monument to the lovers: it was not executed till after her death. This monument was formed of a group of the Trinity, which Abelard had caused to be sculptured, and of a pedestal which contained the inscription—"Hic sub eodem marmore jacent hujus monasterii conditor, Petrus Abelardus, et Abbatissa Heloissa, olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis, et penitentia, nunc eternâ quod speramus felicitate conjuncti." Here under the same stone lie Peter Abelard, the founder of this Monastery, and the Abbess Heloise, once united in studies, in disposition, in love, in their ill-fated nuptials and their repentance, now, let us hope, in eternal happiness."

In 1792, before the sale of the Paraclete, the remains of Heloise and Abelard were brought to the church Nogent-sur-Seine, where they were placed in a private vault. They were in one coffin, with a plate of lead between them.

In 1800 (year 8) they were brought to Paris—then M. Alexandre Lenoir, Director of the Museum of French Monuments, raised a chapel of the 12 century in the garden of the Museum. In 1814 this monument was displaced, and in 1815 placed the third course of the Museum.

In June 1817 they were temporarily placed in the Church of St. Germain-des-Prés, and afterwards in a room of the House in the cemetery of Mont Louis, till they were at last deposited in the stone sarcophagus in the centre of the sepulchral chapel of which we have spoken. On the 7th Nov. this last solemnity took place.—(*Paris Paper*).

ANECDOTE.—Amongst the *deliramenta* of the learned, which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank. Some years ago, there were several large elm trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, Doctors Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of convocation of aerial Ecclesiastics. A young gentleman, who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game, by means of a cross bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study, that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, or, as it may be said, without using a figure, *hopp'd the twig*, making no sign, nor any sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profitless* time of peace, and the Doctor, having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length fully satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery, that its promulgation would give wings to his fame, and that he was fated by means of these rooks to say,

"Volito vivus per ora virârum."

His goose-quill and foolscap were quickly in requisition, and he actually wrote a *treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion, giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that rooks were subject to *epilepsy*!

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD JUDGE.—It is related that an Eastern Prince, on being informed that one of his Judges had been guilty of an iniquitous judgment, ordered him to be flayed, and his skin to be stuffed into the cushion of the seat of justice. His successor, it is remarked, was the most upright Judge that ever existed; but, it is added, that he was on many occasions observed to wriggle very much in his seat.

MEMORABILIA OF 1818.

THERE are many matters of daily occurrence which pass rapidly into oblivion, without attracting even a moment's notice—yet do some of these bubbles upon the stream of time merit a slight glance ere they burst and mingle in the undistinguishable tide for ever. The following, picked from the Journals of the last month, appear worthy of this distinction:—

An *Amateur Clergyman* patronizes a boxing match, by betting 100 guineas on *Cabbage*, of Bristol, who won for his friend, by "hitting his adversary senseless."

By sending to a grocer's shop for black tea, you obtain alder leaves—for green, sloe leaves dried with copperas. This encourages home manufactories, instead of dealing with the sancy ko-tou-forcing Chinese.

For heating foreign Coffee you get nutritive vegetable powder of native horse beans.

Flour of Mustard is altered into flour and mustard; being much less pungent, and therefore more agreeable, as it never brings tears into your eyes, nor bites your children's tongues.

Yellow ochre modifies the intolerable heat of ginger; and rapeseed (divested of its oil) does the same good office for pepper. Wine is made of every thing except grapes. In short, there is not one article of commerce sold in its genuine coarse state, unimproved by the arts and sciences of modern ingenuity.

A Judge upon the bench says that children ought to be hanged for thefts! and it is now customary for the Catchpoles, after the verdicts are pronounced, to instruct the court whether the prisoners deserve rigour or mercy. Smollett's ladder of promotion is therefore no caricature—as the Turnkey is friend or foe, he influences the Police-officer, who influences the Judge, who influences the Home-Secretary, who influences the Prince, and men are pardoned or executed as willeth the Gaoler!!—The familiarity and sort of slang with which convicts are addressed from the seat of judgment is very injurious to its solemnity and dignity. It is well reprov'd in the following

IMPROPTU

On reading the close of an *Old Baily Report*, stating "The R— then said, Prisoner; you are much too clever a man to be suffered to remain in this country"

The R— resolved after grave consultation,
That Nott was too clever to stay in the nation;
No talents in leaving the realm would complain,
If his own are the standard of those that remain.

A Reformer somewhere about Reading thus defines his object, "*the term Revolution I spurn, because I have no such intention. I urge and support reform in order to prevent revolution. . . . Our business is not to insist on personal likings or dislikings, but to hang together for the great object of removing the WHOLE SYSTEM, of which the very basis is corruption.*" Simpletons have thought that "*removing a whole system*" was "*revolution*"!!

The British Museum has recently made many invaluable acquisitions in the arts and literature, and yet continue the irregular practice of throwing its doors open to the public gratuitously. This is highly reprehensible, as all our other national institutions, palaces, churches, tombs, &c. take full prices for admission, like theatres, exhibitions, and shows, which evidently prevents many improper persons from visiting them.

Poor Miss Angelina M**** deserted by that deceiver L—, after he had gained her affections, she resolved on self-destruction; and contriving to procure a phial of *laudanum* at the chemist's, the wretched girl swallowed the whole draught. Soon were its fatal effects visible on this victim of love, who thus precipitated herself, at the age of eighteen, and full of beauty, towards the grave. To her distracted family she now disclosed the dreadful secret, and medical aid was called in; but alas! in vain, for the quantity of the oblivious liquid, and the length of time it had been taken, forbade the hope of counteracting its effect. The hapless Angelina suffered excruciating pangs, but a deep sleep soon closed her agonies.—When she awoke next morning, however, though with a violent head-ach, she was not sorry to find herself in the land of the living, owing to the pseudo opium having been entirely adulterated, as usual, and the extract of poppy, to supply its narcotic power forgotten. By this curious coincidence, the adulterer saved the victim of the seducer.—*Literary Gaz.*

ANECDOTE.—Some time ago, a professor of training (well known in Nottingham), who was suffering from a severe and painful illness, which threatened the most serious consequences, sent for an old friend to lay open his heart to him, which he did in the following terms:—"I am glad to see you; I have not long to stay here, and I am now preparing for a better place; I feel the hand of death upon me, and secrets now are of no use to me; but have sent to you as an old friend, to tell you upon the faith of a dying and honest man, whatever you do, don't bet against *Merlin* for the St. Leger. I have gammoned many, but never gammoned you; but that's all over now; so farewell, God bless you, and be an honest man."

CHINESE SAVOURY BANQUETS.

(From *Abel's Journey in China.*)

AS we passed down the river, a large number of pigs, which formed part of some imperial supplies to the ships, died and were thrown overboard, proving rich prizes to many Chinese, who in small boats attended the ship to pick up any animal or vegetable matter that might be ejected from them. On obtaining a carcase, they immediately cut it up, washed, and salted it, and no doubt sold it to other European ships as prime meat; not because they disliked such food, for no disease disqualifies the carcase of an animal for the butchers' shambles in China, but because they considered the entrails delicious fare.

The Chinese are less fastidious than perhaps any other people in the choice of their food; feeding on those animals which amongst other nations are considered unclean, and upon the parts of animals which are usually rejected with disgust. They prove indeed that the means of human sustenance are much more numerous and widely diffused than is commonly supposed. The wealthy, indeed, live upon food which all over the world would be considered wholesome and luxurious; and of the kinds of meat consumed by other nations, like beef the least and pork the most; to these they add venison, sharks fins, *bêche de mer*, and birds' nests bought at enormous prices. The middling classes live chiefly upon rice and on pork, which we found the best meat in China; horse-flesh is eaten by the Tartars and is sold in the markets at a higher price than beef. It has been justly remarked by some writer, that it would be much more difficult to say what the lower class of Chinese do not, than what they do eat. Dogs, cats, and rats, are exposed for sale in the markets, and eaten by those who can afford to purchase other food. In a shop at Ta-tung the same price, about eighteenpence, was asked of one of the Embassy for a pheasant and a cat. In a country where a dreadful destruction of vegetable food is sometimes produced by the ravages of locusts, it is fortunate if the inhabitants can find nourishment in the bodies of their plunderers; and that such is the case in China, where, according to the statement of various writers, swarms of locusts in some provinces often eat up every "green thing," is not improbable, as our boatmen considered grasshoppers roasted alive a very delicate repast. The ordinary nutriment of these people, like that of all the lowest class of Chinese, was what Adam Smith has fitly called the "nastiest garbage." They fattened on the blood and entrails of the fowls killed in our boats, and eagerly seized the vilest offals that could be rejected from a slaughter-house; and when these could not be obtained, ate rice or millet, seasoned with a preparation of putrid fish that sent forth a stench quite intolerable to European organs. The Chinese, as De Guignes has remarked, are utterly insensible to bad smells.

GREENLAND MISSIONARIES.—Hans Egede Sabaaye, who was himself one of this devoted class, has given an unaffected yet forcible delineation of the feelings of the Missionary and his family during the long and lonely Greenland year. They have one bright epoch; for it is a blithe and happy time to them when the ice is loosened from the rocky coast, and they can expect the arrival of the vessel, which alone reaches them in their solitude. Often deceived by the floating ice-berg forming itself, in mockery, into the shape of the friendly visitant—at length they see the white sails and the masts, and now she is riding safe at anchor in the bay. By this vessel their wants are supplied. The active and pious housewife, of whom our missionary always speaks with tranquil affection, busies herself in arranging the stores for the ensuing twelvemonth. There are letters, too, from friends and from relations, and books, and newspapers; and banished as they are, they live again in Denmark, in their "*father land*."—These hours of innocent happiness soon glide away; the ship sails; and the Missionary and the partner of his toils remain behind, solitary and forsaken. To this season of bitterness succeeds the gloom of the polar night. A few days before the 26th of November, Sabaaye used to climb the high rocks, from whence, at noon, he could just see the sun dimly shining, with a soft and pallid light, and then the sun sunk, and he bade farewell to the eye of creation with heaviness and grief. A dubious twilight continued till the beginning of December—then darkness ruled. The stream, near which Sabaaye's house was situated, roared beneath the ice; the sea dashed and foamed over the rocks, bursting in foam against his windows; and the dogs filled the air with long continued moans. His journeys at Christmas time were performed by moon-light, or whilst the merry north light danced and streamed in the sky. About the 12th of January, the rays of the rising sun glittered on the rocks. He rose bright in radiance,

Breaking the lubber bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him,
and the world startled from its torpor. They also felt a new life within them,—they looked forward to spring and summer, and the ship from Denmark.

WHIMSICAL STORY.

The following whimsical circumstance took place lately at the Black Swan Inn, at York:—An honest son of *Nephtune*, travelling northwards, having put up there for the night, had desired the chambermaid to call him early the next morning, as he wished to proceed on his journey by the coach; "and," added he, "as I am a very sound sleeper, you will most likely be obliged to come in and shake me." Accordingly he left his door unfastened, and soon fell asleep. The next morning, when he awoke, he found the sun was high, and the coach must have left him some hours behind. Vexation was his first feeling, the next was that of vengeance against the faithless Molly. Accordingly he proceeded to inform himself of the time of day, that he might tax her accurately with her omission, aggravated, in his mind, by every additional hour that he had lost, but after groping for some time under his pillow for his watch, it was not to be found! This effectually roused him, and he launched at once out of bed, but no sooner found himself on his feet, than he discovered that his clothes had likewise vanished. It was now evident to him that he had been robbed, but a little more rubbing of the eye convinced him that he must have been also *stolen himself*, as the room, bed, and furniture, were all strange to him! Indeed, he was positive in his own mind that he had never beheld them before. It was equally clear that he had gone to bed sober—so, being completely puzzled, Jack sat himself down on the bed to make a calculation, as he had often done at sea, in order to discover, if possible, in what precise part of the globe he just then happened to be, and how he came there. He had read of the Enchanted Carpet, by which persons could be transported to the remotest parts of the world in the twinkling of an eye; but he never had heard that these fairy tricks had been played at or near York, to which place he had now distinctly traced himself by his *log*. His next thought was to *take an observation*—i. e. by looking out of the window; but he could observe nothing but tops of houses. This view, however, rejoiced his sight; for, thought he, I am still in a civilized country—this place *may be York*, where, if my senses do not deceive me, I went to bed last—at all events, I shall have justice done me. But the enigma still remained unexplained, and poor Jack had no clothes to go in quest of a solution. At last he spied a hell rope, and giving it a hearty tug, he leaped into bed again to wait the issue, come who might. It was no enchanter who answered this summons, but only poor Molly. "So, you are there; are you? Pray why did you not call me at seven o'clock, as I desired you?"—"I did, Sir, but you did not answer me."—"Then why did you not come in and shake me?"—"I did come in, Sir, but you were gone."—"I tell you I have not been out of bed all night; you must have gone to the wrong room."—"No, Sir, I went to No. 22, the room that I put you in last night; besides, there was your watch under the pillow, your impression in the bed, and your clothes placed ready for putting on."—"Then, where the devil am I? and how came I here?"—"You are a story higher, Sir—just over your own room."—Our hero was now satisfied that he had been rumbling over the house in his sleep, and had mistaken a story in returning to his own room. He then recollected that this was a trick to which he had been addicted when a boy, and the fatigue of a long journey had probably chiefly contributed to revive his old habit. The whole affair was now accounted for, and Molly proceeded to fetch the clothes of the disenchanted knight, resolving within herself never to trust her own door open again, lest it should be entered accidentally by some sleep-walking traveller.

DISSOLUTION OF MARRIAGE MADE EASY.—Dean —, when residing on a living in the country, had occasion one day to unite a rustic couple in the holy bands of matrimony. The ceremony being over, the husband began to pall in resolution, and falling (as some husbands will) into a fit of repentance, he said, "Your Reverence has tied this knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favour, may I ask your Reverence if so be you could untie it again?"—"Why, no," replied the Dean, "we never do that at *this end* of the church; but I'll tell you how you may manage it."—"How?" cried the man eagerly.—"By just stepping to the *other end* of the church," said the Dean, pointing to the belfry, "there you'll find a rope, and may do it yourself."

ANECDOTE OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.—The most horrible books were continually written against Cardinal Mazarin, who used to pretend great anger, but cared in reality very little for them. One day he ordered that all the copies that it was possible to find or collect of these odious libels should be brought to him, in order, as he said, that he might burn them. A great number were accordingly seized, and as soon as he got them into his possession, he with the utmost coolness privately *resold* them, by which he gained ten thousand crowns! He afterwards laughed heartily. "The French people," he used to say, "are extremely good-natured; I let them write and sing, and they let me do what I please."

AFRICAN ROYALTY.—A late traveller in Africa relates a ludicrous instance of self-importance. On visiting one of their *Kings*, whose palace about equalled in splendour an English pigsty, he found him just finishing his *luxurious* meal, and his Heralds, after a flourish of conch shells, proclaimed that "His Majesty had eaten

GRAND PROJECT.

[FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.]

Mr. Editor—It has been sagely said, that this is the age of wonders; that it is, I think none will deny, after perusing the following circular. It was received a few days since from a correspondent in St. Louis, who writes, that the author, Capt. Symmes, is a very respectable man, a man of intelligence, and really sane in mind. He also states, that Symmes is diligently engaged in forwarding his scheme, and that upwards of 20 credible persons have actually engaged in the expedition.

(CIRCULAR.)

"Light gives light, to light discover—*ad infinitum*."

"St. Louis (Missouri Territory.) North America,
April 10, A. D. 1818.

TO ALL THE WORLD!

"I declare the earth is hollow, and habitable within; containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles twelve or sixteen degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the hollow, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking.

"JNO. CLEVES SYMMES, of Ohio,
late Captain of Infantry.

"N. B. I have ready for the press, a Treatise on the Principles of Matter, wherein I show proofs of the above positions, account for various phenomena, and disclose Dr. Darwin's golden secret. My terms are the patronage of this and the new worlds. I dedicate to my wife and her ten children. I select Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Sir H. Davy, and Baron Alexander de Humboldt, as my protectors. I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia in the fall season, with reindeer and sleighs, on the ice of the frozen sea—I engage we find warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree northward of latitude 82. We will return in the succeeding spring.

To his Excellency Governor Wm. Clark. J. C. S.

BIGOTRY.—Bishop Thomas once told a friend of mine, that when he was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman of the factory being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air. Accordingly he went into a village about ten miles distant, and after some time died there. Upon this, application was made to the parson of the parish for leave to bury him in the churchyard. The parson inquired what religion he was of, and was told he was a Calvinist. "No," says he, "there are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered that any man of learning or understanding should have such ideas. I resolved to take my horse, and go and argue the matter with him; but found him inflexible. At length I told him, he made me think of a circumstance that once happened to myself, when I was curate of a church in Thames-street; I was burying a corpse, and a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service—"Sir, Sir! I want to speak to you!" "Pr'y thee" says I "woman, wait till I have done."—"No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Why, then, what is the matter?" "Why, Sir," says she, "you are burying a man who died of the small pox next my poor dead husband, who has never had it!" This story had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his churchyard.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—During the time this great and celebrated man was Lord Chancellor, a gentleman who had a suit depending before him, made him a present of two curiously embossed silver bottles—It was inconsistent with the Chancellor's dignity or integrity to accept the present; he therefore received the bottles, and immediately gave orders to his servants to fill them with the best wine in his cellar, and carry them back to the gentleman, together with this courtly message,—that it gave him great pleasure to have an opportunity of obliging him, and that any sort of wine he had in his house was much at his service." Expressing by this prudent seeming insensibility, or want of apprehension, that he supposed that was the purpose for which the gentleman sent the bottles.

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.—During the late contested Election for the county of Dublin, one of Mr. Hamilton's tenants, who came up to Dublin, from the neighbourhood of Berries to vote, called on his Landlord—"I am come up to vote, Sir," said the Freeholder. "Very well," said Mr. Hamilton, "that is right." "Yes," said he, "but I cannot go the hustings with this old hat; (looking pitifully at it.) A new hat was procured."—"Well," said the Elector, "I don't know how I'll vote till I get a drink of porter; I'm as dry as a whistle." A pot of strong porter was put into his hand. "Hurra for White!" said the Freeholder, flourishing his porter. "What!" said Mr. Hamilton, "do you intend to serve me so after your promises?"—"Och! be easy," replied the Elector, "sure I did not vote yet. I'll keep to my word; but haven't I a good right to drink success to Colonel White? The devil a bit of a new hat, nor drop of porter would have fallen to my share only for him."

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE MAN.

THE power of resisting the action of heat has been claimed, and to a certain wonderful degree enjoyed, by persons in all ages. Much of imposture has been founded upon it, and much of injustice perpetrated under its operation. The *Salvadores* or *Santiguadores*, of Spain, pretended to prove their descent from St. Catherine by this ordeal, and one of them carried the jest of imposition so far, that he went into an oven and was literally baked to a cinder.

From being the object of religious belief, and of judicial importance, the feats of human salamanders descended into itinerant wonders. About 1677, an Englishman, named Richardson, exhibited in Paris; and M. Dodart, an academician, published in the *Journal des Savans*, an explanation of his performances on rational principles. They seem to have been of the same nature with those of Madame Girardelli and M. Chabert: chewing and swallowing burning coals, licking a hot iron with his tongue, &c. In 1754, the famous Mr. Powell, the fire-eater, distinguished himself in England, an account of whose exploits is contained in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February 1755: and so late as 1803 the incombustible Spaniard, Señor Lionetto, performed in Paris, where he attracted the particular attention of Dr. Sementini, professor of chemistry, and other scientific gentlemen of that city. It appears that a considerable vapour and smell rose from the parts of his body, to which the fire and heated substances were applied, and in this he differs from both the persons now in this country.

In M. Chabert's bill the following are announced as the "extraordinary proofs of his supernatural power of resisting the most intense heat of every kind;" and he pledges himself that no sleight of hand, as is usual in these things, will be practised:

Of these undertakings, what he actually did, was as follows:—

1. He will forge with his feet a bar of red hot iron.

2. He will undergo the torture by fire, as used in the Spanish Inquisition.

3. He will drink, positively, boiling oil.

4. He will drop on his tongue a large quantity of burning sealing wax, from which any of the company may take impressions of their seals.

5. He will eat burning charcoal.

6. He will inspire the flame of a torch.

7. Will bathe his feet in boiling lead, and pour it into his mouth with his hand.

1. He took a red hot iron, like a spade, and repeatedly struck it or stamped briskly upon it, with the sole of his bare foot. The foot was quite cool after the experiment.

2. He held his naked foot long over the flame of a candle, which did not seem to affect it in the slightest degree, though in contact with the skin.

3. Oil appeared to boil in a small brazier, and he took nearly two table spoonfuls into his mouth and swallowed it. In the former experiments there could not, by possibility, be any trick; and in the latter, if there was any deception, it must have been by having some preparation at the bottom of the brazier, which a slight heat caused to bubble up through the oil, and give it the semblance without the reality of boiling. The spoon was, however, hot; but we think not so much so as if the oil it had lifted had been really at a boiling temperature.

4. The writer of this notice took two impressions of his seal in black sealing wax dropped on Chabert's tongue. It was very thin, but undoubtedly dropt melting from a lighted candle.

5. He put several small pieces of burning charcoal into his mouth.

6. Not done.

7. A quantity of melted lead was poured into a utensil like a washing copper, into which Chabert leapt bare-footed. It did appear to us, however, that he stood upon his heels in a part of the vessel, over which the metal did not flow. With regard to pouring the boiling lead into his mouth, he seemed to lift a small quantity of what either was or resembled boiling lead, from the crucible to his mouth, and thence spit it into a plate in a sort of granular state. We could not minutely examine this experiment, but it is possible that Mercury might be introduced to give a fluid the semblance of boiling lead. Nor is it likely that lead could be lifted in this way with the fingers.

8. Will pour the strongest aqua-fortis on steel filings, and trample on it with his bare feet.

9. Will rub a red-hot shovel on his arms and legs, & hold it on his head until the hair shall be too warm for any bystander to hold his hand on it.

10. He will pour vitriol, oil and arsenic into the fire, and hold his head in the flames and inhale the vapours.

11. He will eat of a lighted torch with a fork, as if it were salad.

12. Will pour aqua-fortis on a piece of copper in the hollow of his hand.

8. Done according to the programme, but it cannot be ascertained that the aqua-fortis was "the strongest," and if not, there is little marvellous in the exploit.

9. Nearly correct. He waited some time with a shovel in his hand while explaining what he was about to do; he then scraped up his arm with the edge of it, & subsequently licked it with his tongue, and smoothed his hair with its flat side. The hair felt hot in consequence, but there was no smell, no vapour, nor any appearance of singeing. The tongue looked white and furry—the moisture on it hissed.

10. Not done.

11 and 12 performed as stated. The blazing salad was visible in his open mouth, near the throat, for several seconds, and had an extraordinary effect in lighting this human vault in so unusual a manner.

It is thus evident; that whatever there may be of deception in these performances, there is still enough of the curious to merit attention. M. Chabert asserts, that he is the *only naturally incombustible Being* exhibiting; the others using preparations which he disclaims. He is a dark, stout, not unpleasant looking man, and, as he says, a Russian by birth. His story is, that he fell into the fire when a year old without suffering any injury; and a similar accident when he was twelve, from which he also escaped unburnt, demonstrated that he possessed the quality of resisting fire. Of course we cannot determine what may be depended upon in this statement. How much of the power clearly possessed to resist greater degrees of heat than other men may be a natural gift, how much the result of chemical applications, and how much from having the parts indurated by long practice—probably all three are combined in this phenomenon. Of the recipes for rendering the skin and flesh fire-proof, *Albertus Magnus*, in his work *De Mirabilis Mundi*, writes, "Take juice of marshmallow, and white of egg, and flea-bane seeds, and lime; powder them, and mix juice of radish with the white of egg; mix all thoroughly, and with this composition anoint your body or hand, and allow it to dry, and afterwards anoint again, and after this you may boldly take up hot iron without hurt." Such a paste would be very visible. 'Pure Spirit of Sulphur,' rubbed on the parts, is said to have been the secret practised by Richardson.—'Spirit of Sulphur, Sal Ammoniac, essence of Rosemary, and Onion juice,' is another of the recipes. The book of *Hocus Pocus* prescribes: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Camphire, dissolved in 2 oz. aqua-vitæ; add 1 oz. Quicksilver, 1 oz. liquid Storax, which is the droppings of myrrh, and hinders the Camphire from firing,—take also 2 oz. hematatis, which is a red stone, to be had at the druggists, which, being put to the above composition, anoint well your feet with it, and you may walk over a red hot iron bar without the least inconvenience.

No doubt but diluted Sulphuric, Nitric, or Muriatic Acid, or a saturated solution of burnt alum, being repeatedly rubbed on the skin, will render it less sensible to the action of caloric. Hard soap, or a soap paste rubbed over the tongue, will preserve it from being burnt by a hot iron rapidly passed over it.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ANECDOTE OF A JEWISH LADY.—The learned Slickhard relates the following affecting story:—A Saracen, commander of a fleet from Corduba, in Spain, cruising on the coast of Palestine, took a vessel bound to Sebaste, with some learned Jews on board. There was one eminent Rabbini among the rest, called R. Moses, together with his wife, who was a woman of exquisite beauty. The brute of a captain being about to commit violence on her person, she called to her husband (who was within hearing, but in chains) and asked him in Hebrew, whether they who were drowned in the sea, should revive at the resurrection of the dead? He replied, in the words of Psalm lxxviii. 22, "The Lord said, 'I will bring again from Basan, I will bring again from the depths of the sea.'" Upon which she threw herself into the sea and was drowned.

FRUITLESS LABOUR.—A very worthy clergyman, affectionately attached to his family, was asked by a friend, if his daughter, who was known to be near her confinement, was yet put to bed? "Yes," replied the Doctor, "I thank you, she is." "And what is the result?" "Why, my dear Sir," returned the cheerful Divine, "she has had her labour for her pains."

THE NOBLE RECLUSE.

M R. Mitford, in a letter to the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, relates an interesting occurrence which took place in the island of Mitylene in 1812. Having landed in the harbour, and rambled to Mount Ida, accompanied by the clergyman, they met a young Greek, who told them he had come from Scio with an English Lord, who left the island four days previous to their arrival in his felucca. He was described as an odd but very good man; this account exciting their curiosity, they sought the residence of their noble countryman, where an old man, who was left in charge of it, conducted them over the mansion, which is described as follows:—

“The house consisted of four apartments on the ground floor—an entrance hall, a drawing room, a sitting parlour, and a bed-room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated; plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty bookcase: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bed-chamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow—the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting-room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman’s chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire’s, Shakspeare’s, Boileau’s, and Rousseau’s works complete; Volney’s *Ruins of Empires*; Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock’s *Messiah*; Kotzebue’s *Novels*; Schiller’s play of the *Robbers*; Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn, but no English book of any description. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The *Messiah* was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which were also remarks. The old man said: “The lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; but,” said he “there they must lie until his return: for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders he would frown upon me for a week together; he is otherwise very good. I once did him a service; and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines which I pay to an aged Armenian who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the Lord brought here from Adrianople; I don’t know for what reason.”

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fretwork cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as “lachryma christi,” eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away—grapes, oranges, and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat with an ornamental wooden back was placed, on which, we were told, the Lord passed many of his evenings and nights till twelve o’clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. “I suppose,” said the old man, “praying, for he was very devout, and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sunday.”

The view from this seat was what may be termed “a bird’s eye view.” A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calca, covered with olive and myrtle-trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain’s base. The sea smooth as glass, and an horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty cypress and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our inquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude: none knew his name but Dominick, his banker, who had gone to Candia. “The Armenian,” said our conductor, “could tell, but I am sure he will not.”—“And cannot you tell, old friend?” said I.—“If I can,” said he, “I dare not.” We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced with them at the nuptial feast.

He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving these articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt, which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea-shore, and he had brought her a piano-forte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene; our imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this Rambler in Greece could be. He had money it was evident: he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in company with Mr. Foster, the architect, a pupil of Wyatt’s, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece.—“The individual,” said he, “about whom you are so anxious, is LORD BYRON; I met him in my travels in the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene.”

I make this statement believing it not quite uninteresting, and in justice to his Lordship’s good name which has been grossly slandered. He has been described as of an unfeeling disposition, averse to associating with human nature, or contributing in any way to sooth its sorrows, or add to its pleasures. The fact is directly the reverse, as may be plainly gathered from these little anecdotes. Lord Byron’s character is worthy of his genius. To do good in secret and shun the world’s applause is the surest testimony of a virtuous heart and self-approving conscience.

A whimsical accident took place on Friday at the Levee. The two great State Lords with white staves, the Marquis of HERTFORD and Earl of CHOLMONDELEY, being tired standing on their legs in the Levee Room, sat down together on an *or-molu* table. The weight was too great for the flimsy French fabric. It broke down, and brought the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward of the Household with a crash to the ground. At that instant, Lord SIMPSON run up to assist the mighty Peers, when at the instant an ink-stand broke and dashed all its contents over the Lord President’s hands. He held them out as a piteous sight; but immediately said with good humour, “Well! this is unlucky—I thought at least I should have gone out of office with clean hands.”

The chequers, painted on the window shutters or doors of ale-houses, have been supposed to indicate that formerly a game like draughts might be played there; this is an error. The chequers were the arms of the Earl of Arundel, in whose department it was to grant the licences for the sale of spirituous liquors.

THE BELOVED PRINCESS CHARLOTTE was once so impetuous in her temper, it was with difficulty she could apply to her rector the mild injunctions of her reverend Preceptor, who at length presented her with an essay on the government of the passion of anger. A short time after, she fell into a violent rage with one of her attendants; and on being surprised in the midst of it by the entrance of the Prelate with the exclamation, “I fear you have not read the book I gave you, Madam, the other day!” she instantly replied, in a repressed tone of voice, “Yes, indeed, Sir, I have; and had I not, I am sure I should have knocked her down.” It is only doing justice to her reverend Preceptor, and to the memory of his illustrious Pupil, to say, that by his careful admonitions, and her watchful obedience, a complete triumph over a naturally warm temper was effectually ensured considerably previous to the period of her union with the man she loved.

A curious misunderstanding occurred in Southampton market, last week, between a butcher and a Frenchman; the latter having applied to the former for the purpose of purchasing some beef, and not being very proficient in the English language, it was some time before he could make himself understood; at length the butcher conjecturing the wish of his customer, selected a piece of rather a bony substance, which greatly excited the chagrin of the Frenchman, who hastily expressed his disapprobation in his own national phrase of “no bon, no bon,” when the butcher whose patience was nearly exhausted, angrily vociferated, “no bone, no bone, why d—me ’tis all bone.”

A celebrated Barrister of the present day, who is chiefly indebted for the affluence he now enjoys to his professional success, has chosen for the motto to his carriage—“*Causes produce Effects.*”

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

(From a Collection of Original Welsh Airs, Published by G. THOMSON, F.A.S.)

Ethelfrid, or Olfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester, in 613, and Brockmael, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the Religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their Countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the Heathen victor put the Monks to the sword, and destroyed their Monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called The Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

When the Heathen trumpets clang
Round beleagu'ed Chester rang,
Veiled Nun and Friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!

On, the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly hand
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry, wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by Heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful Monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity
Sing, *miserere Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy Priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

* William of Malmesbury says, that, in his time, the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre:—"tot semirutæ parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba rudium quantum vix alibi cernas."

THE FAIR MAID OF MONA.

(From a Selection of Welsh Airs, Edited by THOMSON.)

How, my love, could hapless doubts o'ertake thee,
Was my heart so little known?
Could'st thou think thy Mary would forsake thee,
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone!
Cruel Fortune! rash! mistaken Lover!
May I—must I not complain:
Never, never may'st thou now discover
All that now were known in vain.

Mine the grief, alas! that knows no measure,
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone:
Thine the life that now can feel no pleasure,
Wreck'd my bliss, and lost thine own.
Sometimes will my lonely sighs accuse thee,
Think thee hasty—call thee blind;
Hasty, sure—and I for ever lose thee,
But thy heart was not unkind.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

(From a Collection of Original Welsh Airs, Published by G. THOMSON, F.A.S.)

I envy not the splendour fine
That glitters in Sir Watkyn's hall;
I ask not for the gems that shine
On lady fair at Wynnstay ball:
I wish but for a ribbon gay,
Which I might on a Sunday wear;
Unseen which I might kiss, and say,
'Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham Fair.

O, Owen! I believe thee kind,
And love is surely on thy tongue—
But would that I could read thy mind;
For hope betrays the maiden young.
Last night I saw thee loth to part,
I watch'd thy looks—so bright the moon—
And know not but my simple heart
Might own too much, or own too soon.

Unhappy fate of doubtful maid!
Her tears may fall, her bosom swell,
But even to the desert shade
She never must her secret tell.
And is it Love,—his softer mien?
And is it Love,—his whisper low?
And does he much, or nothing mean?
Ah! she that loves, how can she know!

With Owen I the dance have led,
And then I thought that sure he seem'd
To dance with lighter, livelier tread—
Oh! was it so,—or have I dream'd?
To-day he goes with merry glee,
And all are going to the Fair—
O, may I by some ribbon see
He thought of one that was not there!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF CAMOENS' LUSIAD, ADDRESSED TO T. DUNBAR, ESQ.

O thou! to whom the strains are dear,
By Fancy pour'd at Feeling's shrine,
Whose heart is true to Mis'ry's tear,
Whose brows the wreaths of song entwine!

Come hail with me the gleams of joy
That brighten round the Poet's head,
With me the doleful shell employ
To mourn the gloom that wrapt his bed.

By Valour's spell the forms shall crowd
Sowont his bolder tones to hear;
The din of war shall murmur loud,
And bright shall beam the threatening spear.

For he who breathed the sweetest shell
Could rise to Valour's loftiest strain—
Could bid the breeze of battle swell,
And brave the toil of Danger's plain.

Hast thou not own'd in passion's trance
The power that dwells in Beauty's sigh,
Hung on the charms of Beauty's glance,
And shared the bliss of Beauty's eye?

Then turn'd in pensive mood away,
With chaster thoughts to virtue giv'n,
With all of love's diviner sway—
With vows of purer life to Heav'n?
Come shed, my friend, the tear for him
Who tuned to love his silver lyre;
The heart is cold—the eye is dim—
That throb'd with joy—that beam'd with fire.

But oh! thou dream of pale distress
That hover'd o'er his parting soul,
Dregg'd his last cup with wretchedness,
And bade Despair's low thunders roll;
Hide from soft pity's sight thy form,
Nor rise to wound the feeling breast;
Nor chill with fear the accents warm
That bid his parted spirit rest!

ON READING IN THE PUBLIC PAPERS THAT AN ATTORNEY HAD BEEN APPOINTED MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES AT A WATERING PLACE.

Unconscious how Music and Law could agree,
All wonder'd to view an Attorney—M. C.;
But the choice was appropriate, plainly appears,
An Attorney is sure to "set folks by the ears."

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening, through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Seek out the wild scenes he was quitting, for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe;
Oh! none but some lover whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.
Each joy thou could'st double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,
What voice was like thine that could sing of to-morrow,
'Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of numbers, thou can'st not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.
'Twas thou that once taught me in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretched on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain.
As vain those enchantments, O Queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell then, Enchantress!—I meet thee no more.

HYMN TO NATURE.—By I. BRANDON, ESQ.

COMPOSED BY BRAHAM, AND SUNG AS A QUARTETTO BY THAT GENTLEMAN, MRS. SALMON, MISS GOODALL, AND MR. TERRAIL, AT THE ORATORIO.

'Twas eve's pensive twilight, the valley was grey,
And the golden-streak'd west seem'd the mem'ry of day;
Between the dark trees, almost deepen'd to night,
The brook yet reflected the soft amber light.
And all was so still and so fragrant around,
That the fragrance did seem from the stillness to creep;
It seem'd as if Nature repos'd on the ground,
And the odour that rose was the breath of her sleep.
The Nightingale singing within her green cell,
Made the woods sweetly mourn with the strains of her ditty;
O, her note sobb'd so true, 'twas like Grief when she tells
All the woes of her breast to the listening of Pity.
Nought was heard when she paus'd but the sound of the rill,
With its little lone music so silv'ry and meek,
And the sweet lisp'ing fall, 'mid the landscape so still,
Seem'd as Silence herself were essaying to speak.
The Moon slowly rising behind the tall trees,
Her silver globe seem'd to suspend from the pine;
'Twas the calm lamp of Silence, the leaves felt no breeze,
And the World at that moment seem'd form'd but to shine!
All sooth'd and subdued in the midst of the scene,
God of Nature! I cried, here Religion may kneel—
This temple thou fillest!—majestic, serene—
On this turf let me worship!—the GODHEAD I feel,

THE OATH. TO —

(IN IMITATION OF AN ANCIENT POET.)

Lady, if I swear by thine eye
I soon shall lose all constancy,
For there, in spite of me or you,
Its brilliance would an oath undo!
If by those cheeks I, Lady, swear
By damask roses blushing there,
A brighter dye might claim their place,
And what I swore by soon efface!
If, by those lips that lovers bless—
Whom each that loves, alike may press;
That dimple—fair as morning's ray,
Which on the rippling stream doth play,
I still, sweet Lady, ne'er should find
An oath that might affection bind.
The features of that lovely face,
That form, adorn'd with every grace—
Those playful locks that sweetly lye—
Shadowing o'er thy bright black eye,
Whose sparkling ray of golden light
Enhances all with blest delight—
Are common to each passer by
As winds that kiss—and kissing, fly!
Then by that heart thy bosom keeps,
By Love, who smiling, near it sleeps—
Both fickle things! forsooth they'll do—
I've prov'd thy heart to Love is true!

EXPOSTULATION;

OR, A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO THE PRESENT SEASON.

Summer, I could give you thanks
For so many charming days;
But be moderate in your pranks,
If you want my sober praise.
Now you should abate your ardour,
Lest we think your usage rough;
Shew some mercy to the larder,
You have kick'd up dust enough.

Mirth with thee is seldom lacking,
In thy smiles we lose our woes;
Earth feels now her sides are cracking—
Not with laughter, I suppose.

But the freak that's most delightful
Wearies (why, you surely wot),
Oft repeated: if not spiteful,
We shall certainly grow hot.

Now we want thy gentle breezes
Round our burning brows to play;
Give the cooling shower that eases
Those who sink beneath thy ray.

See, all Nature seems to hint
Such its wants, its wishes such—
Mark! the universal tint
Tells—yon flare away too much.

The mulberry, note on yonder tree,
Which look'd for chaste September's wooings,
About to fall, and all through thee—
How black it looks on your strange doings!

The clustering grape, which oft in vain,
In former years has mourn'd your coldness,
Is even tempted to complain,
And blushes to reprove your boldness.

For you, who us'd but to expand
Its brightening globe to charm the view,
Now Autumn's pencil from his hand
Have snatch'd, resolved to paint it too.

Ah! how poor Autumn will deplore,
Arrived from where he lately tarried,
To find his day of glory o'er,
And all his stock to market carried!

How then get off? Will you pretend
You wish'd his ease but to ensure;
And, anxious to oblige your friend,
Gave him this year a sinecure?

August 5th, 1818.—(Thermometer 86.)

THE BATTLE OF MAIPO.

[From a New York Paper.]

Sweep the lyre, swell it higher
Than its thrill hath ever mounted!
From strings of fire pour the choir,
Maipo's plains be song recounted!
"Close Spain *!" they cry, and eye to eye,
Blade, blade—bay'net, bay'net clashes,
Sonth's sons, reply—"On, do or die!"
Who falls for home hath honour'd ashes.
Urge the flying, slay the dying,
Let ruin riot drunk with gore!
Arm with arm, in carnage vying,
Till your rod of iron be o'er!
Death they despise, freedom they prize,
Deluges of flame contending—
To the skies their war-clouds rise,
Rise, as earth by fire were ending!
Slavery's crown of thorns is down,
Tyrant Spain to ruin hurl'd—
The giant grown in blood they drown,
Freedom's torch illumines the world!
The field is won, the battle done,
Wild war's thunders no more roaring;
To the ONE that made the sun,
Rise each incense voice adoring!

A YEAR IN LONDON.

It will create a smile to read the account of English manners given by a Frenchman, who, on the authority of a short residence, takes upon himself to describe and to expose our peculiarities. A little volume, entitled, "A Year in London," gives the following account of a public Tavern Dinner:—

Few days pass in London without public Dinners. Our traveller acquainted a Portuguese Jew, long established in London, of the desire he had to make one at this kind of entertainment. "Nothing is so easy. How do you get to the play?"—"I pay for a ticket at the door." "How do you see Westminster Abbey?"—"I pay a shilling at every door they open for me." "How do you see St. Paul's, the Tower, the Crown Jewels?"—"The same way: I pay." "You see, then, in London, you have only to pay; you must, however, take care to have your name put down two days before, for decency's sake, that you may not have the appearance of going to a Table d'Hôte; but I will put you down for one that is to take place to-morrow."

Each having paid 15s. entrance, says our traveller, we were introduced into a large dining room, surrounded by tables, where already were seated about 200 guests, though the tables were only covered with a cloth; there were at the top of the room about six vacant places, but we were told they were for the singers; twelve or fifteen persons, who, like ourselves, had arrived a little too late, walked about in the middle of the room. At length we were invited into another room, much less than the first, and where tables were set in the same manner to accommodate about 40 persons. A waiter brought soup and a heap of plates; he who was nearest took possession, and distributed it to those nearest him, before a second tureen was placed at the other end of the table, and that also disappeared before the arrival of a third. This soup is called mock turtle, that is, piece of calves' head and o' tails floating in the water in which they are dressed, and has no flavour but pepper, which had not been spared. Soon after the table was covered with a profusion of roast and boiled meat, that every one began to hack at the same time—and vegetables boiled in water, the only sauce given them in this country. I had hardly finished my plate of mock turtle, when it was loaded with a wing of boiled fowl, an enormous piece of roast beef, a slice of hot ham, a potatoe, two carrots, and leaves of boiled, but not chopped spinach, completed the pyramid. No one thought of drinking, for the English in general are not thirsty till no longer hungry; in about a quarter of an hour they cleared away, and put down apple tarts, in comparison of which our village pastry are models of excellence, some salads eaten without seasoning; and cheese to which some added mustard and salt; they then placed before each guest a bottle of red wine, or sherry, as he preferred; hardly was this done, when five or six persons rose from the table, carrying in one hand their glass in the other their bottle; every one imitated them, I followed and did as the others, and we found ourselves in the great room, standing between the tables, shoved by a crowd of waiters who were clearing away. Oranges and nuts were brought, which my companions below often pillaged before they arrived at their destination; at last, after having been squeezed, pushed, and elbowed, for half an hour, we succeeded in obtaining some seats in the middle of the room, each having his bottle between his knees and glass in his hand. After every health one of the singers amused the company with a song, a pause of some minutes ensued and the same thing was repeated.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than this narrative—he certainly never found ox-tails swimming in mock-turtle. That at tavern dinners vegetables are boiled plain is true—but in what society, of the very lowest order, could he see boiled fowl, roast beef, ham, &c. &c., all heaped together on one plate? He goes on to say, that oysters are only eaten in London at supper—except on one day in the year, that is the first day of their arrival—"then all the world eat them, because there is an universal popular prejudice that eating oysters on the first day will bring them good fortune throughout the year!" This is the first we ever heard of such a prejudice.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—CONSTANTINOPEL, OCTOBER 20.—The Sultan, walking lately on the banks of the Black Sea, observed a country house newly built, and in so costly a style, he desired to know who was the proprietor. He was told that he was an Armenian, professing the Christian religion. His Highness immediately proceeded to it, and asked the owner of this superb mansion how much it had cost? The Armenian, afraid of appearing too rich, answered promptly, 300 purses (about 450,000 francs), while in fact it had cost triple that sum. The Sultan took him at his word, paid down the 300 purses, and declared himself the owner of the house. The unfortunate Armenian was in despair; but how great were his joy and surprise, when, in a few days after, he saw two of the Sultan's officers enter, and lay down a casket, containing 1000 purses (about 1,500,000 francs), with these words:—"The Prophet has said, that the liar is always caught in his own net, and you have proved it; but your master is too great to take advantage of your weakness."

A SPENDTHRIFT.—An American Paper contains the following advertisement:—"Notice is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed guardians of Hezekiah Allen, yeoman and a spendthrift; and all persons are hereby forbidden from trusting or dealing with the said Hezekiah.—Josiah Sandford, Robert Wilson, guardians."

THE LATE PROFESSOR PORSON.

The following account of Professor Porson, when an Eton boy, is extracted from Dr. Goodall's evidence given before the Education Committee of the House of Commons. Dr. Goodall is the present Provost of Eton:—

"Do you understand the master always to give the preference to boys whom he thinks the most worthy?—In many instances, a very plain straight-forward scholar, of universal good behaviour, we consider far superior to a boy of brilliant abilities, who is irregular in particular instances; to such boys we have been obliged to hold out threats, and they generally have had the effect of producing a change, except in one or two instances, in which cases they have been withdrawn privately."

"Are you acquainted with what happened to the late Professor Porson to prevent his election to King's?—I beg leave to say, that every account that I have read about him, in relation to this circumstance, is incorrect. When he came to the school he was placed rather higher by the reputation of his abilities, than perhaps he ought to have been, in consequence of his actual attainments; and I can only say, that many of the statements in the life of Porson are not founded in truth. With respect to prosody, he knew but little; and as to Greek, he had made but comparatively little progress when he came to our school. The very ingenious and learned editor of one account of him, has been misinformed in most particulars; and many of the incidents which he relates, I can venture, from my own knowledge, to assert, are distorted or exaggerated. Even Porson's compositions, at an early period, though eminently correct, fell far short of excellence; still we all looked up to him in consequence of his great abilities and variety of information, though much of that information was confined to the knowledge of his school-fellows, and could not easily fall under the notice of his instructors. He always undervalued school exercises, and generally wrote his exercises fair at once, without study. I should be sorry to detract from the merit of an individual whom I loved, esteemed, and admired; but I speak of him when he had only given the promise of his future excellence; and in point of school exercises, think he was very inferior to more than one of his contemporaries; I would name the present Marquis of Wellesley, as infinitely superior to him in composition."

"Did he write the same beautiful hand as he did afterwards?—He did; nor was there any doubt of his general scholarship."

"Then did he make great progress, during the time he was at Eton, or after he left?—He was advanced as far as he could be with propriety, but there were certainly some there who would not have been afraid to challenge Porson as a school-boy, though they would have shunned all idea of competition with him at Cambridge. The first book that Porson ever studied, as he often told me, was Chambers's Encyclopædia; he read the whole of that Dictionary through, and in a great degree made himself master of the algebraic part of that work, entirely by the force of his understanding."

"Then do you consider that there was no ground of complaint on the part of Porson, in not having been sent to Cambridge?—No; he was placed as high in the school as he well could be; as a proof, however, of his merits, when he left Eton, contributions were readily supplied by Etonians in aid of Sir George Baker's proposal, to secure the funds for his maintenance at the University."

ETON COLLEGE.—The following singular provision, against Collegiate delinquencies, are extracted from the Statutes of Eton College, as enacted by its founder Henry VI:—

"Item, because after the refreshing of bodies, by the taking of meats and drinks, men (the word is *homines*, which includes women) commonly become more prompt to buffoonery and filthy talking, and what is worse, to scandal and strife, and to perpetrate many other and perilous evils; and because these excesses move the minds of simple persons who less ponder them, than when they have empty stomachs, to quarrels, reproaches, and other excesses, we establish, ordain, and will; and he then orders, that after dinner or supper, the ordinary thanksgiving and some prayers for his soul being said, every one shall depart the hall, except on particular days, "when out of reverence of God and of his mother, or of some other Saint, fire is afforded to the fellows and scholars in the hall, then it shall be lawful to the scholars and fellows to make a reasonable stay for the sake of recreation, with songs or other honest solaces in the hall; and seriously to con over poems and the chronicles of the kingdom, and the wonderful things of this world, and other things which adorn the clerical station." Stat. xvii.—Another Statute forbids the throwing of stones and balls, lest the windows should be broken; as well as jumping and wrestling, and inordinate games in certain parts of the buildings; and it is provided, that "no porter, brewer, cook, steward, nor any other officer or servant of the College, shall introduce any women into the said College or their offices, or harbour them in the same, except for a reasonable and becoming cause, to be approved of by the Provost, Vice-Provost, or Bursars."—A Porter is also appointed, "who also can perform the duty of a barber, and the Provost, Fellows, Scholars, Choristers, and other persons of our said Royal College, let him duly and diligently shave." It is also ordained, that all servile offices, "especially within the walls of the College, shall be performed by males, and not by women, so that every sinister suspicion on this part may be avoided altogether; unless it be the washerwoman of napkins and linen garments, who, if a man cannot conveniently be obtained for this sort of duty, may be suffered to be admitted to fill the office; so, however, that she shall receive the napkins and garments to be washed through the hands of the porter, in defect of a male washer. Which washerwoman also we wish to be of such age, and such condition, that upon or to (in *vel ad*) her no sinister suspicion can deservedly fall or be had." And she must live without the College.

BON-MOT.—At the establishment of volunteer corps, a certain corporation agreed to form a body, on condition that they should not be obliged to quit the country. Their proposal was submitted to Mr. PITT, who said, he had no objection to the terms, if they would permit him to add, "except in the case of invasion."

[From the First Number of "The Edinburgh Monthly Review."]

MR. HOWARD.

Dining one day at the table of Sir Robert Murray Keith, Ambassador at the Austrian Court, the conversation turned upon the torture, when a German gentleman of the party observed, that the glory of abolishing it in his own dominions belonged to his Imperial Majesty. "Pardon me," said Mr. Howard, "his Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture, to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture which he abolished, lasted, at the most, a few hours—but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the Black Hole at Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge."—"Hush," said the Ambassador, "your words will be reported to his Majesty."—"What!" replied he, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any King or Emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity." Silence ensued, and all present admired the intrepid boldness of the man of humanity.

His manner of gaining admission to that most terrible of prisons, the Bastille, was at once singular and ingenious. He availed himself, with much address, of one of the articles of the *arret* of Parliament of 18th June, 1777, for the regulation of the prisons at Paris, which directs, that all persons desirous of bestowing any charitable donation on the prisoners, should be permitted to distribute their alms with their own hands. Pleading this humane provision before the Commissary of Police, he succeeded in obtaining admittance.

Mr. Hobhouse, in his *Historical Illustrations*, has conferred an obligation on literary history, by satisfying his readers, that the long-alleged painful imprisonment of Tasso—that subject which has drawn so many figurative tears from poets' eyes—was not the consequence of ambitious love, but rendered necessary by the insanity of the poor man. It seems perfectly well made out, that, in a paroxysm of madness, the poet insulted his ducal patron, and for this and other extravagances was confined. Romance is always interesting, but truth is still more delightful.

Alfieri, the poet, was one evening at the house of the Princess Carignani, and leaning, in one of his silent moods, against a side-board decorated with a rich tea-service of China, by a sudden movement of his long loose tresses, threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him, that he had spoilt her set, and had better have broken them all; but the words were no sooner said, than Alfieri, without replying or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor.

When the Emperor Napoleon visited the marbles in the Museum of the Louvre, along with Mr. West, he observed, on looking at the bust of Hannibal, that he was the greatest man of all antiquity—and turning briskly, added, that General Washington was the greatest of the moderns!

COLONIAL ETIQUETTE.—The Lady of a Gentleman in a high judicial situation in Demerara, in consequence of asserting *high* claims to rank and precedence in the assemblies of George Town, has produced a sort of *civil war* among the Ladies there. The Lady's claims were backed by the husband, who appealed to the Governor, stating the law of precedence in England. The Governor, it seems, did not coincide with the Judge in his view of the case, and some unpleasant correspondence took place between them, which ended in a reference to Lord BATHURST. This important business is therefore to be decided by the *Secretary of State for the Colonial Department*! General ELLIOT, when Governor of Gibraltar, very happily settled a similar dispute among the Ladies of the garrison under his command, by ordering that in all cases respecting precedence in the *Ball-room*, the Ladies were to take rank according to their *seniority*. It is needless to add, that after this order, the *top* of the dance was readily yielded to the first candidate for the distinction.

A PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORIAN.—It has been justly observed that several modern Historians who have pretended to write in a *philosophical* spirit, have been very indifferent as to the truth or falsehood of the *facts* on which their philosophy rested. The celebrated Abbe Raynal was a writer of this class; as appears from the following anecdote:—

Towards the end of the year 1777, the Abbe Raynal calling one evening on Dr. Franklin at his lodgings in Paris, found, in company with the Doctor, their common friend Silas Deane. "Ah! Monsieur l'Abbe," said Deane, "we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?"—The Abbe resisted this attack with some warmth: and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the Abbe had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. "Now, here," says Deane, "is a tale in which there is not one word of truth."—Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed. "My dear Abbé," said he, "shall I tell you the truth? When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless, than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a Newspaper; and, as it sometimes happened, that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality—now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions."—"And upon my word," cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, "I would much rather insert your fictions in my works than the truths of many other people."—Such is the way in which modern Philosophers write History!—(*Journal des Dames.*)

SPECTRES AND APPARITIONS.—The belief in these supernatural appearances was very common in the time of the learned Joseph Scaliger, who seems to have partaken in the common opinion of their existence; only he says, that neither he nor his father ever saw any; and the reason he assigns for this is curious. "I believe," says he, "that the demons never address themselves to any but weak-minded people. My father did not fear them, neither do I: he used to say that they were afraid to approach him: and I think they know better than to attack me; I should knock them heels over head!"—(*Scaligeriana*, p. 89.)

THE GAMING TABLE.—A country gentleman, on a visit to Paris, went to pass an hour or two at one of the gaming houses, which are continually open in that capital. In taking out some money, to put down his stake, he happened to drop a double louis, and as he made some piece of work to find it again, one of the party said, "Give yourself no trouble, Sir, the people of the house are very honest persons." "It may be so," said the visitor, "but in my country, when the Judges do their duty, one such *honest person* is hanged every week."—(*Gasconiana*, p. 99.)

CINNAMON.—This valuable spice was so little known in Scotland in the year 1528, that a ship laden in part with it having been wrecked on the coast not far from Edinburgh, the common people carried away the cinnamon, and burnt it as fuel in their houses.—(*Buchanan.*)

LITERARY TASTE.—A miserable scribbler once recited a Poem of his own composing to the celebrated Persian Poet Giani. "Observe," said he, "the singular merit of this composition; I have omitted the letter *elif* throughout." "I perceive it," answered Giani, "and I only wish you had omitted all the others."—(*D'Herbelot*)

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE.—When Lord Amherst, on his return from his late Embassy to China, mentioned to Buonaparte that the interesting people of the Loocho Islands, according to Capt Hall's account, used neither arms nor money, Buonaparte broke forth—"No arms! *Sacre!* how do they carry on war then?" When the same circumstances were related to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he exclaimed, "No money! Bless me! how is the Government managed?"

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

A SPECIMEN OF THE MODE OF ELECTING MEMBERS FOR PARLIAMENT IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

[Taken from the Memorandum MS. of J. Harrington, Esq. of Kelston, in Somersetshire, dated 1646]

To our much honoured and worthy friend, J. H. Esq. at his house, at Kelston, near Bathe.

WORTHIE SIR—Out of the long experience we have had of your approved worth and sincerity, our Citie of Bathe have determined and settled their resolutions to elect you for Burgess of the House of Commons in this present parliament, for our said Citie, and do hope you will accept the trouble thereof; which, if you do, our desire is, you will not fail to be with us at Bathe, on Monday next, the eighth of this instant, by eight of the morning at the furthest, for then we proceed to our election. And of your determination we entreat you to certify us by a word or two in writing, and send it by the bearer to

Your assured loving Friends,
JOHN BIGG, the Maior.
WILLIAM CHAPMAN.

Bathe, December, 6, 1645.

A NOTE OF MY BATHE BUSINESS ABOUT THE PARLIAMENT.

Saturday, Dec. 26th, 1645—Went to Bathe about my election to serve in Parliament, as my father was helpless and ill able to go any more;—went to the George Inn at night, met the Bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from the serving; drank strong beer and metheglin; expended about iij s. went home late, but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.

Monday, Dec. 28th—Went to Bathe; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the Citizens to serve for the City. The Maior and Citizens conferred about Parliament business. The Maior promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a-piece, when he went to London to Parliament, which we accepted of; and we talked about the Synod and ecclesiastical dismissions, I am to go again on Thursday, and meet the Citizens about such matters, and take advice thereon.

Thursday, 31.—Went to Bathe; Mr. Ashe preached. Dined at the George Inn with the Maior and four citizen; spent at dinner viij sh. in wine.

Laid out in victuals at the George..... xj d.
Laid out in drinking..... viij ij
Laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels ... iijj 4

Jan. 1.—My father gave me 4l. to bear my expences to Bathe.

Mr. Chapman, the Maior, came to Kelston and returned thanks, for my being chosen to serve in Parliament, to my father, in the name of all the Citizens. My father gave me good advice, touching my speaking in Parliament, as the City should direct me.—I came home late at night from Bathe, much troubled thereat concerning my proceeding truly for men's good report, and mine own safety.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF DEVON.

COX V. MARKS.

This is an action brought by the plaintiff, an attorney at Honiton, against the defendant, who lives at Awliscombe, for having received of him a sum of money, after the late election, for his expences in going to the election to give his vote for Lord Ebrington, when in fact he voted for the other candidates. The defendant having obtained an order of the Court, that the plaintiff should deliver the particulars of his demand, the following bill of particulars was given in, and filed at the last County Court, 1818:—

July 16. Cash paid by the plaintiff to the defendant, for his expences to Exeter and back (the defendant having falsely represented to the plaintiff, that he had been there, and voted for Lord Viscount Ebrington as one of the Knights of the Shire for the County of Devon) 0 7 0

Cash paid by the plaintiff, for the postage of a letter to Messrs. Brutton and Ford, at Exeter, to inquire the reason they had not transmitted to the plaintiff the usual letter of thanks from Lord Ebrington to the defendant, the defendant having falsely represented that he had voted for Lord Ebrington, as aforesaid 0 0 5

Cash paid by the plaintiff, for the postage of a letter from Messrs. Brutton and Ford, stating that the defendant had not voted for Lord Viscount Ebrington, but that he had voted for Sir Thomas Acland and Mr. Bastard 0 0 5

The defendant having repeated to the plaintiff that he had voted for Lord Viscount Ebrington, and that the omission of the letter of thanks to him must have originated in mistake, alleging that several other persons who had voted for Lord Ebrington had not received such letter of thanks, and defendant having produced a letter from Sir Thomas Acland, thanking him for the vote he had given to him, which he stated was the only letter of thanks he had received—cash paid by the plaintiff for the postage of another letter to Messrs. Brutton and Ford, desiring that the poll clerk's books might be compared with Lord Ebrington's check clerk's book, as well as the check books of the other candidates, for the purpose of ascertaining the fact 0 0 5

Cash paid by the plaintiff for the postage of a letter from Messrs. Brutton and Ford, informing him they had compared the books, and found that the defendant had voted for Sir Thomas Acland and Mr. Bastard, and not for Lord Ebrington 0 0 5

For the labour and trouble of the plaintiff, respecting the promises occasioned by the deceit and falsehood of the defendant aforesaid 0 13 4

The following table shows the number of Parliaments held in each reign, from the 27th Edward I. A. D. 1299, to the end of George II. showing also the respective length of each reign:—

	Number of Parliaments.	Length of Reigns. Years.
Edward the First (from 1299).....	8	8
Edward the Second.....	15	20
Edward the Third.....	37	50
Richard the Second.....	26	22
Henry the Fourth.....	10	14
Henry the Fifth.....	11	9
Henry the Sixth.....	22	39
Edward the Fourth.....	5	22
Richard the Third.....	1	2
Henry the Seventh.....	8	24
Henry the Eighth.....	3	38
Edward the Sixth.....	2	6
Mary.....	5	5
Elizabeth.....	10	45
James the First.....	4	22
Charles the First.....	4	24
Charles the Second.....	8	36
James the Second.....	3	4
William the Third.....	6	13
Anne.....	6	12
George the First.....	2	13
George the Second.....	6	33

202 461

From this table it appears, that in the 461 years preceding the reign of George the Third there were 202 Parliaments, whose average duration was 2½ years; and that in 210 years preceding the reign of Henry VIII. there were 143 Parliaments, averaging rather less than 1½ year each.

The following is a list of the number and duration of Parliaments within the reign of his present Majesty:—

Time when met.	When dissolved.	Existed. Y. M. D.
19 May, 1761	11 March, 1768	6 9 22
16 May, 1768	30 Sept. 1774	6 4 21
29 Nov. 1774	1 Sept. 1780	5 9 4
31 Oct. 1780	25 March, 1784	3 4 26
18 May, 1784	11 June, 1790	6 0 25
10 Aug. 1790	20 May, 1796	5 11 3
12 July, 1796	31 Dec. 1800	5 11 18
United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland		
22 Jan. 1801	29 June, 1802	4 2 25
31 Aug. 1802	24 Oct. 1806	
15 Dec. 1806	29 April, 1807	0 4 15
22 June, 1807	20 Sept. 1812	5 3 6
24 Nov. 1812	10 June, 1818	5 7 17

ORIGIN OF CHAIRING MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

This custom arose no doubt, from a practice in use among the ancient inhabitants of Sweden and other nations of Scandinavia, from whom we are descended. One of the senators, or judges of the provinces, convoked an assembly to make a new election immediately after the death of the king, and demanded with a loud voice of the people, if they would accept for king the person named, who was always one of the royal family. When they had all given their consent, the new king was lifted up on the shoulders of the senators, in order that all the people might see and know him.

MR. EDITOR.

SIR, Nov. 12, 1812.

As the paying and making out Election Bills at this moment, exercise the patience and the ingenuity of a great number of persons in the United Kingdom; I send you a specimen of one, for the authenticity of which I can vouch: It was the bill of a small Ale-house keeper, at a county town in Ireland, at the last General Election, in 1806.

W. E.
Sir M—S—Dr. to James Carr.

To eating 16 Freeholders above stairs, for Sir M—S— at 3s. 3d. a head 2 12 0
To eating 21 more below stairs, and two clergymen after supper 1 15 0
To six beds in one room, and four in tother, at two guineas for every bed.... 22 15 0
To 23 horses in the yard all night, at 13d. every one of them, and a man watching them all night..... 5 5 0
To breakfast and tea next day, every one of them, as many as they brought with them, as near as I can guess 4 12 0
For beer, porter, and punch, for the first day and first night, I am not sure, but I think for the three days and a half of the Election, as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, is in all or thereabouts, as near as I can guess..... 79 15 51
For shaving, dressing, and cropping the heads of forty-two Freeholders for Sir M—S— at 13d. every one of them, and cheap enough God knows 2 5 6
In the name of Jenmy Carr,
Bryan Gerarty. 118 19 11½

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE PERSIANS.

Persia being now one of our most considerable Eastern Allies, we believe the following will not be considered uninteresting:—

The mode of living of the Persians is in general as follows:— They always rise at day-break, in order to perform their devotions. Their first prayer is denominated *Numaz Soobh*, or the morning prayer; it is said before sun-rise, after which they eat a slight meal, called *nashta*, or breakfast; this consists of grapes, or any other fruits of the season, with a little bread, and cheese made of goats milk; they afterwards drink a cup of very strong coffee, without milk or sugar; then the *Calean* or pipe is introduced. The Persians from the highest to the lowest rank, all smoke tobacco.

Their second hour of prayer is called *Numaz Zohur*, or mid-day prayer, and is always repeated when the sun declines from the Meridian. Their dinner, or *cashi*, which is soon after this prayer, consists of curds, bread and fruits of various kinds; animal food not being usual at this meal.

The third hour of prayer is called *Numaz Asur*, or the afternoon prayer, said about four o'clock. The fourth hour of prayer, is called *Numaz Sham*, or evening prayer, which is said after sun-set; when this is finished, the Persians eat their principal meal called *Shami* or supper. This generally consists of a pilaw, dressed with rich meat-sauces, and highly seasoned with various spices; sometimes they eat *Kibab*, or roast meat. When the meal is ready, a servant brings notice of it, and at the same time presents a ewer and water, they then wash their hands, which is an invariable and indeed proper custom with the Persians, both before and after eating. They eat very quick, conveying the food to their mouths with their fingers; the use of knives and forks being unknown in Persia. Sherbets of different kinds are introduced, and the meal concludes with a dessert of delicious fruits. The supper being finished, the family sit in a circle, and entertain each other by relating pleasant stories, and also by relating passages from the works of their most favourite poets, and amusing themselves at various kinds of games.

The fifth and last prayer is styled *Numaz Akhir*, or sometimes *Numaz Sheb*, the night prayer, repeated about an hour after supper.

MEMORY.—A very singular case of sudden obliteration of the deepest impressions occurred in Oxford, somewhat later than the middle of the last century. It was narrated by the late Mr. Windham, and the fact is well known to many persons yet living. A woman, who was there executed, was restored to animation. She completely recovered her health—married—bore children—and conducted herself respectably through life. But the effect produced on her memory by the shock which her bodily frame had sustained was most extraordinary. She recollected very distinctly up to the day of her trial; but from that day she recollected nothing; and the period between her trial and execution for ever after remained a blank in her memory. She had behaved in prison with great composure and resignation—had partaken of the sacrament on the morning of the execution—sung a hymn on the scaffold—taken a calm farewell of her friends—and betrayed no symptoms of terror. But all these scenes were for ever effaced from her mind—nor had she ever afterwards the faintest glimmer of recollection that she had been placed in such jeopardy. Her memory with regard to every thing else was unimpaired. It would seem as if the ideas that possessed her mind during her imprisonment, and were uppermost on it, had literally been all wiped away.

ANCIENT SINECURES.—Sir David LINDSAY, the celebrated Scots Poet, was a man of both courage and wit. The King being one day surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lindsay approached him with due reverence, and began to prefer a humble petition, that he would instal him in an office that was then vacant. "I have," said he, "servit your Grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are: and now your maister taylor, at the pleasure of God, is departet; therefore I would desire of your Grace to bestow this little benefite upon me." The King replied, that he was amazed at such a request from a man that could neither shape nor sew.—"Sir," rejoined the poet, "that makes nae matter; for you have given bishoprics and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can nouter teach nor preach; and why may not I as well be your taylor, thocht I can neither shape nor sew? seeing teaching and preaching are nae less requisite to their vocation, than shaping and sewing to ane taylor."

PROVINCIAL THEATRE.—To a play-bill, published by a Country Manager, in the vicinity of the metropolis, announcing the performance of the play of *George Barnwell*, and the romance of *Blue Beard*, was lately added the following novel and very attractive invitation:—

Let none be afraid from the country to come,
As the Moon is engaged for to light them all home;
But should the herself that honour decline,
The Stars have agreed with more lustre to shine.
Doors open at six, begin about seven,
At home as in bed between ten and eleven.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

Twelve materials for the keeping of Christmas, viz.—

1. An absence of false religion, that is to say, of cruel opinions of God, and uncharitable opinions of each other.

2. A spirit that does not shrink at earning its enjoyments in-doors by exercise in the cold without.

3. Holly or other evergreens to stick about our rooms, and remind us of the never-dying beauties of Nature.

4. Plenty for all the house; and, if possible, some for poor neighbours.

5. A good blazing fire.

6. Chesnuts to crack in it—mince-pies, plum-pudding, snap-dragon, &c.

7. The old Wassail Bowl—(the indispensable Christmas cup)—a composition of spiced wine or ale, occasionally mixed with eggs, and always swimming with roasted apples, which were formerly called Lamb's-wool. This, with cake or bread, will alone constitute a Christmas repast.

8. Instrumental or vocal music, or dancing, or both, or all.

9. A short game of cards out of charity, if some of the company cannot do without it: if possible, a round one, to keep up the glee of the younger sort; if not, a sharp pointed one to produce the requisite pungency for the older. Only, during the season, your regular whist-players must not frown annihilation at any unhappy merry soul, who takes a King for a Knave, and whose fancy is more delightfully employed.

10. A raising of servants to as great a level of enjoyment with their masters and mistresses as possible—agreeably, not only to the first known origin of this festival, which was the Saturnalia, but to reason, humanity, and true delicacy at all times.

11. A kiss (Good God! what will Tomkins say?)—a kiss under the mistletoe, by one who has taken a walk to get it, provided he be worthy, to whomsoever he offers it, provided she does not refuse from a consciousness of being otherwise.

12. Such other pastimes as the oldest remember, the sprightliest approve, and the dullest do not think absolutely degrading.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

The following is a Copy of a Bill sent home with the linen last Saturday evening, should it be worth your notice, I shall be amply paid for my trouble in writing it out.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Mrs. Lacke Dettor to Judy O'Brien.

s. d.

1 Mourning Gownd but after blaching it wood not git hany witer	0 6
1 Pare lams.wol Stockens	0 1
3 Shirts won hof tham kipt bak to new tale	0 2
4 Neck hankerschers thay took a good dale of sop has thay warse blak abote the neck	0 5
2 Porkat hankerschers—pray Marm shel i sow hem hup knect time	0 2
1 Hunder Wastcot—i warse farced to gave it 2 bilelins to gat the swat hout wich costma 1 quarther hof a pounce hof sop	0 6
	1 10

Please Marm to gave the barer Patrick O'Brien the monney.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GEN. WASHINGTON.

One REUBEN ROUZY, of Virginia, owed the General about 1000l. While President of the United States one of his Agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the Defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and, for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land.—A friend hinted to him that probably General WASHINGTON did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a Petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so—and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his Petition in that City, brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor ROUZY was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved WASHINGTON." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years ROUZY enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the 1000l. with interest, at the feet of this truly great man. WASHINGTON reminded him that the debt was discharged:—ROUZY replied, the debt of his family to the father of their Country, and preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it amongst ROUZY's children, which he immediately did.

VISIT TO THE INTERIOR OF A PYRAMID.

[FROM A PARIS PAPER.]

We have received from M. de Niebuhr, the Prussian Minister at Rome, and one of the most distinguished literary characters of Germany, the authentic declaration of M. Belzoni, a Roman architect, relative to his having effected an entrance into the interior of a pyramid, a project which has been in vain attempted by many celebrated travellers for centuries past.

"On the 18th February last, M. Belzoni, at his own expense, began his project of opening a way into the second pyramid of Gizeh, called that of Chefrem. In the first place, he caused an excavation to be made towards the northern front, by following a perpendicular line from its centre. Having discovered that there was no opening in this place, he commenced further researches about thirty feet east of the middle, and on the 2d March he found the real entrance, which is a gallery of granite, that led to a hanging door also of granite. Having caused it to be raised, he found himself in an horizontal gallery, from whence he descended perpendicularly into a second, and thence by a stair-case into a third, which conducted him into an apartment where he found a sarcophagus containing human bones embalmed. Proceeding by a shelving gallery he arrived in another horizontal one, passing along which he perceived about half way a passage that led towards the south, into a second apartment. At the extremity of this horizontal plane, M. Belzoni saw a niche, cut for the purpose of fixing a granite door that lay near. From this place he ascended up a steep passage, about the height of 47 feet, to a stone wall by which it was closed. At this spot, he perceived stones cut and laid in such a manner as to close the entrance of this passage near the base of the pyramid."

From this account of M. Belzoni, it is proved that the pyramids were the tombs of the Royal Family. It appears to M. de Niebuhr that the pyramid of Chefrem is not in its original state. The sarcophagus must have been plundered at some period or other; and the doors of stone which have been found, were displaced at the time of this hostile invasion. We may presume that it was the Persians, under Cambyzes, who opened and pillaged it. The Egyptians, during the interval of their independence, might have closed the entrance, not being able to repair the devastations committed by the enemy.

PARMASAN CHEESE.—A great pillar of Westminster School, now dead, was coupled, as rabbits are said to be, fat and lean, that is, the Dr. was crammed with learning, and his Lady, taken from a very low sphere of life, was literally starved as to this sort of nourishment. A friend dining with them one day, was asked by the mistress of the house, whether he would take any "*Parmacity*." "*Parmacity!*" exclaimed the Dr. "*Parmasan*, you mean, my dear." A violent dispute immediately arose, the Lady was obstinate, and the matter was referred to the judgment of the visitor. The question was not very puzzling, but the consequence was, as a decision either way promised no very agreeable result to the referee. However, he at length settled the "*sub judice lis*," to the satisfaction of both man and wife (a tough job), in the following manner:—"Why," said he, "it seems to me that you are *both* right. If the cheese was made in Parma, generally speaking, I should say it was *Parmasan*, but if it was made in the City of Parma, I can see no objection to calling it *Parma-City*."

TRUE CHARITY.—HERODES, a celebrated Athenian Philosopher, one day relieved a man, by granting him the subsistence of a month. "I know this man," said he, "who affects the garb and manners of a Philosopher, to be a knave and an impostor; but I give him my charity, for, though he has lost the character of humanity, it is not for me to dispense with its feelings." There is a great elegance and simplicity in the Latin sentence, which is recorded by AULUS GELLIIUS, lib. ix. c. 2. *Damus huic aliquid æris, cuicui modi est, tanquam homines, non tanquam homini.*

ANECDOTE OF TASSO.

[From "*The New Monthly Magazine*," for September.]

A thousand traits in the life of Tasso serve to shew that genius was considered the property not of the individual, but his patron; and that the reward allotted for this appropriation was dealt out with jealous avarice. The author of the *Jerusalem*, when he was at the height of his favour at the Court of Ferrara, could not redeem the covering of his body and bed, which he was obliged to leave in pledge for 13 crowns and 45 lire on accompanying the Cardinal of Este to France. This circumstance appears from a testamentary document preserved in manuscript in the public library of Ferrara, which is imperfectly copied into the Life of Tasso, and the following letter is extracted from the same collection of autographs as a singular exemplification of what has been before said of princely patronage:—

"My very Magnificent Signor,

"I send your Worship *five* shirts, all of which want mending. Give them to your relation; and let him know that I do not wish them to be mixed with the others; and that he will gratify me by coming one day with you to see me. In the mean while I wait for that answer which your Lordship promised to solicit for me. Put your friend in mind of it. I kiss your Worship's hand.

"Your very faithful Servant,

"TORQUATO TASSO.

From S. Anna, the 4th Jan. 1585.

"If you cannot come with your relation, come alone. I want to speak to you. And get the cloth washed in which the shirts are wrapped up.

"To the very Magnificent Signor,
the Signor Luca Scalabrino."

Such was the condition of him, who thought that, besides God, to the poet alone belonged the name of Creator, and who was also persuaded that he himself was the first Italian of that divine race.

CURIOUS RENCONTRE.—A serious affair lately occurred at a small church in Wales. The pastor having a tame goat, which followed him to the church and sat under the pulpit, the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian, who sat opposite to him, that, taking the frequent inclinations of his head for a challenge to combat, he made a butt at his supposed antagonist, who, not observing from whence the blow proceeded, struck the person next to him. The parson, who was also of the quorum, would have committed the drowsy Cambrian, when brought before him next day, especially as the latter had been convicted of reading and commenting on the newspapers; but as it was proved by several witnesses that his goat was the first aggressor, he observed, that if the people "respired divine service, it would be no wonder if peasts of the field was to rise upon all the chakopins in the country."—(*Shrewsbury Paper*.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—Some years since, the late Lord GAGE met COURTOIS, the wealthy hairdresser, recently deceased, at the Court-room of the East India House, on an election business. "Ah, COURTOIS," said his Lordship, "what brings you here?"—"To give my votes, my Lord," was the answer.—"What! are you a Proprietor?"—"Most certainly."—"And more votes than one?"—"Yes, my Lord, I have *FOUR*!"—"Aye, indeed! Why, then, before you take the book, pray be kind enough to *pin up my curls*!" with which modest request the Proprietor of four votes, equal to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied!

PRIORITY OF INTELLIGENCE.—"Jean Wier," says an author of the Episcopal persuasion, "confessed in prison, that she and her brother, Major Weir, had made a compact with the devil; and that on the 7th of September, 1648, they were both transported from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, and back again, in a coach and six horses, which seemed all of fire; and that the devil then told the Major of the defeat of our army at Preston, in England." On which Lord HAILES makes the following observation:—"This proves that the *English Parliament* had *more early* intelligence of public occurrence than the devil himself had. The accounts of the action at Preston reached the Parliament on the 23d of August, whereas the devil related this event, by way of news, on the 7th of September."—*Remarks on the Hist. of Scot.* p. 268.

SIR—I presume the following article may not be altogether unworthy the notice of your Readers, as it will shew the great improvement which has been made in travelling in this country. It is a literal copy of a printed card, which is framed and glazed, and is preserved in the bar of the Black Swan Inn, at York—and which, on account of the remote period of its date, is now considered in that great thoroughfare city to be a curious document: it appears to have been itself a progressive improvement at that time.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A. CONSTANT READER.

Islington, July 11, 1816.

"YORK FOUR DAYS' STAGE COACH."

"Begins on Friday, the 12th of April, 1706.

"All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the Black Swan, in Holbourne, in London, and to the Black Swan, in Coney-street, in York; at both which places they may be received in a stage-coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey in four days (if God permits), and sets forth at five in the morning, and returns from York to Stamford in two days, and from Stamford, by Huntington, to London, in two days more, and the like stages on their return. Allowing each passenger 14lb. weight, and all above 3d. a pound.

"Performed by { BENJAMIN KINGMAN,
HENRY HARRISON,
WALTER BAYNES.

"Also this gives notice, that the Newcastle stage-coach sets out from York every Monday and Friday, and from Newcastle every Monday and Friday."

WOODEN TOYS.—Our Readers have, doubtless, often remarked German peasants in the streets with figures of animals for sale, carved in wood in a very superior manner; and they must also frequently have noticed similar figures in the windows of toy-shops. They are probably ignorant that all these figures are the work of the inhabitants of the Valley of Groden, in the Tyrol. This little valley contains, on a surface of scarcely a German square mile (about 25 English square miles), 3,500 inhabitants, who are celebrated for their carvings in wood. But little more than 30 years ago, scarcely 40 persons followed this occupation; at present, the number is above three hundred; and above a hundred young men, from 18 to 30 years of age, are constantly trading with these goods in foreign parts. This trade has hitherto been carried on exclusively by natives of this valley, in all the States of Europe, and has even extended to North America. Forty years ago, PETER WALLPONER settled in Mexico; but in the last 15 years some young men from Groden went with their carved wares to Philadelphia, New York, and Charleston, in North America. This work is chiefly executed in the long winter evenings, when they have nothing to do in the fields; and yet above 260 chests, on an average, are sent abroad every year, of the value of 150 florins per chest, without reckoning what the itinerant dealers carry with them. It is estimated that Groden alone receives from foreign countries 54,000 florins per annum for these articles. The women of this valley are remarkable for their skill in making lace, which is also a great article of trade. The French Government has lately given permission for all such articles carved in wood to pass through France without paying import or export duty, if they are imported by Strasburg, and exported from a sea-port, as Calais, or Havre, to England or America; or to Spain, by way of Bayonne, or a sea-port.

PARC AUX CERFS.—The following extract from the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review* is taken from a very able article on Abbé Georgel's Memoirs:—

The *Parc aux Cerfs* was an abominable establishment in the Park at Versailles, under the management of *Le Bal*, the King's first valet de chambre. Into this infamous sink of wickedness were allured, by every nefarious art, girls of the tenderest age, to be debauched by *Louis le bien-aimé*. Their numbers amounted at times to more than an hundred, many of them purchased of their parents! Their children, by the King, were regularly provided for, and they themselves, when they became too old for the father of his people, were married off, with good fortunes, into the provinces. The whole thing seems to have been conducted with as much regularity and in as business-like a manner as any department of the state. It is horrible such things should be, but right they should be known when they are, or when they have been, that men may see what those arbitrary monarchs often are, upon whom their affections, their blood, and their wealth are lavished, and that they may learn, by such pictures, the dignity and the necessity of being free.

Such was the morality of the Court during the reign of Louis XV.

THE HANGMAN TRAVELLING FOR BUSINESS.

Wednesday morning, about five o'clock, as Mr. Turkington, belonging to this Office, was passing through Westmoreland-street, he observed a crowd in much agitation near Fleet street; he immediately proceeded to the spot, and was informed that a desperate maniac had escaped from a lunatic asylum, had procured arms, had done much mischief to the people returning from Donnybrook Fair, and that no person dared go near to secure him. The officer, however, not intimidated by this information, rushed through the crowd, when a figure, scarcely human in appearance, presented itself—its face squalid and almost hid by a black beard matted with dirt, and the head nearly covered by a thing resembling a hat, but full of holes, through which a quantity of hair protruded itself, standing erect like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." The dress of this extraordinary creature consisted of a jacket and trowsers that appeared to have been made for a person of bulky size. They now covered a carcass with about as much flesh as a Bedouin Arab could boast; under the jacket was hid a dagger and a sharp instrument like a knife, while from a belt over part of a waistcoat was suspended a huge cutlass; and on the back was a large bundle. The Officer seized this curiosity, and asked what he was doing? The reply was "travelling on the King's duty." What did he carry weapons about him for?—"To assist him in his business!" What had he gotten in his bundle?—"Implements of trade." What is your trade?—"King's hangman!" Where do you do business?—"I've hanged chiefly in Ireland for twenty years!—I've hanged in Armagh—in Philipstown—in Wexford—in Wicklow—in Waterford, and other places, for twenty years!" The Officer immediately conveyed him to Bank-street, where Mr. Manning, who was on duty at that early hour, inquired his name; when the Prisoner said, he was Wm. Woods, "well known for hanging" in Wicklow and Wexford during the last twenty years. Mr. Manning, after securing his arms, opened the bundle which he had carried at his back, and which contained, among other things, the following articles:—long black cloak, with a cap to cover the head, several pieces of cord, for pinioning the hands, various halters, new and worn, and some new and old cat-o'-nine tails. This professional gentleman said, the cutlass was for assisting him in defence; the dagger and knife were to help in "executioning those who rebel-robbed" the King; and that he was going to Dundalk in search of business, having heard that the last executioner was dead; and that when he was stopped, he was proceeding with a letter he had written himself to the gaoler. To prove the truth of his story, and shew that he was no impostor, he gave the letter to the officer. The following is a literal copy of this curious document:—

"Mr. John Woods, Gaoler, Dundalk.

"Worthy Sir—I take This timely Opportunity of Calling to See you, As I am Credibly Enformed you wants a Man of my Profession of Business. I now beg leave to inform you concerning the Engratitude of the County of Kildare; since I first engaged in this Innocent Entertaining Course of Life, I never experienced So much Sorrow as I have since the Downfall of trade; But I should consider that I should never want in a County that I have served those twenty years. If their was Gratitude in them. Now since I find them ungrateful to Me after all my past Labours and Exersion, I shall withdraw My Servitude from them, and bestow it on you for the remainder of my life; If it is not your own fault I will work on reasonable Terms, as Business is had throughout the Kingdom, I will Nock them off for 10s. per Head and 5d. per ditto for Whipping; And I think we will have a Chace after the Heros of Wild Goose Lodg. I remain your

"Affectionate Friend and well wisher

"WILLIAM WOODS, Executioner."

A STUBBORN BRIDEGROOM.—A couple engaged themselves to be married; the day was fixed; the company invited; the ring, the parson, the cake, and all the other occasional comforts were prepared; the bride and bridegroom, dressed and perfumed, were seated near the fire, billing and cooing; every thing was ready—when, lo and behold! just before the Parson said those ominous words, "love, honour, and obey," the fickle bridegroom changed his mind, and refused to marry. In vain were the prayers and entreaties of friends urged; in vain the tears and anger of the bride exhibited—the gay Lothario was inexorable. Here sat the bride overwhelmed with grief—there the iced plum-cake and cordial untouched, while reason and argument were thrown away upon the obstinate lover. At length the friends of the lady became enraged, and at two o'clock in the morning were about beating the bridegroom into a compliance with his engagement, when he made his escape; and the next morning swore the peace against those guests who had attempted to thump him into matrimony: when these facts leaked out, the parties were bound over.—*New York National Advocate.*

ANECDOTE OF A ROMAN SENATOR.—When Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile—"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal—my life in yours; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

LINES

Inscribed to EDWARD KNAPP, esq. being an Inscription for a Spring of Fresh Water, lately enclosed, and furnished with a Seat, &c. by that Gentleman, for the accommodation of Travellers, by the side of the highway, near Abresford, Hants: on the railing of which is nailed a small board, with the words "ADAM'S ALE" painted on it.

THERE Adam first, in Eden's grove,
 Woo'd Eve in strains of artless love;
 And told his tender tale,
 I sprang beneath my Maker's hand,
 And smoothly flowed, at his command,
 Through that delightful vale.
 When love and innocence combin'd
 The happy pair in Eden join'd,
 I witness'd all their bliss;
 And when beneath the shady bow'rs,
 Eve gather'd on my banks the flow'rs,
 I snatch'd a passing kiss.
 When noontide heat came fiercely on,
 And from the daisy spangled lawn,
 Those lovers sought the shade?
 A sweet refreshing draught they took,
 Kneelt on the margin of the brook,
 And Heav'n with thanks repaid.
 When the bless'd pair, by wiles of Hell,
 A prey to disobedience fell,
 And left the sacred spot,
 Heav'n in its mercy still their friend,
 Bade me upon their steps attend,
 And I forsook them not.
 When sin first gave to labour birth,
 And Adam till'd the stubborn earth,
 I cool'd his thirsty tongue;
 And, while I nurs'd his parent soil,
 I quench'd his thirst, reliev'd his toil,
 His nerves with vigour strung.
 Through earth, by rivulet and brook,
 In copious streams my course I took,
 To aid creation's plan;
 And o'er this vast terraqueous ball
 Have labour'd, ever since the fall,
 To serve ungrateful man.
 Tradition brought the story down,
 And from the monarch to the clown,
 All know my simple tale,
 That my pure bev'rage was the first,
 And, as I quench'd old Adam's thirst,
 They call me "ADAM'S ALE."
 Now man, who ne'er can be content,
 Must various ways and means invent,
 To bring on me disgrace,
 And by unwholesome mixtures try
 To make his art with nature vie,
 Which half destroys his race.
 But still the self-conceited fool
 Must take and use me as a tool
 To form the nauseous draught;
 And after all his care and pains,
 Disease and death are all his gains—
 Experience dearly bought.
 When health was held in high esteem,
 Your fathers drank my lucid stream,
 And liv'd to see old age;
 Man now, to lux'ry fall'n a prey,
 Degenerate lives but half his day,
 And quits at noon the stage.
 All you who prize that blessing health,
 A gem more dear than worlds of wealth,
 Come listen to my tale;
 Learn that each bev'rage made by art,
 Conveys a poison to the heart—
 Drink only "ADAM'S ALE."

A POEM,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM COOPER, ESQ.
Not Published in his Works.

Doom'd as I am in solitude to waste
 The present moments, and regret the past;
 Depriv'd of ev'ry joy I valu'd most,
 My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost;
 Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mein,
 The dull effect of humour or of spleen!
 Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
 Him snatch'd by fate, in early youth away;
 And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain
 Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain!—
 O prone to pity, gen'rous and sincere,
 Whose eye ne'er yet refus'd the wretch a tear;
 Whose heart the real claims of friendship knows,
 Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes;
 See me, ere yet my destin'd course half done,
 Cast forth a wand'r'er on a world unknown!
 See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
 Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
 Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
 And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
 Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
 All that delights the happy—palls on me.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

By WILLIAM DIMOND, Esq.

BOLD GLENDOWER! when thou wast born
 Grim as midnight scowl'd the morn;
 Troublous cries and visions strange
 Boded states' and seasons' change;
 Penmanmawr his cap of snow
 Cast, and curs'd the vale below;
 Severa roared, and winding Wye
 Drown'd his meadows' pleasantry;
 Nature shriek'd and shook with fear—
 As the mystic birth drew near.

Bold GLENDOWER! thy boyish form
 Met and mock'd the highland storm;
 Hunter's horn and Falconer's cry
 Ever sound thee chasing nigh;
 Whither scarce the goat could flee,
 There thy fearless foot would be;
 Torrents foamed beneath thy tread,
 Eagle-nests were made thy bed;
 Bravery's darling—wayward—wild—
 Cambria blessed her daring child!

Bold GLENDOWER! historic page*
 Growing years would next engage;
 Light romance and minstrel lore
 Swelled the scholar's courtly store;
 Many a high and stately rhyme
 Breathing feats of elder time;
 Many a love-lay widely famed
 Of thy skilful touch were framed;
 Cambria caught the sounds with joy,
 Smil'd—then blest again her boy!

Bold GLENDOWER! thy ripe age
 Glowed with freedom's holy rage—
 Rage that spurn'd with strong disdain
 England's blood-cemented chain.
 "By the martyr'd minstrel host,
 By Llewellyn's unblest ghost,
 Cambria rise!" was heard thy call,
 "Rise to rule, or fighting fall!"
 Cambria at thy fateful word
 Frown'd, then grasped her rusted sword.

Bold GLENDOWER! down Snowdon's side
 Wound thy march in hopeful pride;
 The olden Genius of the rocks
 Shook the winter from his locks,
 While, disclosed through parting storms,
 Ghosts of ancient Druid-forms
 Swept, to cheer the patriot bands,
 Airy harps with airy hands.
 "Battle!"—Cambria's Knightood cried;
 "Battle!"—English Lords replied.

Bold GLENDOWER! from night to day
 Hung the doubtful, dreadful fray;
 Saxon spear and Norman bow
 Crossed the Briton's vengeful blow;
 Snowdon's rocks to Mona's caves—
 Severn's tide to Conway's waves—
 Passed the broken battle-cry,
 Rising—falling—fitfully.
 Late and loth the Freeman's rout—
 Last and loud the Tyrant's shout.

Bold GLENDOWER! thy towering head
 Drooped when Freedom's ensign fled,
 And thy soul it's royal frame
 Cracked at once to fly from shame.
 Cambria o'er thy dying bed
 Tears of pride and anguish shed;
 And as earth thy limbs embraced
 Thus thy grave the mourner trac'd—
 "Blessed in death, here wedded lie
 Bold GLENDOWER—and Liberty!"

* Owen Glendower, the last Mountaineer who struggled for the independence of his country, was educated, while an hostage, at the English court.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

(From a MS. Poem) by Henry Neale.

O! lady! do not weep for me,
 Because my closing hour is near,
 I only mourn that I should be
 So long a way-worn traveller here.
 These old white hairs are slender ties
 To bind me to so bleak a shore;
 A heart that only beats with sighs
 Cares not how soon it beats no more.
 The worms will soon feed on my breast,
 And revel o'er my senseless clay;
 But gnawing thoughts will be at rest,
 More ravenous and fell than they.
 The grass-green sod will heavily
 Press on the head it covers o'er;
 But light will every burden be
 When grief shall weigh it down no more.
 And dark will be my couch of rest,
 And cold, but free from pain and fears,
 Unshaken by my throbbing breast,
 Unwetted by my bursting tears.
 Then lady do not weep for me,
 Because my closing hour is near;
 I only mourn that I should be
 So long a way-worn traveller here.

THE BALLAD

ON WHICH THE POEM OF THE CORSAIR IS FOUNDED.

A Pirate once liv'd on an Isle,
And he fed upon cabbage and water,
A grim devil that never could smile,
But when up to his elbow in slaughter;
He had a fair wife whom he lov'd,
And she lov'd him too, which was stranger;
But the devil a bit was he mov'd
By her fondling to keep out of danger.

One night with his cut-throats he sails,
To terror and pity quite callous.
To surprise a Bashaw with three tails,
And set fire to his fleet and his palace;
But whilst they were fighting and burning,
They heard women squeak in the Harem,—
A hooty they thought it worth earning—
So away from the bonfire they bore 'em.

Says the Bashaw, the gudgeons are caught,
Now, my lads, fall to cutting and thrusting,
So his men fac'd about and they fought,
And soon gave the rogues a good dusting;
The men were all slain—but the Chief
Being ta'en, they determin'd to spit him,
So they plaster'd the wounds of this thief,
Till they found out a stake that would fit him.

Says he, "Tis a bore, but the game
For very high stakes we were playing,
Had I conquer'd I'd serve him the same
So I'll not fall to snivling and praying;"
To the prison a fair lady came,
To see this heroic Commander,
Says she, "I'm the Bashaw's chief Dame,
Whom you sav'd like a brave salamander"

"My husband's a jealous old dog,
Should like to be wife to a Pirate;
Come kill him, and off let us jog,"
Says he, "Madam, I don't much admire it,
A knife I can't handle, and you—
I can't take you off—I've a wife,
And I'd rather be skewer'd through and through,
Than breed such a terrible strife."

Says she, "then I'll do it—never mind,"
And was off—like a charger to battle,
While he follow'd softly behind,
For fear that his darbies* should rattle;
As merry was she as a grig,
When she'd finished the murder so horrid.
But the Pirate star'd like a stuck pig,
When he saw the blood smear'd on her forehead.

She endeavour'd to smirk and to smile,
But the Pirate, all sullen and musing,
Sat gruff as a bear all the while,
The lady's endearments refusing!
Ye wives, when your husbands you kill,
Wash off the appearance of evil,
Since the stain of the blood that ye spill,
With horror could strike such a devil!

Returning, he found that his wife,
Believing him certainly splitted,
For grief had departed this life,
So the Island for ever he quitted.—
Wherever he's gone, he's fair game,
Tis a pity the world shouldn't know it;
Some say, that to England he came,
And set up for a Lord and a Poet.

* Fetters—*Vide* Grose's Slang Dict.

SONG.

It was an English Lady bright,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And she would marry a Scottish Knight
For love will still be lord of all!

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though love was still the lord of all!

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that love was lord of all!

For she had lands both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish Knight the lord of all.

The wine she had not tasted well,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall!
When dead in her true love's arms she fell,
For love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall!
So perish all would true love part,
That love may still be lord of all.

And then he took the cross divine
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So love was still the lord of all.

WHEN Pontius attempted fair Myra to kiss;
She refus'd his salute with disdain:
Pray what is the reason she took it amiss?
If you look at his face—it is plain.

WATERLOO.

Hail! ever-glorious Waterloo!
What mighty schemes assume thy name!
Schools, Houses, Streets, and Bridges too,
All emulate thy peerless fame!

"THE WATERLOO ESTABLISHMENT!"
Yon gilded frieze-like sign-board reads;
Where more than meets the eye is meant—
Great A, B, C, and Arthur's Deeds.

"LADIES GENTEELY BOARDED HERE,
"AND TAUGHT TO DANCE ON SYSTEM NEW."
Hippocrene's stream flows not more clear
From Helicon than Waterloo.

Behold the crowded tradesmens' shops!
Flaming with gas of silvery hue;
Caps, Bonnets, Garters, Wigs, and Crops,
Are Patent all—and Waterloo.

All hail! Thou talismanic word!
So picturesque!—so sweet a view—
Thou would'st to Carlton House afford,
In NASH's "Place," called "Waterloo!"

As Albion's cliffs, of chalky white—
And colonnades span-spitting new—
And stucco-work—and windows bright—
God bless thee, NASH, and—Waterloo!

But curse that screen, whose clumsy height,
Hides Carlton House from Waterloo,
And keeps from our admiring sight
The Regent and his Palace too!

Last, though not least, in this bright band,
Of all to whom high praise is due,
Stand forth, ye wisemen of the Strand,
Who built a Bridge to Waterloo.

O! happy thought!—appropriate name!
Who can forget thee, Waterloo?
Who crush'd and rais'd a hero's fame—
At once immortaliz'd and slew.

So, Rennie, have thy Dorics squat,
Brought fame and poverty to view:
Laid many heavy purses flat,
Beneath thy weight, O Waterloo.

A HOT DAY.

What a plague's a summer-breakfast,
Eat whate'er you will!
Cold butter'd bread's a nasty thing,
Hot toast is nastier still!

Then, how to pass the time away
Till dinner, there's the doubt;
You're hot if you stay in the house,
You're hot if you go out.

And after dinner what to do,
Not knowing where to move;
The gentlemen are hot below,
The ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes full trot,
That's not the way to cool one;
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
But hotter still a full one.

Well, then, an evening walk's the thing—
Not if you're hot before;
For he who sweats when he stands still,
Will when he walks sweat more.

So now the supper's come,—and come
To make bad worse, I wot;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin;
For he who's hot when out of bed,
Heats ten times more when in.

Antidote to the Miseries of "A Hot Day."

[See last paper.]

YOUR bill-of-fare of plagues I've read,
And find them all but fun, Sir;
What are hot meals, hot rooms, hot beds,
But comforts overdone, Sir?

The hind who tans his hide i' th' sun,
And seldom boils a pot, Sir,
Thinks not, when the day's task is done,
His crust and straw too hot, Sir.

Poor rogue! he never talks of heat,
But as implying thirst, Sir;
A trouble in the poor man's list,
Not trivial, nor the worst, Sir.

When Winter—but let sermons pass;—
This hour (you'll think it droll, Sir,)
Our townsman, like Cockrobin bold,
Stands shiv'ring on the Pole, Sir.

Twould please us if one wee ice-isle
Would up the Channel swim, Sir;
But these hot miseries at home
Are all the charm with him, Sir.

Thank Heaven! the election-heats are o'er;
Their Dogstar ne'er shone hotter;
Better to gasp in this hot air,
Than splash in that hot water!

For this I judge: let gentlemen
And ladies too (don't grin, Sir!)
Be "hot below," "above," "before;"
Any where but within, Sir.

Near Bath; not in it, thank my stars.

H.M.M.

CURIOUS HYPOTHESIS.

[FROM A PARIS PAPER.]

We have spoken of a foolish enterprise of an American, who proposes to go to the North Pole, in order to discover a great orifice, by which he believes he could penetrate to the centre of the globe, where he imagines he can find habitable lands. There is a learned German, Mr. Stheinhauser, who announces, in *The Literary Gazette* of Halle, an hypothesis of the same kind. To explain the variation of the magnetic needle, he supposes that in the interior of our globe, at a depth of about 170 miles, there exists another small body, which performs, round the centre of the earth, a revolution from West to East, in a period of 440 years. This small globe, endued with a magnetic attraction, would be the cause of the variation of the magnetic needle. The calculations of Mr. Stheinhauser appear to agree exactly with experience; he had predicted, in 1805, that the needle would be for a time stationary, and at the present epoch would retrograde towards the East, what has, in fact, taken place. He has given to his subterranean planet the name of *Pluto*. Mariners, according to Mr. Stheinhauser, will have no more occasion to observe the celestial bodies to guide them at sea, it will be sufficient for them to understand the motions of *Pluto*, by observation of the magnetic variation.—These ideas, all extravagant as they appear, are not altogether new; some persons had already, nearly a century since, imagined the hypothesis of a metallic or magnetic kernel in our globe.

ANECDOTE.—WILLIAM BILDERDYCK, admired as the first Poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant qualities of his mind, did not in his youth seem to shew any happy disposition for study. His father, who formed an unfavourable opinion of his talents, was much distressed, and frequently reproached him in severe terms for his inattention and idleness; to which young BILDERDYCK did not appear to pay much attention. In 1776, the father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him, by shewing the advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden, and decreed to the author of a piece of Poetry signed with these words:—*An Author eighteen years old;* who was invited to make himself known. “You ought to blush, idler,” said old BILDERDYCK to his son, “here is a boy who is only of your age, and, though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you ———.” “It is myself,” answered young WILLIAM, throwing himself into his father’s arms.

SUICIDE PREVENTED.—A French cobbler had resolved to commit suicide, and, to make his exit the more heroic, prepared the following memorial, in writing:—“I follow the lesson of a great master, and as Moliere says,

‘When all is lost, and even hope is fled.’”

He had just written thus far, and applied the fatal instrument to the carotid artery, when suddenly recollecting, he stopped, and cried to himself “Eh! but is it Moliere who says so—I shall make sure—I shall be laughed at.” He now got Moliere, read a few comedies, and returned to his usual occupation of mending shoes.

CANINE ESTABLISHMENTS.—The two largest establishments of this kind, not sporting ones, are in the hands of two ladies. The Duchess of York has a most numerous collection of dogs, of the smallest species, of every age, and nearly of every country. The other Lady, who exhibits this remarkable attachment to these faithful animals, is Lady Castlereagh; but her collection is on a far different scale from those of her Royal Highness, her Ladyship’s being of the most powerful and magnificent kind—Russian, Turkish, Spanish, and Newfoundland. Some time ago, her Ladyship, walking near her seat at North Cray, surrounded by her favourites, was addressed by a man on the road, who, taking off his hat, said, “I suppose as how, Ma’am, you be a dog-fancier, or mayhap you exhibit with these here animals at different places; if so be, I should be glad to join company, having a few dancing-dogs of my own.” Her Ladyship laughed, and informed him she was not in that line of business.

GREYNA GREEN.

This celebrated Caledonian Altar of *Hymen* is thus described by a recent tourist:—“The dun, dreary bog, known by the name of *Solway Moss*, comes far and wide upon the eye, and wearies patience itself with its irksome and extensive sameness, till relief surprises the traveller scarcely less than the fugitive lover, in the sudden appearance of Greyna Green. That which first strikes the eye, is a small portion of the village, and just peeping out of the tufted groves which envelope the rest in their shades. There is something in the *coup d’œil* of this *Paphian* retreat, at about a mile’s distance, singularly calculated to flatter the imagination, which adventurers, posting hither in the cause of love, may be supposed to possess in no inferior degree. The advanced position of those introductory habitations, expresses such an air of invitations welcome to the woody asylum beyond them, as impresses the mind with very agreeable ideas. The Inn, which is called *Greyna Hall*, affords excellent entertainment: it was formerly the mansion of a Gentleman, and to a lawn of some acres in its front, bordered with lofty fir-trees, the village of *Greyna* owes the additional appellation of *Green*.”

ANECDOTE.—A Gentleman of the Bar, in a neighbouring county, in easy circumstances, and pretty good practice, has rendered himself somewhat remarkable by attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden, rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant in the neighbourhood, hearing of this Lawyer’s speculating propensity, that his character was unexceptionable, and his life tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient:—She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of the law to draw her will. He attended for that purpose. By her will she devised 10,000*l.* in the bank stock, to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a niece—and vast landed estate to a favourite nephew.—The will being finished, she gave the lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined secrecy of him for some pretended purpose—thus precluding him from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight, the lady thought proper to be again restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit her, which was politely given. After a short courtship, the desired offer was made. The bargain was concluded, and ratified by the priest. The lawyer’s whole estate by his wife consists of an annuity of sixty-five dollars.—*American Paper.*

ANECDOTE OF TALLEYRAND.—When the Princess Eliza Bonaparte took possession of the sovereign principality of Piombino, and almost immediately after that of Lucca, the legitimate Prince of Piombino, dispossessed at once of his property and title, complained to the Prince de Benevent (Talleyrand), then Minister for Foreign Affairs, that he did not know what name to take. The Minister answered with the utmost sang froid, “Why don’t you take the name of *BACCHIOCHI*, it is vacant.” It is perhaps needless to say, that *Bacchiochi* was the patronimic appellation of the Princess’s husband.

STRAYING FLOCKS.—A Clergyman being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on a Sunday, made this reply, “I have preached them here: let him preach them back again.” Good old Bishop LATIMER told such a complaining divine, “Feed your flock better, and then they won’t stray.”

CURIOUS SIGN-BOARD.—Upon the door of a house near Bridgewater, occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, is a sign-board with the following inscription:—“Burness and Son, blacksmith and barber’s work done here, horse shoeing and shaving; locks mended, and hare curling, bleeding, teeth drawing, and all other farriery work. All sorts of spiratus lickers akording to the late comical trety.—Take notis my wife keeps skool, and laves fokes as you shall; teches reading and riting and all other langwitches; and has assistaunts, if required, to teach horritory, sowing, the mathematics, and all other fashionable diversions.”

ARTICLES OF RECONCILIATION
BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS WIFE, Oct. 9, 1629.

[From "Lysons's Environs of London."]

It was agreed between Joseph Caron and Margery, his wife, in manner and form following:—

I, Joseph Caron, do willingly promise to my wife Margery, that, upon condition that she will not hereafter make further inquiry into any thing that hath in time past occasioned jealousy on her part, I from this time forward will forbear the private company of any woman or maid whom she may suspect to be dishonestly inclined; and in particular, because of her former suspicions, how unjust soever, I do promise to estrange myself from Mrs. Colmer, and whomsoever else she hath formerly suspected; and that I will forbear striking her and provoking speeches, and be as often with her at meals as I can conveniently, and in all things carry myself as a loving husband ought to do to his wife: In witness whereof, I have subscribed my name the day and year above mentioned.

JOSEPH CARON.

I, Margery Caron, do willingly promise to my foresaid husband, Joseph Caron, that, upon condition that he perform faithfully what he hath promised, I will from this day forward forbear to inquire into any thing that hath in time passed occasioned jealousy in me towards my husband; and in particular do acquit Mrs. Colmer, by these presents, from any guilt of dishonesty with my husband, being now persuaded of his innocency therein, whatsoever I have formerly said to the contrary; and do promise for the time to come, the premisses being duly performed on my husband's part, to carry myself towards him in all things as becometh a loving and faithful wife. In witness whereof, I do subscribe my name the day and year above written.

MARGERY CARON.

THEATRICAL TALENTS.—Previous to the appearance on the stage, of the late eminent actor, Mr. HENDERSON, he found it impossible to procure an introduction to either of the London Managers, their different friends were therefore sought out and applied to for their interest to procure an interview with Mr. GARRICK. Among other applications, one was made to the late PAUL HIFFERNAN, of dull memory, who was at that time one of the constant attendants at the Manager's levee. When Mr. HENDERSON was announced to HIFFERNAN, he looked in his face for some time, with the greatest gravity, and then vociferated, "Stand upon your pins!" HENDERSON stood up. "Now, (said he) young gentleman, I'll soon see if you'll ever make a tragedian." Then stalking with solemn dignity to a table drawer, he took out a ball of packthread, from which he cut a long piece, and tied the knife to the end, by way of plummet; this done, he marched up to the young candidate for theatrical fame, and mounting upon a chair, held the packthread to the top of HENDERSON's head, and let the knife drop to the ground. This ceremony over, he descended, took out of his pocket a two-foot rule, and measured the length of the packthread, then put on a most melancholy countenance, shook his head, and exclaimed, "Young gentleman, I am sorry to mortify you, but you will never do for the buskin, you will not, Sir, *by an inch and a quarter!*"

WHIMSICAL MISTAKE.—The death of M. Perrier, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has occasioned a strange mistake. The Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences, happens to be also named Perrier. At a recent meeting of the latter body, the Chevalier entered with a countenance woe-begone, took his place among his brethren, then solemnly stood, drew forth a manuscript from his pocket, and with a voice of the deepest sorrow, began a funeral oration upon "his deceased friend."—What was his surprise, when the "deceased friend" stood up from the President's chair, which he filled (the panegyrist was so blinded with tears, as not to observe him sooner), declined the honour about to be conferred on him, thanked his friend in the warmest terms, and proposed, amidst roars of laughter to adjourn the reading of the oration *sine die*. —Paris Paper.

ANECDOTE.—In the reign of King Charles the First, a regiment of horse casually fell in with the enemy, in rather a dark night in summer; the Colonel, in order to be more at his ease, stript off his clothes to his shirt, then charged the enemy, routed them, and took a great many prisoners; one wondering at the defeat and strange execution in the dark, an Irish Officer swore they had light enough, for they could easily see and distinguish colours by the moonshine of their Commander's shirt.

OBSOLETE ANECDOTES OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.

The following quaint motto was originally intended for the Drapers' Company:—

"No ram, no lambe—no lambe, no sheepe—no sheepe, no wooll—no wooll, no woolman—no woolman, no spinner—no spinner, no weaver—no weaver, no cloth—no cloth, no clothier—no clothier, no clothworker, fuller, tucker, shearman, or draper."

Anno 1189.—"In the beginning of the raigne of King Richard the First, Sir Henry Fitz Allen, draper, was the first Lord Maior of London, who continued in that dignity twenty-four yeres together, till the 14th yere of King John, 1212."

"King James was made a free brother of this Company, who feasted his Majestie, at which time the King gave a gift of two brace of buckes to the said Company yearly for ever, to bee spent at their feast in their Hall."

"Wooll hath bene formerly in such esteeme in England, that in a Parliament holden the 36 of Edward the 3d. the King had his subjects paid him in wooll; and before that, in the 11th yere of his raigne, it was forbidden to be transported out of the kingdome; and then did strangers come over hither from divers parts beyond the seas, who were fullers, weavers, and cloth-workers, whom the King entertained, and bare all their charges out of his Exchequer, at which time the staples, or markets, were kept at divers places of this land at once; as at Newcastle, Yorke, Lincolne, Canterbury, Norwich, Westminster, Chichester, Winchester, Exeter, Bristoll, and Carmarthen; by which may be conceived what a great commodity wooll was in those dayes. But in the 6th yere of King Edward the Fourth, the King sent certain sheepe out of Cotswold, in Gloucestershire, into Spaine, the increase of which so enriched the Spaniards with our wooll, that ever since, it hath bene in the lesse request in England, whereof the Drapers grievously complained."

CURIOUS OPINIONS OF SIR RICHARD HYDE AND LORD HALE.—Sir RICHARD HYDE once held, that if one man bought another's goods of the thief, though he had known them to be stolen, if he had given the just value for them, he would not have become an accessory to the theft. Lord HALE differed from this opinion, "For if there be any odds," said he, "he that gives more, benefits the felon more than he that gives less than the value."

THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR.—The following droll circumstance lately occurred in the North of the metropolis: A lady, probably very ignorant of what was passing in her own house, was, as she thought, and had reason to think from her unwearied vigilance, perfectly acquainted with all the domestic economy of her neighbours. It happened that, by a long and diligent observation of the proceedings in an opposite mansion occupied by a foreign Nobleman, she had ascertained beyond a doubt that the footman went to bed in the maid servant's room. To be convinced of error, and to lose no time in correcting it, is the grace of virtue. A letter, charged with these suspicions, was immediately dispatched to the Count, who wrote her a very polite answer, stating, how much he was obliged to her for the lively interest she took in the morality of his family, that he would forthwith institute an inquiry into the matter, and put a speedy end to any impropriety he might discover; but he begged leave to observe, that he had hitherto understood that it was the custom of this country for man and wife to sleep together!

RESPONSIBILITY OF TEACHERS.—One of the Professors at Harrow School having accidentally entered a day-school kept by a good woman, heard her reprimand a child, about five years old, who was reading to her; but, as he hesitated in spelling some word rather difficult, the old dame broke out in these words:—"Will you *qualify* me that word, you imp?" and upon the child's saying he did not understand her, she rejoined, "come, Sir, don't give me none of your *animosities*, you Jack Ass; surely you must be *non compos*;" then perceiving the Learned Gentleman, she exclaimed, "O! Sir, what a deal us that teaches has to answer for!"

A CAUTION.—When PHILIP III. of Spain, through inveterate habits of indulgence and neglect, had long committed the administration of government solely to the care of his Prime Minister, the Duke of LERMA, his supineness was roused and his fears excited, by finding one day on his table a letter with the following inscription:—"To PHILIP the Third, now in the service of the Duke of LERMA."

DURATION OF EARLY LOVE.

At Falklin, the capital of Delectaria, the situation of the surprising Mines of Sweden, the following discovery was made, some years ago:—In working to establish a new communication between two shafts of a mine, the body of a miner was discovered in a state of perfect preservation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. It was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. No one could identify the body; it was merely remembered that the accident, by which he had thus been buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place above fifty years ago. All inquiries about the name of the sufferer had already ceased, when a decrepid old woman, supported on crutches, slowly advanced towards the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young man, to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century ago. She threw herself on the corpse, which had all the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with her tears, and fainted with joy, at having once more beheld the object of her affections. It is easier to conceive than trace the singular contrast afforded by that couple, the one buried above fifty years ago, still retaining the appearance of youth, while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervency of youthful love.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—A Correspondent of one of the American Journals, says—"On the 21st December, 1817, I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of —, where I had an acquaintance on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding in a neighbouring house, and on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued; (the man of the house was religious). A young lawyer then arose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and in finishing his discourse, begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which, he believed and hoped, would be beneficial. And, on obtaining leave, he proposed:

"That one man in the company should be selected as President; that this President should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name which they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, should have their choice kept entirely secret.

"After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices: but whom they had chosen, remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company respectively retired.

"Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven, had declared that their diffidence was so great, that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.

"Gentlemen under 20 and ladies under 15, were excluded as unmarriageable."

ORIGINAL NEW-ENGLAND ANECDOTE.—Riches may be entailed; and nobility may become hereditary.—Wit and wisdom can never be made heir looms.—There are few names more respectable among the patriarchs of Massachusetts than Governor DUDLEY and Judge SEWALL, yet the former had a daughter, who could scarce keep out of the fire and water, and the latter a son of equal abilities. The prudence of the old gentlemen intermarried these wiseacres. In due time after the marriage, Judge SEWALL, then sitting at the Council Board in Boston, received a letter informing him that his daughter-in-law, was delivered of a fine son; he communicated the billet to the Governor, who, after perusing it, observed, with an arch severity.—Brother SEWALL, I am thinking how we shall contrive to prevent this grandson of ours from being as great a fool as his father." "I believe," retorted Judge SEWALL, "I believe, brother DUDLEY, we must not let him suck his mother."

LESSING'S ABSENCE OF MIND.—The justly celebrated Lessing was frequently very absent. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on his table. "Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no; I forgot that."

The following is a similar trait. In a public sale there was a book which Lessing was very desirous of possessing. He gave three of his friends, at different times, a commission to buy it at any price. They accordingly bid against each other till they had got as far as 90 crowns; there having been no other after ten crowns. Happily one of them thought it best to speak to the others, when it appeared that they had all been bidding for Lessing, whose forgetfulness in this instance cost him 80 crowns.

THE RACEHORSE AND GREYHOUND.

Various have been the opinions upon the difference of speed between a well-bred greyhound and a blood horse of some celebrity, if opposed to each other for a mile, or for a greater or shorter distance. It has been stated by the best and most experienced judges, that upon a flat, a horse of this description would be superior to the greyhound, for either an extended or contracted distance; but that in a hilly country the greyhound would have an evident advantage. Wishes had been frequently indulged by different branches of the sporting world, that some criterion could be adopted, by which the superiority in speed could be fairly ascertained; when, after a variety of suggestions and propositions from one quarter to another, without success, the following circumstance accidentally took place, affording some rays of information upon what was previously considered a matter of great uncertainty:—In the month of December, 1800, a match was to have been run over Doncaster race-course, for 100 guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that, in running the ground, she might ensure the wager; when, having run about one mile in the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, who joined her from the side of the course, and emulatively entering into the competition, continued to race with the mare for the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, affording an excellent treat to the field, by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance post, five to four was betted in favour of the greyhound: when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any person might have taken his choice from five to ten; the mare, however, had the advantage by a head at the termination.

STORKS.—The veneration shewn by the Germans to Storks is a very remarkable superstition. The houses which these birds light upon are considered as under the special favour of Heaven. It is usual to contrive a small flat square spot on the top of the roof, for them to rest upon, and build their nests. Catholic Curates, as well as Protestant Ministers, endeavour to allure them to their Churches. "I observed," says a French Traveller, "Four or five steeples dignified by such visitors. There are people so lucky as to attract some of them into their poultry-yard, where they stalk about with the hens, but without yielding up any particle of their freedom. Were any one to kill a Stork, he would be pursued like an Egyptian of old for killing an ibis, or for friecasing a cat.—In a fire, by which the town of Delft, in Holland, was burnt to ashes, a Stork, which had built her nest upon a chimney, strove all she could to save her little ones; she was seen spreading her wings around them to keep off the sparks and burning embers. Already the flame began to seize upon her, but, unmindful of herself, she cared only for her offspring, bemoaning their loss, and at length fell a prey to the fire, under the eyes of a sympathizing crowd, preferring death with the pledges of her love, to life without them. This interesting anecdote was celebrated by a Flemish Poet who lived in 1503, in an effusion bearing the title of the Stork of Delft; or the Model of Maternal Love."

EXTRAORDINARY ACQUISITION OF LANGUAGES.

At a recent Meeting of the Shropshire Auxiliary Bible Society, Archdeacon Corbett, in a speech delivered on that occasion, drew a parallel between Mr. SAMUEL LEE (one of the preachers) and the admirable Chrichton. From the Reverend Gentleman's statement, it appears, that Mr. Lee had merely the education of a village school (where he was born, about six miles from Shrewsbury) viz. reading, writing, and arithmetic; that he left school at 12 years of age, to learn the trade of a carpenter and builder. While thus employed, he became, *self-taught*, a Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan scholar. These languages he acquired in six years, at the hours during which he was relieved from manual labour. Since that period, Mr. Lee has had more assistance; and is now, in addition to the tongues we have mentioned, familiar with Arabic and Persian, Hindostanee, French, German, Italian, Ethiopic, Coptic, Malay, Sanscrit, and Bengalee—in all, *seventeen languages in fourteen years*.

ANECDOTE OF MOZART.—His charity was asked one day, in the streets of Vienna, by a person who had known better days; and, as the great musician knew better how to heap up silver sounds than silver coin, he felt his pocket, for the poor fellow, in vain. Uneasy at his want of money at such a moment, a thought suddenly struck him, and he asked the man to wait while he went into a tavern, where, calling for pen and ink, he sat down and composed a minuet on the spot; then, folding up the paper, he returned, and, giving it to his petitioner, told him to carry it to a music publisher in the city, who would give him something when he saw the contents. He did so accordingly, and received, we think (for we repeat the story from memory), five double ducats. The circumstance deserves to be recorded, and the minuet itself is worthy of the occasion. It exhibits a singular mixture of science (which MOZART, perhaps, took a just pride in exhibiting at such a sudden call), with that exquisite natural beauty which is so apparent throughout his works. It teaches us this practical lesson—that there are few, if any, who want the power of doing good in some way or other, if they are possessed of the desire.

WANTS.

Z-bulon Rockway, of Lyme, calls on his creditors in the following good-humoured style:—

"WANTS.—Perhaps there is no word better understood than *want*, for 'all persons have their wants.' Some want a new Governor in Connecticut, some want to continue the old one; some want petty offices (if they cannot get better), some want such to be disappointed; some want wives, and some want to get rid of them; some want one thing, and some want another. For my own part I want my pay of those who owe me; the reason is, my creditors want their pay of me, and I want to pay them. The lawyers want business, and they may want for all me, if those indebted to me will settle their accounts by the 1st of June next; but if they do not settle by that time, I shall think they want to be sued, and WANT will compel me to supply such wants without further notice."—(*American Paper.*)

CURE FOR UNREQUITED LOVE.—On Monday, the 29th ult. Mr. Darby Daniel McClean, of Newry, a pensioner, was married to Miss Margaretta S. Mackenna, of Rathfryland. The bride was to have been married on the same day to another lover, one James Locke, and had arrived at the appointed time and place in Newry, where the ceremony was to have been performed. The favoured swain, however, did not appear, and the lady's hostess in Bridge-street communicated to her the lamentable tidings that he was already married, and had gone, she believed, to visit his wife, then a prisoner in Armagh. Margaret wept, sighed deeply, and exclaimed, "Never will I return to Rathfryland unmarried—if I do not get a husband I will drown myself, and this shall be the last day of poor Margaretta Mackenna!" "Oh" said the hostess, "I wish honest Darby Dan. McClean were here! He also is crossed in love, and talks of death—perhaps he would marry you—'tis better to wed than die." A word to the wise sufficeth. Margaret speeded on the wings of love to Darby's dwelling, whom she found pensively leaning on his arm; and ruminating deeply on his misfortune. "Why are you so sad, Darby?" quoth Margaret. "My love has jilted and deserted me," replied Darby, with a sigh. "So hath mine," rejoined Margaret, with a sob. "I cannot, I will not survive it," quoth Darby. "I will either be drowned or be married to-day," murmured Margaret. The voice was in unison with Darby's feelings—he looked wistfully on the dark, languishing, yet sparkling eyes of the love-lorn maid, and sympathized in her sorrows. Sympathy begets Love, and Love is gentleman-usher to Hymen. The parties, therefore, determined not to drown, but marry. Margaretta, with her intended bridegroom, returned in triumph to her kind and sagacious hostess. Preparations were made for the wedding; and the bride insisted on paying the parson's fees from her own pocket. But Darby would not concede that point. "That," said he, "would be to purchase me, and if you buy me, you might sell me—but I'll take care of that." The friendly controversy soon terminated, and the happy pair, now man and wife, like other fashionable personages, set off after the ceremony; and mean to spend the honeymoon in connubial joy at Rathfryland.—(*Belfast Paper.*)

Account of that extraordinary production of Nature, the Russian Lamb.—The most extraordinary of the curiosities of Little Taitary is the Lamb of Muscovy, which grows between the two great rivers of the Don and the Wolga. This plant is remarkable for possessing a great portion of the animal nature. It is for this reason it is called the Animal plant; as also Zoophytes: and in the Russian language, Bonarets.—The fruit is of the size of a gourd or melon; it has the figure of a sheep, all the limbs of which are discoverable. It is fastened to the earth by the navel, upon a stalk of two feet in length. It always leans towards the grass, and the plants that grow round it, and changes its place as much as the stump will suffer.—When the fruit comes to maturity the stalk dies; it is covered with a hairy skin, frizzled like that of a lamb just lambed, and this skin serves it as a fur to defend it from the cold. It is further observed that this plant never dies till it can no longer find any grass to nourish it. The fruit yields a juice like blood, when it is taken from the stalk; and has the taste of mutton. The wolf is as fond of this plant as of real mutton; and the Muscovites make use of it, in order to surprise those animals.

NECESSARY PRECAUTION.—Mr. Stevens, Treasurer of Queen Anne's bounty, (and whose life has been written by Mr. Justice Park,) was a very deep-read and learned character. He was known to most of the literati, and frequently received presents of their works; but as all these productions were not to his taste, he used to say to a friend, "When a man sends you his work, thank him immediately, and before you have read it; I always do so, where I have any suspicion, lest I shall not be able to acknowledge the favour conferred on me with a good grace after perusal."

A VALENTINE.

Most inestimable Magazine of Beauty!—Perfection's wonder! Love's quintessence! in whom the port and majesty of *Juno*, the feature of *Cytherea*, the wisdom of *Jove's* brain-bred girl (*Pallas*), the chastity of *Diana*, and the constancy of *Lucretia*, have their domestic habitation! who with the Goddesses are deified, with the Graces graced, with the Virtues stellified, with the Muses honoured, and with the Senses admired!—vouchsafe, dread Empress of my Affections, to pardon the intrusive boldness of my untuned tongue (which was never tipped with the courtly gloss of adulation), who being the Ambassador of my Heart, doth prostrate myself and my best services to be disposed of at your great commands; and as the resplendent beams of *Titian* make parity of obscurity, so one glance or glimpse of the translucency of your eyes sun-dazzling corruscancy will exile all the cloudy vapours of heart-tormenting moody melancholy, that, like an usurping tyrant, hath captivated your humble suppliant thus fervently to implore your clemency.

DR. TUCKER, DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.—At the general election in 1767 there was a violent contest at Bristol, on which occasion the vestry of the parish of St. Stephen, one of the most considerable in the city entered into a resolution to oppose Lord Clare, who had represented the place during two or three parliaments. Having come to this determination the gentlemen waited upon the rector, Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, who was a fast friend to Lord Clare, and told him that if he presumed to vote against the vestry they would not collect a shilling for him in the parish. The Dean heard them patiently, and then very calmly replied, "Gentlemen, do whatever is right in your own eyes; I shall certainly vote for Lord Clare, consequently against you; but I shall, notwithstanding, do my duty to you as your minister, whether you collect for me or not. If you can answer that in your own consciences, I am satisfied. Sure I am, that my conscience shall never reproach me for my conduct towards you; and I shall be very sorry, for your own sakes, that your's should ever reproach you for your conduct towards me." This manly and disinterested behaviour had such an impressive effect that his income never lessened.

HARROWGATE.—Among the theatrical visitants as a performer, a clown of some celebrity joined the dramatic corps there, and amused the spectators much by the distortion of his visage. A footman in the gallery observed—"He saw no great merit in it; for give his mistress a glass of *Harrowgate water*, and she would beat him hollow."

ANECDOTE.—OLIVER CROMWELL was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady, on the subject of oratory; in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth; and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained, that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. This argument ended, as most arguments do, in the lady's tenaciously adhering to her belief in the impossibility of any one making an eloquent speech, who had never scientifically studied the art of speaking in public; and in the Protector's telling her, he was well convinced that he should one day make her a convert to his opinion. It happened some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the unexpected arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector's, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His Highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question in dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."—Whether the compliment could possibly make amends for the severe and painful lesson which called it forth, I must leave to my readers to decide on, according to their individual character.

OH, HAD MY FATE BEEN JOIN'D WITH THINE!

BY LORD BYRON.

Oh, had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel-form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any,
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory, yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures,

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhor'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I ask for other joys,
To think would drive my soul to madness:
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

TO JESSY.—By LORD BYRON.

[The following unpublished Stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady, a few months before their separation.]

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight—
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture in my breast,—
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek—
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A mouth which smiles on me alone;
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet;
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah no!
They cannot part—those souls are one.

TO OCTAVIA,

THE EIGHTH DAUGHTER OF J. L.—G, ESQ. ON THE COMPLETION OF
HER SIXTH YEAR.—BY LORD BYRON.

Full many a gloomy month hath past,
On flagging wing, regardless by
Unmark'd by aught, save grief—since last
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
And bade my lyre pour forth for thee
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy!

For all my joys are wither'd now—
The hopes I most relied on, thwarted—
And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow
With many a shade, since last we parted:
Yet, 'mid that murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforgot!

There are who love to trace the smile
That dimples upon childhood's cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile
The dictates of the bosom's break;—
Ah! who of such could look on thee
Without a wish to rival me!

None: his must be a stubborn heart,
And strange to every softer feeling,
Who from thy glance could bear to part
Cold and unmoved—without revealing
Some portion of the fond regret
Which dimm'd my eye when last we met.

Sweet bud of Beauty!—'mid the thrill—
The anguished thrill of hope delayed—
Peril—and pain—and every ill
That can the breast of man invade—

No tender thought of thine and thee
Hath faded from my memory!
But I have dwelt on each dear form
Till woe awhile gave place to gladness;
And that remembrance seem'd to charm,
Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness;—
And now again I breathe a lay
To hail thee on thy natal day.

Oh! might the fondest prayers prevail
For blessings on thy future years—
Or innocence like thine avail
To save thee from affliction's tears,

Each moment of thy life should bring
Some new delight upon its wing!
And the wild sparkle of thine eye,
Thy guilelessness of soul revealing—

Beam ever thus as beauteously,
Undimm'd—save by those gems of feeling—
Those soft, luxurious drops which flow
In pity for another's woe.

But vain the thought!—it may not be!—
Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
Or hearts, from sinful passions free,
Here hope for unalloyed delight,

Then those who guard thine opening bloom
Had never known an hour of gloom.
No;—if the chastening stroke of Fate
On guilty heads alone descended,

Sure they would ne'er have felt its weight
In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
Life's dearest social virtues move,
In one bright, linkless, chain of love!

Then, since upon this earth Joy's beams
Are fading—frail, and few in number,
And melt—like the light-woven dreams
That steal upon the mourner's slumber—

Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
The ills that Heaven may bid thee share;
And when thine infancy hath fled,
And Time with woman's zone hath bound thee,

If in the path thou'rt doom'd to tread
The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound thee,
Be thine that exquisite relief,
Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief!

And like the many tinted bow
Which smiles the showery clouds away,
May Hope—Grief's Iris here below—
Attend and soothe thee on thy way,

Till full of years—thy cares at rest—
Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!
Young Sister of a mortal Nine
Farewell!—perchance a long farewell;

Tho' woes unnumbered yet be mine—
Woes, Hope may vainly strive to quell—
I'll half unteach my soul to pine,
So there be bliss for thee and thine?

The two following Poems are said to have been written by Lord BYRON, since his separation from Lady BYRON. As they have found their way into print, we only follow the example of other Papers in publishing them. We have received a manuscript copy of an article purporting to be the Lady's Reply, written, no doubt, by some kind friend, who from the raucous spirit which it breathes, would fain prevent the possibility of a reconciliation, and upon this ground we decline its insertion.

FARE THEE WELL!

Fare thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare thee well—
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—
Would that breast were bared before thee—
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again;
Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could shew—
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow;
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me;
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hand shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.—
All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Whither—yet with thee they go—
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by the forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Scared in heart—and love—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

MARCH 30, 1816.

"Honest—Honest Iago!"
"If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKESPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shews:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul scann'd the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foild was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—nor Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach Austerity—till now.
Sincerely purest of her sex that live,
Not wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive;
Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below;
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burden of this honest song—
Tho' all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom where she did not find;
What marvel that this bag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?

Skild by a touch to deepen Scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with
smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles:
A plain blunt shew of briefly spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede, in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture! deem it not overcharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged;
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh, wretch! without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind;
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create;
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust,
Oh! may thy grave be sleepless as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire that thou hast spread;
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair;
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rot'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn, should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And fastening in the infancy of years.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

Much having been said of late respecting Female Reformers, the following authorities will prove that female rights have been greatly infringed:—

Lady Packington returned two Members to Parliament.—Brady on Burroughs, 35 Ap.

By a collection of Hakewell's, in the case of Catherine v. Surrey, the opinions of the Judges was, that an unmarried woman having a freehold might vote for Members of Parliament.

A woman may be an Overseer of the Poor—for this we have a recent authority.—See the King v. Stubbs, 2 Term Rep. 395.

A woman was appointed Governess of the House of Correction at Chelmsford, by order in Court.—2 Ld. Raym. 1014.

In The Mirror of Justices, a woman is said to have been a Justice of the Peace.

In the last chapter of Romans, verse 1, one Phebe is called the servant of the Church, and held some ecclesiastical office.

Deaconesses are mentioned in ancient Councils, when baptism was by immersion.

Lady Broughton was Keeper of the Gatehouse Prison.

The Minister of Clerkenwell was chosen by a majority of women.—1 Geo. 2.

Women may be guardians, administrators, executors, and can execute powers of attorney.

Women have held by military tenures.—Blount's Termes, 47.

In Pegu, 215, there is a grant of a castle to a Lady.

The office of Champion at the Coronation of George I. was in a Woman.

The office of Clerk of the Crown in the King's Bench was granted a Woman.—Show, P. C.

The office of High Constable has been borne by a Woman.—Dyer, 255.

The Law allows women to be even Queens: her Majesty Queen Caroline was left Regent and Guardian of this Realm.

The celebrated Anne Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, held the hereditary office of Sheriff of Westmorland, and exercised it in person at the Assizes at Appleby, and sat on the Bench with the Judges.—Co. Litt. in Note, 326.

Women are Patrons of Churches, they have Donatives, and there they are as Ordinaries; they are capable of impropriations, which are *circa sacra*, and they are regarded in law as Parsons; many Nunneries had them before the Reformation. Women, in necessity, have been allowed to baptize.—7 Mod. Rep. 270 (12 Geo. II.), where almost all the above authorities are acknowledged. In an old edition of the Testament, in the year 1574, a Woman is called a Minister of the Church. And it is notorious, that Quakers allow Women to preach.

THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL.—A Gentleman, who has recently made a tour through the most interesting parts of North Britain, was asked by a Lady of great beauty and fashion in that country to favour her with his real opinion of Edinburgh. "I think, Madam," said he, "speaking of the ancient and new town, it is like an old Gentleman married to a blooming young bride; he fondly loves and protects her, whilst she graces his side by her beauty and elegant attractions."

MISFORTUNE OF BEING UGLY (from the Portuguese of M. D'Oliveira).—A girl was on the point of being hanged at Vienna, en Autriche; her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle-aged man, but excessively ugly. As he had but a few moments to make up his mind, he ran immediately to the place of execution, and declaring his intention to marry the criminal, demanded her pardon, according to the custom of the country. The pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match.—He accordingly addressed her in these terms:—"Madame, I am a Gentleman of some property, and I now wish, for the first time, that I were a King, only that I might offer you a stronger proof of my attachment."—"Alas! Sir," replied the girl, "I am thoroughly sensible of your affection and generosity: but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately, they control my fate, and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying so ugly a fellow as you are." The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. CIBBER.—In the play of Romeo and Juliet, as written by Shakespeare, Juliet, when she wakes, makes use of a dagger which belonged to Romeo—in Garrick's alteration Juliet leaves the dagger on the table, to prevent being forced to marry Paris, should the draught not take effect, consequently she has no other resource than the dagger in Romeo's girdle; this practice had continued for several seasons after Garrick's revival of the piece, but in one of the last seasons at Covent-garden, when playing Juliet with Barry, she fumbled and fumbled, but no dagger was to be found; at last, evidently much distressed, she held up her hand clenched, and ideally plunged the weapon.—The audience did not laugh, but applauded, from respect to her talents, but the instant the curtain dropt laughter prevailed throughout the theatre, and from that night Juliet has ever trusted to her own care, for that necessary plaything the dagger.

PUBLICATION, ISSUED BY THE KING'S REGISTRY AT BENTHEIM, CONCERNING THE DELIVERY OF SPARROWS.

Bentheim, the 16th April, 1819.

Whereas the Ordinances issued in the years 1766 and 1767 about the extermination of the Sparrows, which are extremely noxious to the fruits of the field and of the gardens, have not, since some years, been executed, whereby these birds have increased so much, that the hurtful consequences of it do from year to year become more grievous, the King's Regency, on the ground of the Ordinances aforementioned, is induced hereby to dispose as follows:—

1. Each householder in the towns, boroughs, and villages, is obliged to deliver from this time, every year, towards Ascension-day, 2 entire Sparrows.
2. The peasants in the flat country are bound to deliver, every year, at the same time—
 - a. For each full Estate, 12.
 - b. For each Estate of three-fourths, 9.
 - c. For each half Estate, 6.
 - d. For a cottager or sitter on a common, as also for each lodger, 3 entire Sparrows.
3. For each Sparrow wanting in the above number, the debtor is to pay a fine of 1 stuber, Dutch, which money, the Judge of every place is to exact from the slow debtor, and to transmit, with a register thereof, every year, fourteen days after Ascension-day, to the King's Regency; and the Sparrows delivered are to be destroyed, that they may not be produced a second time.
4. The delivery of a Crow is to be worth 2 Sparrows; and he who delivers 2 Sparrows more than he is bound to deliver, shall get from the amount of the fines which will be paid, 1 deut for each Sparrow exceeding the settled number.
5. The Sparrows must not be shot, but all be caught.

These presents are to be read two times in all the Churches of this County, and then to be affixed to the Church-doors.

Bentheim, the 16th April, 1819.

The Kings of Great Britain and Hanover Regency.
(Signed) PESTEL.

TANGIBLE BON MOT.—When the celebrated Mr. CURRAN was last in Scotland, he learned that the officiating Priest of the *Hymeneal* Temple at Gretna no longer forged the chains of wedlock, as he was not now a blacksmith, but a tobacconist. "So much the better," said Mr. CURRAN, "for he will make the happy couple give *quid pro quo*!"

BARNAVELT.—After the death of this virtuous and intrepid grand Pensionary of Holland, who suffered rather for reasons of policy, and for his opposition to Prince Maurice the Stadtholder, than for any thing else, his children entered into a conspiracy against the Prince, were detected, and condemned to death; their mother waited upon the Stadtholder to beg their lives—he told her, "He was surprised that she, who had never begged the life of her husband, should now require the lives of her sons." "My Lord," replied she, "I did not ask the remission of the sentence of my husband, because I knew that he was innocent—but ask the lives of my sons, because I am well assured of their guilt."

ANECDOTE OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.—Sir Thomas Robinson spoke French very badly, and English nearly as bad. King George 2d spoke little English, and what he did extremely incorrect, as is generally known. After a conference they had held, Lord Chesterfield met the former, and with a look of great concern, attempted to condole with the Baronet on the prevailing report, that there had been a serious *misunderstanding* between his Majesty and himself.—"What do you mean," said the Baronet with warmth; "Nothing, I do assure you, has transpired between us of this kind, I give you my word." "Then I am mistaken," said his Lordship with a sarcastic smile, "I had heard that you had a conference with the King this morning."

HEROIC DRUMMER.—In the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French Commander on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform; on being asked who he was, he replied, "A drummer in the English service." This not gaining credit, a drum was brought, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the French General's suspicion. However, he desired him to beat a retreat.—"Sir," replied the Briton, "We don't know what that is, in the English service." The answer so pleased the French Officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his General commending his spirited behaviour.

On the 13th of May, 1818, a storm suddenly arose at Peking, which darkened the Heavens, and filled the air with sand and dust. The Emperor was excessively alarmed, conceiving it to be a Divine judgment, and was anxious to know its meaning; he also called on his Ministers of State to endeavour to discover the cause.

In a public document, he reprimanded his astronomers for not having previously informed him when the hurricane was to take place, they had but three days before stated to him what felicitous stars shed their happy influence around his person, and indicated long life and prosperity; but all this, he says, was the language of flattery, whilst they could not, or would not, tell him what evils were about to happen.

Three of these 'wise men' gave their opinion that the cause of the hurricane was the dismissal of the late premier *Sung Tajin*, and suggested the propriety of recalling him; but his Majesty was far from approving their suggestion, and reproved the advisers for their presumption in meddling with his royal prerogative.

The Mathematical Board also presented their opinion; and intimated that if this kind of hurricane, accompanied by a descent of dust, continued a whole day, it indicated perverse behaviour and discordant counsels between the Sovereign and his Ministers; it also indicates great drought and dearth of grain. If the wind blow up the sand, moves the stones, and is accompanied with noise, inundations are to be expected. If the descent of dust continues but an hour, pestilence may be expected in the South-west regions, and half the population will be diseased in the South-east.

The Gazette expresses his Majesty's painful anxiety on account of the long drought, and has sent his sons to fast, to pray, and to offer sacrifice to *Heaven*, to *earth*, and to the God of the wind. The 20th of May was to be a solemn fast; and, on the day of sacrifice, the Kings, Nobles, Ministers of State, &c. &c. were all to appear in a peculiar cap and upper garment, indicating deep contrition.

THE CROSS TRODDEN UPON.—A case has also been noticed of a Tartar noble family of the Imperial kindred having had some persons in it who had received the Portuguese or European religion; his Majesty says, they have all recanted long ago, and have *trodden on the Cross*, and that further inquiry is unnecessary; but he commands that the *images and Crosses* which they had not previously destroyed be forthwith burnt.—*Anglo-Chinese Gleaner*, No. vi.

A WHIMSICAL SHARPER.—A well-dressed sharper, lately observing a servant maid conversing with a young man, two doors from her mistress's house, and that she had left the street door quite open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into the parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table, in silver candlesticks; without the least ceremony, he takes a chair and sets himself opposite to her, and began with saying, "Madame, if you please, I will tell you an odd story which happened a few nights ago to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant maid was talking at a little distance to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and left her door open; in the interim, in slips a sharper, as I may do, and walks into a room where her mistress, good woman, was sitting before the fire, with two candles, as you may now do. Well, he had not sat much longer than I have done with you, before he takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffed it out, and put the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was panic-struck, as you may be; upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do, puts the candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do, and then wishes her a good night, which I do most sincerely wish you." He was going out of the door when the maid finished her conversation, and, coming up the steps, he accosted her with saying, "My dear, your mistress has rung twice for you;" and wishing her good night, went clear off with the candlesticks.

CONVIVIAL MISTAKE.—His present MAJESTY once said to Sir J. IRWIN, a famous *bon-vivant*, "They tell me, Sir JOHN, you love a glass of wine." "Those, Sir, who have so reported me to your MAJESTY," answered he, bowing profoundly, "do me great injustice; they should have said—a bottle."

The following curious advertisements from the Botany Bay Newspapers cannot fail to afford considerable amusement to our readers:—

"On Friday Mr. James Squires, settler and brewer, waited on his Excellency at Government House, with two vases of hops taken from his own grounds, &c. As a public recompense for the unremitted attention shewn by the grower in bringing this valuable plant to such a high degree of perfection, his Excellency has directed a cow to be given to Mr. Squires from the Government herd."—*O'Hara*, p. 255.

"To Parents and Guardians.—A person who flatters herself her character will bear the strictest scrutiny, being desirous of receiving into her charge a proposed number of children of her own sex, as boarders, respectfully acquaints parents and guardians that she is about to situate herself either in Sydney or Paramatta, of which notice will be shortly given. She doubts not, at the same time, that her assiduity in the inculcation of moral principles in the youthful mind, joined to an unremitting attention and polite diction, will ensure to her the much-desired confidence of those who may think proper to favour her with such a charge. Inquiries on the above subject will be answered by G. Howe, at Sydney, who will make known the name of the advertiser."—P. 270.

"To the Public.—As we have no certainty of an immediate supply of paper we cannot promise a publication next week."—P. 290.

"To be Sold by private Contract, by Mr. Bevan.—An elegant four-wheeled chariot, with plated mounted harness for four horses, complete; and a handsome lady's side-saddle and bridle. May be viewed on application to Mr. Bevan."—P. 347.

"A Card.—The subscribers to the Sydney Race Course are informed, that the stewards have made arrangements for two balls during the race week, viz. on Tuesday and Thursday.—Tickets at 7s. 6d. each, to be had at Mr. E. Wills's, George-street.—An ordinary for the subscribers and their friends each day of the races, at Mr. Wills's. Dinner on table at five o'clock."—P. 356.

"The Ladies' Cup.—The ladies' cup, which was of very superior workmanship, won by Chase, was presented to Captain Richie by Mrs. McQuarrie, who, accompanied by his Excellency, honoured each day's races with her presence; and who, with her usual affability, was pleased to preface the donation with the following short address:—In the name of the ladies of New South Wales I have the pleasure to present you with this cup. Give me leave to congratulate you on being the successful candidate for it; and to hope that it is a prelude to future success, and lasting prosperity."—P. 357.

"Painting.—A Card.—Mr. J. W. Lewin begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he intends opening an academy for painting on the days of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from the hours of tea to twelve in the forenoon.—Terms, 5s. a lesson: entrance, 20s.—N.B.—The evening academy for drawing continued as usual."—P. 384.

"Mrs. Jones's Vacation Ball, December 12th.—Mrs. Jones, with great respect, informs the parents and guardians of the young ladies intrusted to her tuition, that the vacation ball is fixed for Tuesday, the 22d instant, at the seminary, No. 45, Castlereagh-street, Sydney. Tickets 7s. 6d. each."—P. 388.

"Sporting Intelligence.—A fine hunt took place the 8th instant at the Nepean, of which the following is the account given by a gentleman present:—Having cast off by the government hut on the Nepean, and drawn the cover in that neighbourhood for a native dog unsuccessfully, we tried the forest ground for a kangaroo, which we soon found. It went off in excellent style along the banks by the river side, and crossed to the Cow-pasture Plains, running a circle of about two miles; then re-crossed, taking a direction for Mr. Campbell's stock-yard, and from thence at the back of Badge Allen Hill to the head of Bourroobaham Creek, where he was headed; from thence he took the main range of hills between the Badge Allen and Badge Allenabinjee, in a straight direction for Mr. Throsbey's farm, where the hounds ran in to him; and he was killed, after a good run of about two hours.—The weight of the animal was upwards of 120lbs."—P. 380.

BON MOT.—MICHAEL ANGELO having received an insult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge painted a striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Holiness. Pope Leo X. was too much the lover and patron of the fine arts to gratify the Cardinal; and he therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If," said he, "the insult had been laid in heaven, on the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places; but I have no interest in hell."

"To dine with Duke Humphrey.—To dine with Duke HUMPHREY is to go without one's dinner.—Duke HUMPHREY was ordered to be executed before he had his dinner; therefore, if you dined with the Duke, you were likely to have none."

Force of Memory.] In talking with Cardinal Polignac, I took that opportunity of complimenting him upon a small specimen of that work which had been published in the *Bibliothèque Choisis*, or some other of the literary journals. "That specimen," said the Cardinal, "which you have read, was published by Monsier Le Clerc.—He importuned me for a sight of my MS. which I refused him, as I had already resolved that this poem should not appear till after my death. However, to gratify Le Clerc's curiosity, I repeated to him those verses (about 150) which he hath published. I repeated them once only; and yet he was able to carry them away in his memory, although 70 years old."

Dram-drinking.] A man who has contracted the pernicious habit of drinking drams, is conscious that he is taking in a slow poison, and therefore he will never own it either to his friend or his physician, though it is visible to all his acquaintance. Pope and I, with my Lord Orrery and Sir Harry Bedingfield, dined with the late Earl of Burlington. After the first course Pope grew sick, and went out of the room. When dinner was ended and the cloth removed, my Lord Burlington said he would go out, and see what was become of Pope. And soon after they returned together. But Pope, who had been casting up his dinner, looked very pale, and complained much. My Lord asked him if he would have some mulled wine or a glass of old sack, which Pope refused. I told my Lord Burlington that he wanted a dram. Upon which the little man expressed some resentment against me, and said he would not taste any spirits, and that he abhorred drams as much as I did. However I persisted, and assured my Lord Burlington that he could not oblige our friend more at that instant than by ordering a large glass of cherry brandy to be set before him. This was done; and in less than half an hour, while my Lord was acquainting us with an affair which engaged our attention, Pope had sipped up all the brandy. Pope's frame of body did not promise long life: but he certainly hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits.

Horace.] The singular esteem which some learned critics have always expressed for the works of Horace became at last so fashionable, that scarce a man who affected the character of a polite scholar ever travelled ten miles from home without an Horace in his pocket. The late E. of S. was such an admirer of Horace that his whole conversation consisted of quotations out of that poet: in which he often discovered his want of skill in the Latin tongue, and always his want of taste. But the man whom I looked on (if I may be allowed the expression) as Horace-mad, was one Dr. Douglas, a physician of some note in London: I made an acquaintance with this gentleman on purpose that I might have a sight of his curious library (if it might be called a library) which was a large room full of all the editions of Horace that had ever been published, as well as the several translations of that author into the modern languages. If there were any other books in this room, as there were a small number, they were only there for the sake of Horace, and were on no other account valuable to the possessor, but because they contained some parts of Horace which had been published, with select pieces or *excerpta* out of other Latin authors for the use of schools; or because the translations of some of the odes and satires were printed in miscellanies and were not to be found any where else. However, I must acknowledge that the Doctor understood his author, whom he had studied with great care and application. Amongst other of his criticisms, he favoured me with a perusal of a dissertation on the first ode, and a defence of Dr. Hare's famous emendation of "*Te doctarum*," &c. instead of "*Me*."

Epicurism.—There were three Romans of the name of Apicius, all remarkable for their gluttony. The first lived in the time of the Republic, the last in that of Trajan, and the intermediate Apicius under Tiberius. Seneca says that this man, professing the science of the kitchen, corrupted the manners of the age by his skill in cookery; and that having squandered away *sexcenties sestertium*, a sum equal to 484,000*l.* sterling, he found that he had not more than *centies sestertium* (80,729*l.*) to live upon. This sum he considered too little for his future subsistence, and poisoned himself from apprehensions of starvation! There is still extant, in Latin, a book importing to be Apicius's Art of Cookery; and Murphy, in a note to his translation of Tacitus, relates, on the authority of La Bletterie, that Madame Dacier and her husband were nearly killed by this book. They found in it a receipt for a particular *ragout*, and being both inclined to dine *classically*, they were almost poisoned by their learned bill of fare. The Roman notion of good living was certainly different from ours: Varro, a writer of the age immediately preceding that of Apicius, wrote a treatise on the method of feeding animals for the use of the table; in which is an instance of the prevalence of habit and fashion over human sentiment: in this delicious production the writer delivers instructions relative to the best method of fattening rats!

*Particulars of the Death of Howard,
the Philanthropist.*

THE following particulars of the death and burial of the benevolent HOWARD were received from his two friends, Admiral Mordvinof and Admiral Priestman. He had been requested to visit a lady, who was extremely ill, at a considerable distance from Cherson. As he regarded himself as physician to the poor only, he did not at first comply; but when her dangerous situation was communicated, he felt it to be his duty to fulfil the wishes that had been expressed to him. When he had seen the lady, and prescribed for her, he expressed a desire to be called in again, if his patient improved; but if she should get worse, he intimated that his attendance would be of no avail. Mr. Howard feared it was quite a hopeless case; however, not long after his return to Cherson, a letter came to hand, informing him that the lady was better, and expressing a desire that he would visit her again without delay. This communication, it was perceived, had been eight days in reaching him, and he resolved to obey its request with the utmost expedition. The rain fell in torrents, and the weather was very cold. A conveyance that was suitable not being ready, and the case being urgent, he journeyed on horseback, exposed to the severities of the elements. He found his patient expiring, which, in addition to the fatigue of the journey, greatly affected him, and produced a fever; or the disease of his patient was communicated to him, which was his own opinion. "Howard returned to Cherson, and the lady died." Admiral Priestman not receiving from the philanthropist his usual daily visit, went to his house, and found him very ill; and, on inquiring respecting his health, Mr. Howard said "his end was approaching very fast—that he had several things to say to his friend—and thanked him for having called." The dying Christian continued: "Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and, he assured, the subject of it is to me more grateful than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should recover from this fever. I have been accustomed, for years, to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread, and a little tea. I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and consequently I must die." No doubt this must be understood as respecting the general course of such things; and not to intimate that his restoration was impossible with God. To his funeral he alluded with composure, and gave instructions about the manner of his burial, even with cheerfulness. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Danphigny; this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." This spot he urged his friend to secure immediately; and when he was informed that it was effected, the intelligence afforded him the highest satisfaction.

About five versts from Cherson, by the road to Nicholas, the remains of this pious and benevolent man were committed to the earth, in the place he had chosen for his grave.

Bishop Atterbury.—The following anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Wm. King: "Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, when a certain Bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, that 'he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present Session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet.' My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the Bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark 'that one of the Right Reverend had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reprov'd by his own ass.' The Bishop, in a reply with great wit and calmness exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: 'Since the Noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam: but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reprov'd by nobody but his Lordship.'"

Degradation of a Prime Minister.—His Chinese Majesty has lately displaced and degraded Sung Ta-jin, his prime minister, because he presumed to advise him not to visit certain tombs of his ancestors; and had intimated that a great drought then prevailing was occasioned by the Emperor's intention. This was deemed such glaring disobedience to the commands of his Holy Majesty, that it was impossible not to punish it. It was therefore ordered, that he should be deprived of his office, and be reduced to wear a button of the 6th rank, and be sent to the eight standards of wandering shepherds at Cha-ha-urb. His name is to be retained on the books; and if for eight years he commit no error, he may again be eligible for his former situation.

Literary Curiosity.—A literary Frenchman being in company with the celebrated Dr. Wallis, was boasting, with characteristic vanity, of the superiority of the French language, with regard to euphony; and challenged the Doctor to produce any thing in English equal to the following lines:

Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais si un des cordons de la corde descorde,
Le cordon descordant fait descorder la corde.

The Doctor, with the promptitude and spirit of a true Briton, immediately translated the very words into English, only substituting for the French word *corde* the pure English word *twist*. The reader will find that the first four of the following lines exactly correspond to those of the Frenchman; the next four were added by the Doctor, by way of completing his triumph. The remaining lines were not written till some time after.—The great Dr. Johnson was so pleased with the above anecdote, that he gives the whole twelve lines in his folio Dictionary, to shew into how many meanings and bearings the words *twist* and *twister* may be *twisted*.

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twitcheth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain, that in twining before in the twine
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine,
Twist the twain intwisting a twine more between,
He twirling his twister makes a twist of the twine.

The proof that these words, alliterative as they are in sound, and identical in origin, do nevertheless express a great variety of conceptions, is very ingeniously given, by exhibiting them in the following Latin translation, in which the same care is taken to avoid similitude of expression as in the former case to observe it:

VERSE I.

Quum restiarius aliquis, conficiendis torquendo funibus jam occupatus,
vult sibi funem tortilem contorquendo conficere; quo hunc sibi tortilem
funem torquendo conficiat, tria contorta apta filamenta complicanda
in vicem associat; verum si ex contortis illis in fune filamentis unum
forte se explicando complicationi exinat; hoc ita se explicando dissocians
filamentum, funem torsione factum detorquendo resolvit.

VERSE II.

Ille autem celeriter evolendo retexens intermedium illud quod se explicando
dissociaverat filamentum, versorio suo torsionis instrumento, duo
reliqua celeri volvens turbine contorquet, funiculum ex binis filamentis
inde conficiens. Tum vero, quum jam secunda vice torquendo convolverat
funiculi bi-chordis bina filamenta; quem ex binis filamentis torquendo
continuaverat funiculum raptim divellendo dirimit.

VERSE III.

Tandem, quæ torquendo pridem in funiculo binembris filamenta duo,
tanquam gemellos, una consociaverat torquendo, jam detorquendo disso-
ciat; et binis illis filamentum adhuc aliud intermedium interserendo con-
socians, versorium ille suum gyro celeri fortiter versando, ex funiculo bi-
membris plurimembris torquendo conficit funem.

Few acquirements are of greater utility to those whose living depends on literary or commercial attainments, than an easy and fluent style of composition. This art can only be acquired by studious practice; in the course of which, the mind becomes enlarged and refined, the memory acute and retentive, and the taste polished and correct. What Young says of *speaking*, may, with a slight variation, be applied to *writing*—"Thoughts shut up, want air, and spoil, like bales unopened to the sun. Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross: when coined in words, we know its real worth. *Writing* ventilates our intellectual fire; burnishes our mental magazine; brightens for ornament, and whets for use." It is said that the late Bishop of Landaff desired a collegian, who applied to him for ordination, to write an Essay on Birds' Nests, in order to discover his skill in English composition, and his knowledge of *Paley's Theology*. And Dr. Franklin, in the entertaining memoirs of his life, written by himself, says that he improved his manner of writing by first reading the *Spectator* attentively through; then selecting some particular paper, he again perused it, and laid it aside for a few days; when he wrote the author's arguments from memory, in a book which he kept for the purpose; and lastly, he corrected his style by comparing it with the original. Had the learned Doctor seen *Blair's Lectures*, perhaps he might have improved even upon the style of the *Spectator*.

Anecdote of Dr. Arne.—The writer of this article having, many years ago, accompanied the Doctor to Cannons, the seat of the late Duke of Chandos, to assist at the performance of an oratorio in the chapel of Whitechurch, such was the throng of company, that no provisions were to be procured at the Duke's house: On going to the Chandos' Arms, in the town of Edgeware, we made our way into the kitchen, where we found nothing but a solitary leg of mutton on the spit. This, the waiter informed us, was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The Doctor (rubbing his elbow, his usual manner) says to me, "I'll have that mutton; give me a fiddle-string." He took the fiddle-string, cut it in pieces, and privately sprinkling it over the mutton, walked out of the kitchen. Then waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim, "Waiter! this meat is full of maggots: take it away." This was what the Doctor, who was on the watch, expected. "Here, give it me." "O, Sir!" says the waiter, "you can't eat it; 'tis full of maggots." "Never mind," cries the Doctor, "*fiddlers have strong stomachs*." So bearing it away, and scraping off the fiddle-strings, we made a hearty dinner on the apparently maggoty mutton.

Origin and Progress of Printing.

As the invention, or rather the introduction, of Printing into Europe has been attended with the most beneficial advantages to mankind, some account of the origin and progress of that art may not be unacceptable.

It has not been pretended that the art of printing books was ever practised by the Romans, and yet the names they stamped on their earthen vessels were, in effect, nothing else but printing; and the letters on the matrices, or stamps used for making these impressions, were necessarily reversed, as printing types. Several of these matrices are extant in the British Museum, and in other places, which are cut out of, or are cast in, one solid piece of metal. Many hundred pieces of the Roman pottery, impressed with these stamps, have been found in the sands near Reculver, in Kent, and on the eastern side of the island of Sheppey, where they are frequently dragged up by the fishermen. The art of impressing legends upon coins is nothing more than printing on metals.

It is generally allowed, that printing from wooden blocks has been practised in China for many centuries. According to the account of the Chinese, and of P. Jovius, Ostorius, and of several other Europeans, printing began there about the year of Christ 927, in the reign of Ming Tcoung, the second emperor under the dynasty of Heon Thong. Several of these blocks, which are cut upon ebony, or upon wood exceedingly hard, are now in England. The *Historia Sinensis* of Abdallahi, written in Persia, in 1317, speaks of it as an art in very common use. Our countryman, Sir John Chardin, in his travels, confirms these accounts. Printing, then, may be considered as an Asiatic, and not an European invention.

The first printing in Europe was from wooden blocks, whereon a whole page was carved exactly in the same manner as is now practised by the Chinese, who print only on one side of their paper, because it is so thin that it will not bear the impression of their characters on both sides. The early printers in Europe printed only on one side of the paper for some time after the introduction of the art; they pasted the blank sides together, which made them appear as one leaf. The European blocks were carved upon beech, pear-tree, and other soft woods, which soon failed, and the letters frequently broke. This put them upon the method of repairing the block, by carving new letters and placing them in; which necessity seems to have suggested the hint of moveable types of metal. These were not so liable to break as the soft European woods, which had been before used. One great and obvious advantage of moveable types was, that by separating them they would serve for any other work: whereas the blocks of wood served only for one work. Though the use of moveable metal types was a fortunate discovery, yet they derived their origin rather from the imperfection or unsuitness of our woods for printing blocks, than from any great ingenuity of those who first used them. In short, necessity, the mother of all arts, introduced moveable types.

It has been a matter of contest who first practised the art of printing in Europe. Faust, or First, of Mentz; Gutenberg, of Strasburg; and Coster, of Haerlem, have each their advocates. The pretensions in favour of Faust seem to be the best supported; but we shall not trespass upon the patience of our readers by entering into a discussion of this matter, because such a discussion would, in our opinion, be of little importance, it having been generally agreed that printing was not practised till after the middle of the fifteenth century, although prints from blocks of wood are traced as far back as the year 1423.

It seems probable that the art of printing might have been introduced into Europe by some European who had travelled into China, and had seen some of their printing tablets, as it is known that several Europeans had been overland to China before this time; and what strengthens this probability is, that the European first printed on one side of the paper only, in the same manner as the Chinese do at present. But however this may be, the progress of the art was as follows: First, pictures from blocks of wood, without text. Secondly, pictures, with text. Thirdly, whole pages of text, cut on blocks of wood: sometimes for the explanation of prints which accompanied them. And fourthly, moveable types.

Interesting Anecdote.—A wealthy Planter in Virginia, who had a great number of slaves, found one of them reading a Bible, and reproved him for neglect of his work, saying there was time enough on Sundays for reading the Bible, but that on other days he ought to be in the tobacco-house. Soon after, finding that the slave repeated the offence, he ordered him to be whipped. Going near the place of punishment soon after its infliction, curiosity led him to listen to a voice engaged in prayer; and he heard the poor Black implore the Almighty to forgive the injustice which he had just witnessed, to touch the heart of his master with a sense of his sins, and to make him a good Christian. He was struck with remorse; made an immediate change in his life, which had been careless and dissipated; burnt his profane books and cards, liberated all his slaves, and appears now to study how to render his wealth and talents useful to others.—*Herald of Peace*, No. 2.

GARRICK AND MADEMOISELLE CLAIRO.—Not long before Mr. Garrick left Paris in 1765, several persons of the first distinction of both sexes, English and French, met by appointment at the Hotel de ——. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Mademoiselle Clairon were of the party. The conversation turned for some time on the Belles Lettres, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgment and candour; many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the English and French Theatres; and at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their talents, which produced much entertainment. This friendly contest lasted a considerable time, with great animation on both sides. The company loudly declared their approbation in the strongest terms of the two exhibitors. It was remarked that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick, and the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon; but, as the greater part of the former were little acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened to one of the provinces of France, at a time he was there, and of which he had been an eye-witness. "A father," said he, "was fondling his child at an open window, whence they looked into the street; by one unlucky effort, the child sprung from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot.—What followed (he said) was a language which every body understood; for it was the language of nature." He immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped out of his arms. The influence that a father's agony produced on such a company, and exhibited by this darling son of nature, in the silent but expressive anguish of sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed; let it suffice to say, that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundance of tears. As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms, and kissed him; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologised for her conduct, by saying it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

LORD THURLOW.—The following fact will shew that the study of the law has no necessary tendency to narrow a strong mind:—When Lord THURLOW was at the Bar, and consulted on any great question, he used to make himself well acquainted with the facts, and meditate on them patiently until he reached his result by fair reasoning, on the grand principles of law, as applied to the question. He then repaired to Mr. KENYON, the most learned common lawyer in Westminster Hall since Sir M. HALE, stated to him the facts and his own results, in order to see if his conclusions coincided with the inference of law to be drawn from judicial decisions on the same or a similar subject, and it almost invariably happened, that THURLOW's result, derived from general reasoning, was in strict accordance with the inference drawn by KENYON, from an examination of decided cases. What an eulogium does this fact convey, not only upon the comprehensive sagacity and reasoning powers of THURLOW, but also on the wisdom and justice of the common law!

CANINE SAGACITY.—A gentleman who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town residence, together with a favourite house dog, to some servants, who were placed on board wages. The dog soon found board wages very short allowance, and to make up the deficiency he had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had occasionally visited; by a hearty meal which he received there daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchen where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he concluded to be no private property; he snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then ran off with much seeming complacency at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

MADMAN AND SPORTSMAN (from Poggio Bracciolini).—In one of the works of this author is related a story, which has been omitted in his life; it is necessary to premise, that the subject of the section in which he has introduced it, is the folly of pursuits, the expence of which is greater than the pleasure produced is worth; Poggio himself thus relates it:—

A Physician of Milan, who undertook the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, and some to the chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected; one of the madmen, who was on the point of his recovery, happening to be standing at the house-door, saw a young Nobleman pass with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with the usual equipage of hawking dogs, falconers, &c. behind him; the madman demanded to know to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered to kill certain birds, "and how much," said the madman, "may be worth all the fowls you kill in a year?" The Noble replied, "five or ten crowns." "And what," said the madman, "may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c., stand you in within the year?" "About five thousand crowns," replied the Gentleman. "Five thousand crowns!" replied the madman, and gazing at him a moment, with the wild earnestness of an approaching phrenzy, he seized him by the shoulder, and, forcing him into the pit, immersed him several times in the water (the usual practice with his master with his most desperate patients); having thus ducked him, he led him back to the door, "Hark ye, my friend," said he, addressing him, "take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for, should our doctor come home, he'll drown you but what he'll cure you."

This anecdote, says Poggio, may appear to be invented to enforce my present subject, but I received it from the most satisfactory authority; and there is in it such a mixture of that wildness, that instinctive energy of intellect, so peculiar to madmen in a state of recovery, that I fully believe it to have happened as related.

RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.—Baron Sutherland possessed a very handsome pug dog, which Catherine the Great was perpetually admiring. The Baron could do no less than present it to the Empress, who graciously received it; and poor Pug being continually crammed with luxuries he had never before tasted, actually died of repletion. The Empress, truly grieved at this event, said to one of her Officers—"Go, take Sutherland, and let him be *flayed and stuffed*." In obedience to the despotic and imperial dame, away went the Officer to the Baron's house; and with a face full of horror, repeated the commands of Catherine. The Baron felt rather awkward, for he knew if she was determined to flay and stuff him, there was no appeal. He prevailed on the officer to let him go to the Empress in a whole skin; and when the trembling Baron was announced and admitted to an audience, the Empress, on hearing of the ludicrous mistake, was ready to expire with laughter. She soon, however, dispelled the fears of the Baron, by telling him it was the *dead pug*, to whom she had given his name of Sutherland, and that she had ordered him to be flayed and stuffed; and not himself.

AN ENGLISH GAME COCK.—A cock that had been purchased by the present Admiral Berkeley, when Captain of the Marlborough, of 74 guns, for the purpose of being kept as his live stock, greatly distinguished the undaunted spirit attached to the English breed.—During the time the above ship was engaged in close action with the French fleet on the glorious 1st of June, by being ordered on the boldest service against the enemy, she became totally dismasted, and was reduced to a mere wreck. At the time her main-mast went, the cock alluded to flew upon the stump, which projected about twelve feet from the deck, and began to flutter his wings, and to crow with exulting boldness. So singular a circumstance attracted the attention of the brave tars, who became reanimated by the example, and fought with additional bravery, until victory crowned them with her laurel. This undaunted cock was preserved until the ship reached Plymouth; when, in remembrance of his valour, and the glorious occasion, he was given to Lord Lenox, who placed him in a walk, where he to this day struts with a silver collar round his neck descriptive of his worth, proudly supporting his honour, and the gallant behaviour of the British fleet.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE JEW, A REMARKABLE SWINDLING ARTIFICE.—A Frenchman went to a rich Jew and told him he wished to exchange a number of dollars for Louis-d'ors, which he was under the necessity of immediately procuring. The Jew, after bargaining to his own advantage, consented, and promised the gold should be ready the following day; at the appointed hour the Frenchman came with his bags, which having holes in the sides and near the top, suffered some dollars to be seen; the gold being counted and weighed, he presented an empty bag in which it was put.

Just at this moment, when the dollars were to be examined, a friend entered in great haste, and called him away on urgent business; however, he left not only the bag, supposed to contain the gold, but also the bag supposed to contain the dollars, and said he would return in two hours to see them counted, desiring in the mean time they might be locked up in the Jew's bureau.

Two hours elapsed, and the Frenchman did not make his appearance, but the Jew thought himself safe;—he was unwilling to unlock the bureau till the Frenchman should be present. At length another hour having glided away, he began to say to himself "is it possible I can have been cheated?" The very question was alarming to any man, and especially to a money changer. The first anxiety of the Jew first led him to the supposed bag of gold—this he untied, and discovered that the bag containing the gold had been exchanged, which was full of leaden counters.

He scarcely needed to have inquired farther,—however, he opened the bags of silver, and found himself equally deceived.

He hastened to go and acquaint the police; but when he came to an outward door, that led to his apartment, it was locked and bolted. The Frenchman had post-horses prepared, and had instantly taken flight; but when they were at a certain distance, they were guilty of some imprudent delay; and after the Jew had obtained his release, the vigilance of the pursuit was so great, that the Frenchman, against whom the Jew had deposed, was taken.

During his imprisonment at Amsterdam, his behaviour and abilities were equally remarkable. By the aid of burning turf and straw, he drew the siege of Mantua on the walls, with Bonaparte on horseback heading the French armies; while the executioner was whipping him, he spoke of the Magistrates in the most contemptuous terms. "What!" said he, "is my crime, compared to theirs? I have but cheated a Jew, a vile fellow, who has become rich by cheating, while the wretches, who condemn me to this ignominious punishment, have betrayed and sold their country." He was afterwards branded: and at the moment of inflicting the mark, he cried aloud—"Vive la Republique!"

LORD MANSFIELD AND A JEW.—"Mr. Abrahams," said Lord Mansfield, "this man is your son, and cannot go in the same bail bond." "He ish not my son, my Lord." "Why, Abrahams, here are twenty in Court will prove it." "I will shwear, my Lord, he ish not." "Take care, Abrahams, or I will send you to the King's Bench." "Now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will tell you the truth."—"Well, I shall be glad to hear the truth from a Jew." "My Lord, I wash in Amsterdam two years and three quarters; when I came home I findsh this lad; now the law obliges me to maintain him; and consequently, my Lord, he ish but my son-in-law." "Well Moses," rejoined Lord Mansfield, "this is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever heard."

THE ORIGINAL OLD BAGS.—A Collector of Anecdotes of Illustrious Personages mentions, that the great Lord Chancellor BACON was reduced to such extreme poverty, towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote to King JAMES the FIRST for assistance, in these supplicating terms—"Help me, dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a bag, be not now, in my age, forced to carry a wallet."

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.—On the Quay at Nimeguen, in the United Provinces, two ravens are kept at the public expense; they live in a roomy apartment, with a large wooden cage before it, which serves for a balcony. These birds are feasted every day with the choicest fowls, and with as much exactness as if they were for a gentleman's table. The privileges of the city were granted originally upon the observance of this strange custom, which is continued to this day. Many other charters are held upon terms as extraordinary.

JEW TAX.—The following ludicrous circumstance, which took place at Mentz in 1802, led to the abolition of the Jew Tax in Germany:—Some Jews went to the opposite side of the Rhine from Mentz, and were compelled to pay the Jew Tax. On their making a representation to the Prefect, Jean Bon St. Andre, he retaliated by arresting all the Christians who arrived from the other bank of the Rhine, saying, "Your Government arrests French citizens, and makes them pay a tax because they do not believe in Jesus Christ; I now arrest you, and make you pay a tax, because you do not adhere to the law of Moses." The French Government protects all her subjects, whether Christians, Jews, or Mahometans. In consequence of this affair, the Jew Tax was abolished in every part of Germany.

A DROLL STORY.—An Archbishop of Canterbury, making a tour into the country, at an Inn for refreshment, being at the window, he observed at a distance, in a solitary wood, a well-dressed man, alone, talking and acting a kind of part. The Prelate's curiosity was excited to know what the stranger was about, and accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing; but bringing him back an answer that was not satisfactory, his Grace resolved to go himself. He accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendants to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions by an occasional soliloquy, his Grace asked what he was about? "I am at play," he replied. "At play?" said the Prelate, "and with whom? You are alone." "I am," said he. "Sir, you do not perceive my antagonist; but I am playing with God." "Playing with God?" (his Lordship thinking the man out of his mind) "this is a very extraordinary party; and pray what game, Sir, are you playing?" "At chess, Sir." The Archbishop smiled, but the man seeming peaceable, he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. "And do you play for any thing, Sir?" "Certainly." "You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so superior to you." "He takes no advantage, but plays merely like a man." "Pray, when you win or lose, how do you settle your accounts?" "Very exactly and punctually, I promise you." "Indeed; pray, how stands your game?" The stranger, after muttering something to himself, "Why, I have just lost it." "And how much have you lost?" "Fifty guineas." "That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it? Does God take your money?" "No; the poor are his treasurers; he always appoints some worthy person to receive the debt, and you are at present the purse-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and reckoning fifty guineas, he put them into his Grace's hand, and retired, saying he should play no more that day.—The Prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure; he viewed the money, found all the guineas good, recalled what had passed, and began to think there must be something more in this man than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.—Upon his return, he stopped at the same Inn, and perceiving the same person again in the wood, in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the Prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration. Thinking by this time that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner, the Prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had first met? "Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me—I have both won and lost." "And are you at play now?" "Yes, Sir, we have played several games to day." "And who wins?" "Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my side; the game is just over; I have a fine stroke check-mate; there it is." "And pray, Sir, how much have you won?" "Five hundred guineas." "That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?" "I pay and receive in the like manner. He always sends me some good rich man when I win, and you, my Lord, are the person. God is remarkable punctual upon these occasions."—The Archbishop had received a considerable sum that very day; the stranger knew it, and producing a pistol by way of receipt, the Prelate found himself under the necessity of giving up his cash; and by this time discovered this divine inspired gamester to be neither more nor less than a thief. His Lordship had, in the course of his journey, related the first part of this adventure, but the latter part he took great pains to conceal.

THE Universities are, with slight variations, constructed upon the same plan. They are not, as in England, composed of Colleges where the Students are obliged to reside, forming large households, under the control of a Head; and submitting to wholesome regulations, both as to conduct and study. A German University is little more than a place where there is a good library and a collection of professors, who read lectures to those who choose to attend them. They afford bare opportunities for study; with few facilities, no compulsion, no discipline, no subordination. The professor reads his lecture; the student pays him for it. If he attends it, which he does or not as he likes, he walks off at the conclusion, as independent of the professor as a man of his drawing-master at the end of the hour's lesson. There are, besides, private tutors, who can be engaged for assistance at leisure-hours.

At Heidelberg, the University is divided into four faculties—Divinity, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy. Each department has several Professors, and a Pro-Rector, chosen annually among them, is the actual head of the University. The Grand Duke of Baden, in whose territory Heidelberg is comprised, is the nominal head, under the title of Rector. There are a smaller and greater Senate chosen from the Professors, the former of which meets every fourteen days for transacting the business of the University—and 4 *Ephori*, who are said to superintend the industry and morals of the students, to correspond with their parents, &c. But these last have an office of little efficacy. Their admonition is without authority: for, short of the power of the police in criminal offences, the students are subject to no power whatever of punishment or control. They can consequently neglect all study, and push their excesses to the verge of a breach of the law, in defiance of Rector, Ephori, and Professors. Offences which overstep this bound are liable to punishment by the University Police; for the University is not subject to the ordinary police of the country; a University *Amtmann* (Bailiff) and headles supplying the place to the university of the ordinary provincial bailiff and *gens d'arme*. The consequence is, the broken windows, riots, and disturbances, with which the students annoy the citizens, are visited very lightly by the University magistrates, who often observe them with a secret satisfaction as symptoms of a spirit of independence which they hope may be one day turned to better purposes. With such license, it is not to be wondered that the students find the authorities of the law nearly as much employment as our students give to the gentler advice and correction of the heads of houses, proctors, &c. In some Universities the students are almost as much the terror and nuisance of the neighbourhood as the worthy associates of Robin Hood or Rob Roy were to the inhabitants of the scenes of their exploits. In an inn where I slept at Mannheim, it was discovered one morning that one of these young gentlemen had dreamed by his bed-room window, taking with him the sheets of his bed. At Heidelberg, where there are many of noble and respectable families, they are rather better behaved than usual; and a lady of the town told me she found them "tolerably quiet, considering."

The students live in lodgings at the houses of the shopkeepers in the town; a system which, if their superiors possessed any control over their conduct, would almost entirely frustrate it. They dine at the tables d'hôte of the inns, to which they are good customers. I dined with an acquaintance of their number, at a table filled with them. Their manners were, in general, as coarse and as rude as their appearance; they had all the air of low mechanics, or persons much less civilized. Some of them were young nobles; others had the ribands of orders in their button-holes; and they often wear the cockade of their country in their caps or hats, which is sometimes the symbol of a provincial patriotism, much of a kin to the national one indicated by their clothes. Since the flame of national feeling has been kindled by late events, the distinctions of country are however *professedly* abandoned. The separate associations of the students from different States are done away; and they now loudly assert that they form but one body of *Germans*. But it is easier to assume the title than to suppress national prejudices or neutralize distinctions of character. The light subtle Prussian is little formed to harmonize with the fat phlegmatic Bavarian or Austrian; and if the students of different states mix in amusements pretty indiscriminately, a quarrel (an event of the commonest occurrence) draws out their provincial prepossessions, and ranges the parties accordingly.

The students generally enter very young—many at 16 or 17; for, as every young man intended for the civil service of any prince, must spend 2 years, by way of qualification, at a University, the object of parents is to qualify them for office as early as possible. Raw children from the Gymnasium are consequently sent to the University, rather to get over these two years than for the purpose of study. Finding themselves here, all at once, their own masters, and exposed to every temptation, they naturally follow the stream, assuming the vices and caricaturing the consequence of full-grown men. The necessary two years are often spent in drinking, gaming, rioting, and insulting others, more from the intoxication of liberty than from vicious inclination.

The pride of premature manhood makes them jealous of their little dignities, and ape the punctilios of false honour. Perpetual duels are the consequence, which have all the ill effect of brutalizing the feelings without the questionable advantage of exercising courage; for their execution is, in general, ludicrously devoid of danger. The breasts and faces of the doughty combatants are cased in pasteboard, in which panoply they chivalrously engage with small rapiers till incensed honour is satisfied, sometimes by the first sprinkling of blood, at others, by nothing less than a wound, of a certain length and depth, to be ascertained by measurement of the seconds. New comers are beset, on their matriculation, with incitements to quarrel, till they put their valour beyond dispute in one of these combats. Sometimes bodies of disputants (often of different countries) settle their differences by a combat *en masse*. These fights generally terminate in slight wounds, but more fatal consequences are by no means infrequent. In spite, however, of constant disturbances, and now and then a death occasioned by them, they are still freely permitted, like all other excesses, from the fear of checking the exuberant fervour of youth.

All titles and distinctions of rank are dropped among the students for the common appellation of *Bursch* (Fellow); and when, on giving some particulars of our universities to a student, I mentioned the distinction of costume, &c. given to noblemen, this spark of liberty exclaimed, "That would not be suffered among us—we are all equal—we have no distinctions." I could not help smiling when I reflected that, after his two years' swing of lawlessness and repulity, this young man was destined for a pastor's cure or some petty office under a despotic government, where he would find himself pinned down in the third-rate circles, and encompassed by the barriers of rank on all sides.

To the Editor of the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.

SIR,—Among the numerous readers of your highly entertaining paper, there are many, no doubt, who have passed a few leisure hours in perusing the popular novel of *The Antiquary*. To them the following extract from the works of M. JORDAN will prove interesting: they will see in it the original of the story of the *Harz Demon*, introduced one of the marvellous relations of the rascally Ger in that novel, as written by Miss WARDOUR, from man DOUSTERSWIVEL, or, as old EDIE OCHILTREE more generally called him, *Dusterdevil*.—The Harz Mountains are in Hanover.

I am, SIR, &c. COMMUNICATOR.

THE EXTRACT.

In the course of my repeated tours through the Harz I ascended the Broken twelve different times; but I had the good fortune only twice (both times about Whitsuntide) to see that atmospheric phenomenon called 'The Spectre of the Broken;' which appears to me worthy of particular attention, as it must, no doubt, be observed on other high mountains which have a situation favorable for producing it.—The first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit of the Broken, very early in the morning, in order to have a view of the Sun rising in the East. The heavens were already streaked with red, the Sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed throughout the surrounding country; when the other Harz Mountains in the South-west, towards the Worm Mountains, &c. lying under the Broken, began to be covered with thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks, called the Teufelskanzel, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, towards the Worm Mountains and the Achtermanshohe, the gigantic figure of a man, as if standing on a large pedestal! But scarcely had I discovered it when it began to disappear; the clouds sunk down speedily and expanded, and I saw the phenomenon no more.

The second time, however, I saw this spectre somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, and near the Heinrichshohe, as I was looking at the Sun rising about 4 o'clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Harz Mountains had attracted several thick clouds which had been hovering around them, and which beginning to settle on the Broken, confined the prospect in these clouds. Soon after the rising of the Sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself for a couple of seconds exactly as I moved; but I was soon involved in clouds, and the phenomenon disappeared.—It is impossible to see this phenomenon, except when the Sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in an horizontal direction; for if he is higher, the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before it.

In the month of September, last year, I again ascended the Broken, and found an account and explanation of this phenomenon, as seen by M. Hane on the 23d May, 1797; and narrated in his Diary of an Excursion to that Mountain. I shall therefore take the liberty of transcribing it.

"After having been here for the thirtieth time," says M. Hane, "and, besides other objects of my attention, having procured information respecting the above-mentioned atmospheric phenomenon, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing it; and perhaps my description may afford

satisfaction to others who visit the Broken through curiosity. The Sun rose about 4 o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the East, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichsberg. In the South-west, however, towards Achtermanshohe, a brisk West wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds. About a quarter past 4 I went towards the inn, and looked round me to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect towards the South-west; when I observed, at a very great distance towards Achtermanshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I moved my hand towards my head to secure it, and the colossal figure did the same. The pleasure which I felt at this discovery can hardly be described, for I had walked many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my Colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermanshohe. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermanshohe, but saw nothing; we had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves: When the rising Sun, and, according to analogy, the ease will be the same at the setting Sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds, floating around or hovering past him, he need only fix his eyes steadfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him."

On the Stature of Man.—May we not safely conclude, from the names of various measures now in use, that such measures were originally correspondent to sizes much larger than our own? For example: an *inch* is expressed in most European languages by a word signifying a *thumb*; and consequently informs us of the common breadth of an ancient thumb; as, *de pede Herculem*: thus we may say, *de pollice Germanicum*. A *palm* expresses the standard measure of *six inches*. Hence we may suppose, that a palm of the ancient Germans was, generally speaking, about an inch and a half broader than most of the modern. The smaller *ell* (which seems to be a contraction of *Ellenbogen*, that is, an *elbow*), is equal to a *cubit*; and describes an extent from the joint of the elbow to the top of the middle finger; equal to twenty-seven inches, and consequently exceeding, by several inches, the present size of arms and hands. We shall not find one foot in twenty of our modern feet, that will measure 12 inches in length. Three of these make a *yard*; but a yard is equivalent to about *four* of our diminished feet; so that we have lost about *two inches* in the article of feet. A *pace* is the measure of *five feet*. If we may suppose, without slipping over the bounds of probability, this distance was but a *step* for our ancestors, we must allow that they generally outstepped us; for there are not many persons now that can step with ease beyond three feet. Perhaps this disproportion may appear incredible; but we are to remember, that the length of a step is in general correspondent with the size of the person; and also that in the day to which we refer, the action of the femoral muscles were not impeded by those vile ligatures, called *garters*; that the feet were not cramped with *shoes*; and that the *toes* were spread like the claws of some animals. We may also suppose, that the Germans walked like the Indians, with a *spring*; and not as we contracted moderns, who move our legs like the two limbs of a compass; the left not venturing to leave one spot, until the right has taken full possession of another. At every step they fell upon the heel, pressed forward upon the extreme condyles of the *phalanx pedis*, and sprang away by the help of strong and elastic *toes*. If, therefore, we take into consideration the almost gigantic size, the habitual strength of hips, thigh, leg, and foot, their uninjured construction, their unfettered uses, and the peculiarity of *gait*, the distance of *five feet* will not appear beyond their usual exertions. Race-horses have been known to clear 10 or 12 yards at a bound. It would scarcely be more extravagant for a *Welsh pony* or *gentleman-nag* to doubt the truth of this fact, by measuring the distance by their own paces, than for us to suspect our ancestors incapable of the exploit, it needed our utmost attempts.

Galvanism.—On the 4th November last, various galvanic experiments were made on the body of the murderer Clydesdale, by Dr. Ure, of Glasgow, with a voltaic battery of 270 pairs of 4-inch plates. The results were truly appalling. On moving the rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who in vain attempted to prevent its extension! In the second experiment, the rod was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck, when laborious breathing instantly commenced; the chest heaved and fell; the belly was protruded and collapsed, with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm; and it is thought that, but from the complete evacuation of the blood, pulsation might have occurred! In the third experiment, the supra-orbital nerve was touched, when every muscle in the murderer's face "was thrown into fearful action." The scene was hideous; several of the spectators left the room, and one gentleman actually fainted from terror or sickness. In the fourth experiment, the transmitting of the electrical power from the spinal marrow to the ulnar nerve at the elbow, the fingers were instantly put in motion, and the agitation of the arm was so great, that the corpse seemed to point to the different spectators, some of whom thought it had come to life! Dr. Ure appears to be of opinion, that had not incisions been made in the blood-vessels of the neck, and the spinal marrow been lacerated, the criminal might have been restored to life!

Curious Facts respecting Insects.—The grand service which insects render mankind is the removal by consumption of corrupt vegetable and animal substances, which, without their aid, would infect the atmosphere with disease and pestilence. It may be generally stated that almost all the filth on the earth is cleared away (we allow for the action of rain and the elements) by inconceivable hosts of insects, of which some devour it, and others deposit their eggs, from which the larvæ soon co-operate with ten fold voracity. Thus every particle of dung, at least of the most offensive kinds, speedily swarms with inhabitants, which consume all the liquid and noisome particles, leaving nothing but the undigested remains, that soon dry and are scattered by the winds, while the grass on which it rested, no longer smothered by an impenetrable mass, springs up with increased vigour.

The *Coleoptera* (beetle) and *Diptera* (flies, gnats, and other two-winged insects,) are the principal agents in this *scavengership*. The dead carcases of animals, with all the fatal miasmata, are taken off by similar natural means. As soon as life is departed, first come the *hister's*, and pierce the skin. Next follow the *flesh-flies*; some, that no time may be lost, depositing upon it their young already hatched; others covering it with millions of eggs, whence in a day or two proceed innumerable devourers. An idea of the dispatch made by these *gourmands* may be gained by a combined consideration of their numbers, voracity, and rapid development. One female of *M. Cornaria* will give birth to 20,000 young; and the larvæ of many flesh-flies, as Redi ascertained, will in 24 hours devour so much food, and grow so quickly, as to increase their weight 200 fold! In five days after being hatched they arrive at their full growth and size. Thus we see there was some ground for Lynn's assertion, under *M. Vomitaria*, that three of these flies will devour a dead horse as quickly as would a lion.

Another class bury small animals, such as mice, for the purpose of depositing their eggs with a supply of food. Putrescent vegetable substances vanish before the efforts of other insects; and their everlasting destruction of each other keeps the world free from suberabundant multiplication. In the latter service, the earwig, spider, and dragon-fly, are marked consumers.

Singular Plant.—The inhabitants of St. Lucia have discovered a singular plant. In a cavern, near the sea, is a large basin, from 12 to 15 feet deep, the water of which is very brackish, and the bottom composed of rocks. From these, at all times, proceed certain substances, which present at first sight beautiful flowers, of a bright shining colour, and pretty nearly resembling our marigolds, only that their tint is more lively. These seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand or instrument, retire, like a snail out of sight. On examining their substance closely, there appear, in the middle of the disk, four brown filaments, resembling spider's legs, which move round a kind of petals with a pretty brisk and spontaneous motion. These legs have pincers to seize their prey; and, upon seizing it, the yellow petals immediately close, so that it cannot escape. Under this exterior of a flower is a brown stalk, of the bigness of a raven's quill, and which appears to be the body of some animal. It is probable that this strange creature lives on the spawn of fish, and the marine insects thrown by the sea into the basin.

DRINKING LIKE A BEAST.

A certain Reverend Gentleman, well known in the metropolis as the preacher at a Dissenting Chapel of note, happening one day to dine in company with some wags of fashion, the young men whispered among themselves, that it would be capital fun to make the parson drunk. Accordingly, soon after they had sat down to dinner, one of them commenced the attack, by requesting the pleasure of drinking wine with the old gentleman. This pleasure, however, he declined, alleging, that he never drank wine during dinner—"but *after* dinner," said he, "I'll drink with you like a beast." The wags, chuckling at the prospect of the success of their scheme, cheerfully waited till after dinner.—When the cloth was removed, the bottle went round, and the parson drank full bumpers with the rest of the company until the fifth glass was emptied. When the wine came round a sixth time, the parson pushed it past him; but the young men insisted on his filling his glass again, saying, with surprise, "Did not you promise to drink with us like a beast?"—"So I did," answered the Divine: "*a beast knows when he has had enough!*"

LIES.—A French Nobleman, who had three valets or servants, promised them one day, that he who could tell the greatest lie should be rewarded. The first said—"My Lord, I have never yet told a lie;" the second, "I cannot lie;" but the third said, "My Lord, both of them tell the truth." The latter accordingly received the reward.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.—On one occasion it was found an impracticable task to make his Majesty acquiesce in a judgment passed by a Court Martial on the conduct of two officers high in the army. George II. was on all occasions impatient of arguments which tended to disprove the correctness of his opinions, but in the present case had always to war against the influence of his natural bravery, which was a bright quality in his character. One of the officers had made himself amenable to military law by fighting in opposition to the orders of his Commander-in-Chief, instead of retreating, by which act of disobedience the General's well-laid plans were frustrated. On these circumstances being detailed to the King, his Majesty exclaimed—"Oh, the one fight, the other run away." Your Majesty will have the goodness to understand that General — did not run away; it was necessary for the accomplishment of his schemes, that he should cause the army to retreat at that critical moment; this he would have conducted with his wonted skill, but for the breach of duty in the officer under the sentence of the Court Martial. "I understand," impatiently returned the King, "one fight, he was right; the other run away, he was wrong." It was in vain that Ministers renewed their arguments and explanations; his Majesty could not, or rather, would not, understand the difference between a disgraceful flight and a political retreat; they were therefore obliged to end a discussion which merely drew forth a repetition of the same judgment—"the one face the enemy and fight, he right; the other turn his back and not fight, he wrong."

AMERICAN LEARNING, 1708.—A speculator, who had rapidly amassed a princely fortune, wishing to figure as a scholar, sent the following order to an eminent bookseller in Boston:—

"Sur—I wants to by sum Buks,—as I am prodighouse fond of larnen—plese to sent by the Bear here 5 hunder Dollars worth of the handsomest you hav—"

AFFIDAVIT FEES.—The late Lord CLONMEL, who never thought of demanding more for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied with a shilling, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Warwickshire shillings were current, and he used the following precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you, touching this affidavit, so help you God!! *Is this a good shilling?* Are the contents of this affidavit true? is this your name and hand-writing?"

ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN—One of the most esteemed and conspicuous traits of the late QUEEN's character, was the strictness with which she consulted the moral decency of her Court. Her reply to Lady —, when soliciting her MAJESTY for permission to present Lady —: and when refused, saying she did not know what to tell her disappointed friend, will long be remembered and repeated—"Tell her," said the QUEEN, "*you did not dare to ask me.*"

CURIOUS STORY.

[FROM A GERMAN PAPER.]

BERLIN, MAY 9.

The official *Gazette* of Christiania, in Norway, contains the following article:—

"About a week before the Easter Holidays several men who went out on the cod fishery perished in the storm. On Easter-day, in the evening, some fishermen took a shark in their nets. They found in his stomach two barrels of oats, and a man in a sailor's dress, with clothes made of skin and sea-boots, but without a hat. As his features were not changed, he was recognised to be one of the persons who had perished in the tempest which took place several days before; he was therefore delivered to his family, and was buried at Herøe."

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.—At St. Petersburg there are, every winter during Lent, several Masquerades there called Ridottos, which are always numerous attended, but differ so far from ours, that there is no dancing. The company stroll in their disguise through the crowd in the saloon, see, hear, and talk. They then go to the adjoining apartments, and call for what refreshments they please. Each party takes a table for itself, and generally one of the company treats the others, and pays for those who accompany him.

It once happened that there was a party of seven persons in one of these rooms, who ordered a supper and wine at ten silver rubles per head. One of the company, as usual, gave the order to the waiter. The party were very merry, and seemed to enjoy the supper. When the dishes and bottles were empty, the guests, one after another, rose from table and went into the saloon. There were already five gone, and two still remained sitting, apparently in earnest conversation. Will not the people soon pay? thought the landlord, and ordered the waiter to have a watchful eye on the last, that he might not slip away. But now the sixth also went and disappeared in the saloon. The seventh remained, but seemed to be asleep. "This is the paymaster," said the waiter, and kept his eye constantly upon him. The man still seemed to sleep. After many hours had elapsed, and the rooms and the saloon began to become deserted and empty, the waiter went to the guest to awake him; but who can describe his affright, when he found the sitting person a man of straw! The next day, however, the amount of the bill was sent, the whole having been meant only as a joke upon the landlord.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following is a literal copy of a notice recently given by the Clerk in a Parish Church, in Devonshire:—"This is to gee notis, here's narra Sunday here next Sunday: keas why, Measter is gwaing to Daulish to preach."

TITIAN.—As this great artist was one day painting the portrait of Charles the Fifth, the pencil fell from his hands; the Emperor picked it up, and presented it to him, who made many apologies.—"The pencil of Apelles," replied the Emperor very nobly, "should be picked up by Cæsar."

Titian painted the Emperor very often, who said that he had as often received immortality from the hands of Titian.

FATALITY ATTENDING THE HOUSE OF STUART.—The year 88 has been for several centuries fatal to the Royal House of Stuart:—James III. on June the 11th, 1538, lost a battle to his subjects, by whom he was pursued and assassinated. Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded the 8th Feb. 1588. James II. of England, abdicated the Throne of Great Britain on the 12th December, 1688; and in the year 1788, the last legitimate male of the House of the Stuart Family expired.

EMBROIDERY.—The celebrated Anna Maria Schurmann learned the art of embroidery in a few hours, which, with no great practice she carried to the greatest perfection. Dr. Rander, in his "Tour through Germany," mentions having seen two specimens, in the style of our own ingenious and amiable countrywoman, Miss Linwood. In the parish church of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, is one of the most curious altarpieces in the kingdom, which is adorned with an elegant piece of needlework, by Lady Betty Young, who, with her husband, the admired author of the "Night Thoughts," is buried under it.

A literary Frenchman being in company with the celebrated Dr. Wallis, was boasting, with characteristic vanity, of the superiority of the French language, with regard to enphony; and challenged the Doctor to produce any thing in English equal to the following lines:—

Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais si un des cordons de la corde descorde,
Le cordon descordant fait descorder la corde.

The Doctor immediately translated the very words into English, only substituting for the French word *corde*, the pure English word *twist*. The reader will find that the first four of the following lines exactly correspond to those of the Frenchman; the next four were added by the Doctor, by way of completing his triumph. The remaining lines were not written till some time afterward. The great Dr. Johnson was so pleased with the above anecdote, that he gives the whole twelve lines in his folio Dictionary, to shew into how many meanings and bearings the word *twister* may be twisted:—

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twitcheth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain, that in twining before in the twine
As twins were intwisted, he now doth untwine,
Twist the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.—The memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domestic character; as a mother, she shone in a conspicuous manner, by the attentions which she paid to cultivating the dispositions of her children. Of her Majesty's superior talent for that tender office—of her adroitness in seizing the happy moment to instil virtuous principle, the following anecdote records an instance which ought never to be forgotten:—The Princess Royal was accustomed, at going to rest, to employ one of the Ladies of the Court in reading aloud to her till she should drop to sleep; it happened one evening that the Lady who was appointed to perform this office being indisposed, could not, without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of standing; yet the Princess was inattentive to her situation, and suffered her to continue reading till she fell down in a swoon.—The Queen was informed of this the next morning; her Majesty said nothing upon the subject, but at night when she was in bed sent for the Princess, and saying that she wished to be lulled to rest, commanded her Royal Highness to read aloud. After some time the Princess began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hope of receiving an order to seat herself. "Proceed," said her Majesty. In a short time a second pause seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the Queen again. Again the Princess stopped; again she received an order to proceed, till at last, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain; then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear from indulging herself in ease while she suffered her attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue;—an illustrious example to mothers how to create and improve occasions for forming the dispositions of their children.

LITERARY REWARD.—The laborious antiquary, JOHN STOWE, after dedicating the greatest part of a life, extended far beyond the usual period of existence, to researches in which the public were essentially interested, when suffering under the tortures of an excruciating disease, and upon the very verge of the grave, was obliged to ask alms of his fellow-citizens and countrymen. However strange this may seem, it is nevertheless true, that in the year 1604, this worthy citizen obtained from that learned Monarch, and great encourager of learning, JAMES I. a license to collect "the charitable benevolence of well-disposed people," for his subsistence. In this Brief his various labours for forty-five years spent in composing his *Annals*, and also eight years dedicated to his *Survey of London*, his merit and his age, are mentioned, and power was given to him or his deputies, to ask charity at the different churches through a considerable number of counties and cities in England, with an exhortation and persuasion to persons to contribute their mites. This was in the second year of the King. A letter from the King, on the same subject is also extant, on the back of which seven shillings and sixpence are set down as the subscription of the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, with the churchwarden's name indorsed.

Nearly a century since this castle and manor were purchased by Lord Crewe, then Bishop of Durham, having been forfeited to the Crown by its former possessor, and which the Bishop left, vested in Trustees, to be applied to charitable purposes. A humane establishment is in consequence maintained out of it for the relief of shipwrecked mariners. Every assistance is rendered from the castle to ships which are in distress amongst the rocks that frown beneath it; and those sailors who are fortunately thus saved from a watery grave, receive the immediate comforts of warm bedding, and cheering hospitality. The following beautiful lines, descriptive of this most interesting establishment, are from the pen of a modern author:—

Ye holy towers, that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwinds sweep!
Far, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
Oft list'ning tearful, when the wild winds beat,
With hallow bodings, round your ancient walls!
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the wave!

ANECDOTE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PERSIA.—ABBAS MIRZA, Crown Prince of Persia, is one of the most remarkable men of our times. He was born in the year 1782, and every body expects great changes when he ascends his father's throne. His intercourse with learned Europeans; his speaking the English and French languages very fluently; his introduction of the European military system and discipline, and forming on that system a body of about 10,000 infantry, and a considerable corps of artillery, and other measures, display a mind of no common order. ABBAS MIRZA is not a mere soldier, but his finer qualities render him still more worthy of the throne. MORITZ VON KOTZEBUE relates the following honourable anecdote of him: "The Russian Ambassador," says he, "perceived, in the garden belonging to the Prince, a projecting corner of an old wall, which made a very ugly contrast with the rest, and disfigured the prospect. He asked ABBAS MIRZA why he did not have it pulled down?" "Only think," replied the Prince, "I have bought this garden from several proprietors in order to make something magnificent; the proprietor of the place where the wall projects is an old peasant, the only person who positively refused to sell me his piece of land, as he would not part with it for any price; it being an old family possession. I must confess it is very vexatious, but, notwithstanding, I honour him for his attachment to his forefathers, and still more for his boldness in refusing it me. But I will wait till an heir of his shall be more reasonable."

WHIGS AND TORIES.—The political distinctions of Tories and Whigs were not known till the reign of CHARLES the Second. *Torach*, in the Irish or Erse language, is Royal; and *Toirach*, Ecclesiastical; both from one root, signifying supreme authority. The Irish, like other nations, considering *Torachs*, or tax-gatherers, as publicans and robbers, gave the name to highwaymen. *Cuaithang*, belonging to the country, produced the word Whig. It was first known in Scottish history as applied to the Whiggamor inroad, under the Duke of ARGYLE, which consisted of parishes, with their Ministers, who marched at their head, preaching and praying in favour of their rights. *Mor*, in all the Celtic dialects, signifies great, and Whiggamor was the great popular cause.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.—It is well known that NAPOLEON is what SWIFT quaintly said of Prince EUGENE—a great *taker of snuff* as well as of towns. In a conversation he had some time ago with Gen. BERTRAND, Mr. BALCOMBE, whose house he then occupied, happened to be present. Observing a snuff-box, NAPOLEON made the usual signal for a pinch, by a *sortie* with his finger and thumb, but upon opening the box suddenly, the hinge unfortunately gave way. This disaster was, however, quickly compensated by the Ex-Emperor, who, after expressing his regret for the accident, very graciously presented Mr. B. with a magnificent gold box, ornamented with the Imperial cypher. Mr. BALCOMBE's box which had the honour of being thus unhinged, was a wooden one, of the celebrated manufacture of Laurence Kirk, where it has been sent by the owner to be repaired.

A Washington paper, correcting an erroneous account of a man's death, says, "We are happy to say Major John Anderson is not dead, he is only married."

Bon Mot.—Henry IV. of France, asking a lady which was the way to her bed-chamber, she replied briskly, "through the Church, Sir."

ANAGRAMS.—*Honor est a Nilo*—Horatio Nelson. *O Poison Pit*—Opposition. *Nine Thumps*—Punishment. *No more Stars*—Astronomers. *Busy Liars*—Salisbury. *Dog's Nose*—Goodness.

The custom of a felon's holding up his hand at the bar of justice is derived from the Druids, who made use of that ceremony as the symbol of their integrity and good faith, and an attestation of the truth of their plea.

Female Patriotism.—The courage and ability so eminently displayed by Miss Tocker at the late assize for Cornwall, seem to have been justly appreciated by the greater part of those "whose praise is not blame;" and have led to many discussions on the comparative virtues and talents of the two sexes. Among other anecdotes of the sex to which the fair defendant belongs, the following, as it does not appear to be generally known, may perhaps not be uninteresting: In the famous Ship-Money Cause, which has so justly immortalized the name of *Hampden*, the great majority of the Judges decided (as is well known) against the laws of the land. In the minority, however, was the celebrated Judge *Crooke*; well known by his Reports. It appears from Whitlock (who speaks of his own personal knowledge) 'that the Judge, intimidated by the threats of the Court, had at one time resolved to deliver his opinion for the King; from which purpose he was diverted by his wife, who told him that she hoped he would do nothing against his conscience, for fear of any danger or prejudice to herself or family; and that she would be contented to suffer want, or any misery with him, rather than he should do or say any thing against his better judgment.' Thus encouraged, he summoned up the resolution to perform his duty, and rescued his name from that infamy which so deservedly involves the memory of his colleagues.

The death of Lord Clonmell is said to have originated in a very curious incident. In the year 1792 Mr. John Magee, the spirited proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, had a fiat issued against him in a case of libel for a sum which the defendant thought excessive. The bench and the press were directly committed; and in such a case had a Judge tenfold the power he has, he would be comparatively harmless. The subject made a noise; was brought before Parliament; and was at last, at least politically, set at rest by the defeat of the Chief-Justice and the restriction of the Judges in future in such cases to an inferior and definite sum. Discomfited and mortified, Lord Clonmell retreated from the contest; but he retreated like an harpooned leviathan—the barb was in his back, and Magee held the cordage. He made the life of his enemy a burden to him; he exposed his errors, denied his merits, magnified his mistakes, ridiculed his pretensions; and, continually edging without overstepping the boundary of libel, pointed upon the Chief-Justice from the battery of the press a perpetual broadside of sarcasm and invective. "The man," says Dr. Johnson, challenging Junius, "who vilifies established authority is sure to find an audience." Lord Clonmell too fatally verified the apothegm. Wherever he went he was lampooned by a ballad-singer or laughed at by the populace. Nor was Magee's arsenal composed exclusively of paper ammunition: he rented a field bordering his Lordship's highly-improved and decorated demesne; he advertised month after month that on such a day he would exhibit in this field a grand olympic pig-hunt; that the people, out of gratitude for their patronage of his newspaper, should be gratuitous spectators of this revived classical amusement; and that he was determined to make so amazing a provision of whiskey and porter, that if any man went home thirsty it should be his own fault. The plan completely succeeded; hundreds and thousands assembled; every man did justice to his entertainer's hospitality, and his Lordship's magnificent demesne, uprooted and desolate, next day exhibited nothing but the ruins of the olympic pig-hunt! The Rebellion approached; the popular exasperation was at its height; and the end of it was, that Magee went mad with his victory, and Lord Clonmell died literally brokenhearted with his defeat and his apprehensions.—*Phillips's Memoirs of Curran.*

Ostler.—The word Ostler, which now signifies solely an attendant on horses, is derived from the French word *hosteller*, a person who kept a house of entertainment; which houses were denominated *hostels*, and by us at this day hotels. Though some persons maintained that the word Ostler is purely English, and only an abridgement of *oat-stealer*; a name given to those gentry from their great propensity to defraud those useful quadrupeds, horses, of their fair allowance.

The Strawberry.—One of the old writers thus quaintly speaks of this plant: "God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly he never did."

The Book of Ecclesiasticus has been pronounced by the infidel Gibbon the most complete body of written reason, and the most perfect compendium of practical wisdom, to be found any where. And it has been, therefore, attributed by the same writer to some Pagan Philosopher.

The Dotterel.—Is a simple bird, and fond of imitation, and used formerly to be taken in nets by a person approaching them, and stretching out a leg or an arm, which the bird seeing, made a similar motion with his leg or wing, which occupied its attention till the net was dropped over the whole covey.—There is a traditional story current in Cambridgeshire, that James the First was very fond of the sport of seeing dotterel taken; and, when at Newmarket, used to go upon the Gogmagog hills for that purpose, and was attended by a clergyman of one of the parishes bordering on them, who was very expert at making these motions; when the King was so pleased with him, that he said he would remember him, and promised him a living. The clergyman, however, after some time, thinking, like Young, that he had "been so long remembered" that he was "forgot," went up to London, and attended at court. Finding himself, however, unnoticed amid the crowd of courtiers, he began to stretch first one arm and then another, till at length he caught his Majesty's eye, who exclaimed, "There's my dotterel parson!" and, on learning what business had brought him thither, he gave him the long-promised living.

Judicial Punning.—In a late action brought in the Court of Common-Pleas, in Ireland, against one Meade, a poulterer, who was security for Whelan, a bailiff, the following puns passed between the Bar and the Bench:

Mr. Grady, in animadverting upon the plaintiff's proceeding against Meade instead of Whelan himself, said he had, no doubt, substantial reasons for preferring to pluck the poulterer.

Lord Norbury—That is fowl play.

Archdeacon Paley.—In a stage-coach, in which Paley was travelling from the North, was a petty tradesman from a town near the Archdeacon's residence, who gave himself airs, and expressed dissatisfaction at the accommodations on the road. On the arrival of the coach at a capital inn, the passengers were shown into a large, well-furnished room, where every thing seemed too good for the most fastidious person to find the least fault. "This is tolerably comfortable," said the pompos passenger, "but after all it is not like home." "Very unlike home, indeed, Sir," said Paley.

Mortality amongst Female Crowned Heads, &c.—We are sorry to announce, that on the 26th of last December, and precisely at the same hour, viz. half-past 9 o'clock in the evening, died in childbirth, their Majesties the Queens of Castile, of Leon, of Arragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, Majorca, Minorca, Seville, Cordova, Murcia, the Algarves, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, of the Terra Firma, and the Atlantic; to which long list we add, with equal concern, the deaths of the following illustrious ladies, all on the same day, at the same hour, and from the same individual cause:—The Archduchess of Austria; Duchesses of Burgundy, of Brabant, and Milan; the Countesses of Hapsburg, of Flanders, the Tyrol, and Barcelona; with the Ladies of Biscay and Molina, &c. This extensive obituary is extracted from a letter of Ferdinand VII., said to have been found on board a Spanish vessel, which was captured by a Caraccas privateer.—*London paper.*

True Friendship.—When the French minister Fonquet was in disgrace, and forsaken by all his worldly friends, including the great men whom he used to feast so magnificently, he found adherents where he might have expected to find them, in people of genius and virtue, whose resources of heart and mind could afford to share his sorrows. La Fontaine was moved out of his usual lively style, into a strain of heart-felt pathos; Mademoiselle Deshoulières contrived to send him intelligence even into the Bastille; and Pelisson, besides writing petitions in his favour to Lewis XIV. which Voltaire compares with the eloquence of Cicero, contrived to be sent to the Bastille himself, in order that he might give his old patron information. He even went so far as to risk an action, which, had any subsequent calamity prevented from being afterwards related, might have subjected his memory to the very infamy which he most abhorred—he declared himself the accuser of M. Fonquet! They were confronted; and Fonquet, in astonishment, asked for his proofs. "The proofs!" exclaimed Pelisson, with an air of derision; "Sir, they are not to be got at but through your own papers, and you know very well that those are all burnt!"—The fact was, he wanted to tell his benefactor that he had taken the precaution of burning his papers, and could find no other expedient.

Signs of the Times.—The strange metamorphosis foretold of the *Annus Mirabilis* by Swift would seem to be at hand—"When the Dragon on the top of Bow-church shall visit the Grasshopper on the Royal Exchange, we know that tremendous transmutations are to be expected." These two ancient emblems are now actually lying in social contact in a builder's yard behind Broad-street!

Climate of New South-Wales.—In this remote part of the earth, Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions, for the rest of the world) seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries with the stone on the outside; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web feet of a duck; puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or beast. Add to this a parrot, with the legs of a sea-gull; a skate, with the head of a shark; and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen; together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph, and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Bon Mot.—Old Lady Townshend (mother of the late Marquis Townshend) said of *white lies*, that they were gentlemen ushers to *black ones*.

Sir William Temple, though he expected to be interred in Westminster Abbey, gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and placed under a sun-dial in that part of his garden immediately opposite the window of his library, whence he was accustomed to contemplate the beauties and wonders of Creation in the society of a beloved sister.

The following affecting anecdote is related in the French papers: A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to clime up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed him back, till overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream, he left the boat, and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved!

Ship-Launch.—The following beautiful passage occurs in Campbell's Essay on British Poetry: "Those who ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me: I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."

Dram-Drinking.—In the last *Edinburgh Review* is the following whimsical and extraordinary article: "There has been in all Governments a great deal of absurd canting about the consumption of spirits. We believe the best plan is, to let people drink what they like and wear what they like, to make no sumptuary laws either for the belly or the back. In the first place, laws against rum, and rum and water, are made by men who can change a wet coat for a dry one whenever they choose, and who do not often work up to their knees in mud and water; and, in the next place, if this stimulus did all the mischief it is thought to do by the wise men of Claret, its cheapness and plenty would rather lessen than increase the avidity with which it is at present sought for. Again: human life is subject to such manifold wretchedness, that all nations have invented a soothing liquid or solid to produce a brief oblivion. Poppies, barley, grasses, sugar, pepper, and a thousand other things, have been squeezed, pressed, pounded, and purified, to produce this temporary happiness. Noblemen and members of Parliament have large cellars full of sealed bottles, to enable them the better to endure the wretchedness of life. The poor man seeks the same end by expending three halfpence in Gin; but no moralist can endure the idea of gin."

Music and Medicine.—Lord Bacon says, the variable composition of man's body hath made it an instrument easy to distemper; and therefore, the poets did well to conjoin Music and Medicine in Apollo, because the office of Medicine is but to attune this curious harp of man's body, and reduce it to harmony.

Antiquity of Liquid Measures.—The Romans sold oil, wine, vinegar, honey, and all kinds of liquids by measure, in a certain horn, capable of holding one, two or three pounds. This horn was marked on the outside, with a circle drawn about it, which line denoted a pound. In the middle they marked ounces of measure, but not of weight. They measured liquids, but did not weigh them by pounds or ounces, as is proved by Galen, who tells us, in his first book of composition of medicines, that it was a thing very usual in the city of Rome. And Horace observes,

From horn of two pounds weight, he drop by drop
Distill'd upon the colewort sattels top,
With his own hand, but he would never spare
To drowse it o'er with his dead vinegar.

Hackney Coaches, why so called, and when first introduced in this country.—It was from this village that the coaches, let to the people in London, first received their name; for, in the 16th century, many people having gone on visits to see their friends at Hackney, it occasioned them often to hire horses or carriages, so that in time it became a common name for such horses, coaches, and chairs, as were let to the people of London; and the name has now diffused itself not only throughout Britain, but likewise Ireland.—Hackney coaches first began to ply in the streets of London, or rather waited at inns, in the year 1625, and were only 20 in number; but in 1635 they were so much increased, that King Charles issued out an order of council for restraining them. In 1637, he allowed 50 hackney coachmen, each of whom might keep 12 horses. In 1652, their number was limited to 200; and in 1654, it was extended to 300. In 1661, 400 were licensed, at 4l. annually for each. In 1694, 700 were allowed, and taxed by the 5th and 6th of William and Mary at 4l. per annum each. By 9th Anne, c. 23, 800 coaches were allowed in London and Westminster; but by 8th Geo. III. c. 24, the number was increased to 1000, which are to be licensed by commissioners, and to pay a duty of 5s. per week to the king. On Sunday there were formerly only 175 Hackney coaches to ply, which were to be appointed by commissioners; but their number is now unlimited.

Literary Shoemakers.—The fraternity of shoemakers have, unquestionably, given rise to some characters of great worth and genius. The late Mr. Holcroft was originally a shoemaker; and though he was, unhappily, at the beginning of the French revolution, infected with French principles, yet he was certainly a man of great genius, and, on the whole, a moral writer. His dramatic pieces must rank among the best of those on the English stage. Robert Bloomfield wrote his poem of "The Farmer's Boy," while employed at this business; and Dr. William Carey, professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee in the College of Fort-William, Calcutta, and the able and indefatigable translator of the Scriptures into many of the Eastern languages, was, in early life, a shoemaker in Northamptonshire. Mr. John Struthers, the author of the *Poor Man's Sabbath*, *Peasant's Death*, and other poems of merit, still continues to follow this business. The present Mr. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and the supposed editor of the *Quarterly Review*, spent some of his early days in learning the "craft and mystery" of a shoemaker, as he tells us, in one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography ever penned, and prefixed to his nervous and elegant version of the great Roman satirist.

Bon Mot.—Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish advocate, was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his conversation: the latter hearing a person near him say *curiosity*, for *curiosity*, he exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad," replied Curran; "he has only knocked an *I* out."

Anecdote of Mr. Pitt.—During the latter years of Mr. Pitt, when the demon of war was ravaging the continent of Europe, and even threatening the inhabitants of this country with its tremendous scourge, the leading members of a certain corporation made an offer to raise a volunteer corps, on condition that Mr. Pitt would give them an assurance, that they should never be called to leave the country. To this offer and request he gave the following humorous reply: "I will engage that they shall not leave the country, *except in case of an invasion!*"

Discovery of a Secret.—A learned Bishop being one day in company with the celebrated David Garrick, their conversation turned on the influence of language, of action, of truth, and of representation, on the passions of men. "But how is it," said his lordship, addressing himself to Garrick, "that you, who deal in nothing but fiction, can so affect your audiences, as to throw them into tears; while we, who deliver the most awful and interesting truths, can scarcely produce any effect whatever?" "My Lord," replied the Actor, "here lies the secret: You deliver your truths as if they were fictions; but we deliver our fictions as if they were truths."

The Whale.—The *aorta*, or principal artery, in that stupendous animal, the whale, measures about a foot in diameter; and it is computed that the quantity of blood thrown into it, at every pulsation of the heart, is not less than from ten to fifteen gallons.

LITERARY AUCTION.

Mr. Evans, of Pall-mall, has lately been selling, by auction, the curious and extensive library of the late James Bindley, Esq. which consisted of near 300 volumes, in the English, Latin, and French languages. The following are among the books which have been sold, with the prices at which they were knocked down:—

Confession of Lord Maguire, the Irish Rebel, 1644. Good News from Sligo, 1646; and Collection of various Curious Tracts relating to Ireland, in the time of the Civil War, in quarto, sold for 15l. 15s.

Darce's Annals of Queen Elizabeth; fine copy, with Portrait of the Queen, and Frontispiece. At the end of the Book is a leaf containing Verses addressed to the Reader, and on the reverse, a Portrait of Darce, by Delarain; this leaf seldom occurs, 31l. 10s.

Herbert's Dick and Robin, with Songs, 1641; and other old Tracts, a very small volume, 10l. 5s.

Harmony of the Muses, a Collection of Poems, very scarce, 1654. 10l.

Patrick Hannay's Nightingale; Sheretine; Happy Husband; and other Poems; Frontispiece, including the rare Portrait of the Author and Portrait of Anne of Denmark, by Crispin de Pass, inserted, extremely rare, 1622, cost Mr. Bindley 16s.—35l. 14s.

Hake's Commemoration of the most prosperous Raigue of our deere Lady Elizabeth, a Poem, rare, 1575, 9l. 9s.

Dialogues of Creatures Moralyssed, applyably and edificatyfly to every mery and jocunde matter, black letter, wood-cuts, very rare, first edition. They be to sell upon Powlys Church Yarde, 21l.

Discovery of Witches, by Matthew Hopkins, Witch-finder, with the very rare Frontispiece containing the Port. of Hopkins, 1647. Examinations and Confessions of the Witches lately executed in Essex, 1645. Magazine of Scandal, 1642, 26l. 10s.

Magnificent Entertainment given to King James on his triumphant passage through his honourable Citie of London, with the Songs, &c. in the Pageants, rare, 1604, 16l. 16s.

Evangelium Nicodem, Lips. 1516. J. de Staupitz de Prædestinatione, 1517. Strabi Fuldensis Hortulus, carmen, Norimb. 1512. Reuchlini Ludicra.—Homo Diabolus, 1618, and other Latin Tracts, 9l. 9s.

Gamage's Linsi woolsie, or two centuries of Epigrammes, 1613, 13l.

Hutten on the wood called Guaiacum that healeth the French Pockes and helpeh the goutte. With a plate inserted. Bertholet, 1536, 12l. 14s.

Joe Miller's Jests, Second Edition interleaved with numerous Manuscript additions, 1739, 11l. 5s.

Robert Fletcher's Nine English Worthies; or, the Famous and Worthy Princes of England, being all of one name; beginning with Henrie the First, and concluding with Prince Henry, with Poetical Epitaphs, Portraits. A book of excessive rarity, fine copy, 1606, 37l. 16s.

Joseph Fletcher's Historie of the Perfect-Cursed-Blessed Man, a Poem, plates, 1629, 23l. 2s.

Bishop Fisher's Funeral Sermon on Henry the VII. wood-cut, Emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, 1509. Bishop Fisher's Mornyng remembraunce had at the moneth mynde of the Noble Prynces the Countess of Rychemonde moder unto King Henry, 7, wood-cut, Wynkyn de Worde, 15l. 15s.

Abraham Fraunce, the Countesse of Pembroke's Yayelchurch, containing the affectionate Life and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas, in English Hexameters, two parts, also part of Heliodorus, 1591. Abraham Fraunce, the Countesse of Pembroke's Emanuel, containing the Nativity, Passion and Resurrection of Christ, together with Psalms of David, all in English Hexameters, 1591, 25l. 4s.

Forest of Fancy, interspersed with Poetry, 1579 Arte of Flatterie, interspersed with Poetrie. Imprinted by Jones, rare, 38l. 6s. 6d.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE SPANIARDS.—A soldier perceiving the palace in flames, and knowing the King's sister was in an apartment from which it was impossible for her to escape, generously resolved to attempt saving her life at the hazard of his own; and, rushing through the flames for that purpose, bore her triumphantly away in his arms; by this brave and humane action, the Spanish etiquette was totally destroyed, and the next day he was summoned before a bench of Judges—the crime of breaking into the presence of a Princess was now fully and completely proved against him, and the reward of his valour was to be an ignominious death. The lady, however, in consideration of his service, condescendingly requested the sentence might be revoked,—and the Judges, in compliance with her desire, generously forgave the atrocious crime.

When Charles the Second received the compliments of the Grandees, upon his accession to the Spanish throne, one amongst the number, in an excess of zeal, thoughtlessly presumed to use that shocking and degrading epithet *friend*. The haughty monarch, astonished at the freedom, indignantly exclaimed, "*Kings have their vassals for their servants, not their friends!*" and in this, perhaps, he spoke justly without thinking it.

GARRICK'S EYE.—Miss POPE was one evening in the Green-room, commenting on the excellencies of GARRICK, when, amongst other things, she said, "he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board."—"Aye," cried WEWITZER, "I understand—what we call a *gimblet eye!*"

MR. DIBDIN AND THE ROXBURGHE CLUB AT PARIS.

In the number of the *Annales Encyclopédiques* for July, M. Millin, Keeper of the Medals, &c. at the Royal Library, gives the following account of the celebration of the Roxburghe Anniversary at Paris by Mr. Dibdin, respecting which a short paragraph appeared in our paper some days since:—

While the Members of the Roxburghe Club were celebrating, on the 17th of June, the memory of the first printers of Boccaccio at Venice and in England, under the Presidentship of Lord Spencer, the Honourable Mr. Dibdin, Vice-President, united himself to this bibliographical banquet by a repetition of it, which he gave at Paris. He invited to it M. Denon, to whom France is yet indebted for a great portion of the manuscripts and early editions which she possesses, and several of the Conservators of the Royal Library, Messrs. Vanpraet, Langlès, Gail, and Millin. It may be easily supposed that literary history and bibliography offered an inexhaustible field for conversation; the meeting displayed a mixture of gaiety and gravity becoming the banquets of the Muses; and according to the ancient adage the guests were more than three, and less than nine. M. Gail recited some Latin verses upon the occasion, the salt and spirit of which were not at first savoured by the guests, from the effect of the toasts. They will be printed in the *Hermes Romanus*.

Mr. Dibdin, the Amphitryon, and Chairman of the Meeting, proposed, as is customary, the first toasts:

1. The health of Lord Spencer, and the Honourable Members of the Roxburghe Club.
2. The memory of Christopher Valdarfer, Printer of the Boccaccio of 1471, the purchase of which by the Duke of Marlborough was the occasion of the formation of the Roxburghe Club.
3. The immortal memory of Wm. Caxton, the first English Printer.
4. The glory of France.
5. The perpetual union of France and England.
6. The prosperity of the Royal Library of France; and
7. The health of its worthy Conservators, whose knowledge is inexhaustible, and whose kindness is never weary.
8. The propagation of Science, Art and Literature, and of the Bibliomania.
9. May we meet again the same day each year.

The guests returned these toasts by another, which was drank with hurras and three times three, according to the custom of England—the health of the Vice-President of the Roxburghe Club, who did them the honour of assembling them.

The sitting terminated at the same hour the President quits the chair in London; and the Vice-President, Mr. Dibdin, has carefully preserved the curks to take to England, and exhibit as a memorial of this agreeable banquet.

ANECDOTE.—Soon after Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, Superintendant of India Affairs in America, had been appointed to the above place, he wrote to England for some suits of clothes, richly laced. When they arrived at Sir WILLIAM's, HENDRICK, King of the five nations of Mohaws, was present, and particularly admired them, but without saying any thing at that time to Sir Wm. In a few days, HENDRICK called on Sir WILLIAM, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir WILLIAM's inquiring what in was, he told him that he had dreamed that he had given him one of those fine suits which he had lately received from over "The Great Water." Sir WILLIAM took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. HENDRICK, highly pleased with the generosity of Sir WILLIAM, retired. Sir WILLIAM, some time after this happening to be in company with HENDRICK, told him that he also had had a dream. HENDRICK, being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir WILLIAM informed him, that he had dreamed that he (HENDRICK) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk River) of above 5000 acres. HENDRICK presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark:—"Now, Sir WILLIAM, I will never dream with you again, you dream too hard for me."—The above tract of land is called to this hour, Sir WILLIAM's Dreaming Land.

ENGLISH LIBERTY.—We translate the following paragraph literally from the last number of the *Hamburg Correspondenten*. We have no doubt it is piously believed, by at least one-half of those for whose edification it is intended. Among the many singular qualities which are supposed to distinguish us by untravelled and unreflecting foreigners (a large body), that of sending ourselves, for slight causes, into the other world by the aid of a halter, a pistol, or a razor, is devoutly credited:—

"Two houses opposite each other, at a small lane in London, being in a very decayed state, they were secured by a post reaching across the lane; this was considered by disappointed reformers, &c. as a very retired and comfortable place to hang themselves, and almost every morning there were found two or three of these miserable subjects hanging; till, at last, it became a nuisance, and the police being very attentive, placed a constable on the spot for preventing the like amusements. Scarcely had this guardian taken his station, when a gentleman, with a string in his hand, appeared, and was deliberately going to dispatch himself out of this world of trouble; but being told by the constable he must look for another place, as hanging was prohibited there, 'G—d—d—n,' he exclaimed, 'what is become of our liberty?'"

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE JEFFERYS.

When this arbitrary Judge was not under State influence, he seemed to have a sense of the natural or civil rights of men, and an inclination to protect them. The Mayor, Aldermen, and Justices of Bristol had been used to transport convicts to the American plantations, and to sell them by way of trade—and finding the commodity turn to good account, they contrived a method to make it more plentiful. The legal convicts were but few, and the exportation was considerable. When, therefore, any petty rogues and pilferers were brought before them in a judicial capacity, they were sure to be terribly threatened with hanging, and some very diligent officers were always in attendance, who advised the ignorant intimidated creatures to pray for transportation, as the only way to save them; and, in general, by some means or other, the advice was followed. Then, without any other form, each Alderman took one in his turn, and sold him for his own benefit; and sometimes warm disputes arose among them, about the next turn. This trade had been carried on unnoticed for several years, when it came to the knowledge of Lord Chief Justice Jefferys, who, finding upon inquiry that the Mayor was equally involved in the guilt of this cruel practice with the rest of his brethren, he made him descend from the bench where he was sitting, and stand at the bar in his scarlet and furs, and plead as a common criminal. He then took securities from them to answer informations: but the amnesty after the Revolution stopped the proceedings. The foregoing is a proof of an observation no less common than true, that no character is completely consistent—the best not being entirely free from vice, nor the worst totally destitute of virtue.

CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.—A young woman had lived servant at a respectable farm house, at the village of L—, in Northamptonshire, whose sweetheart was an honest rustic of the same place, but whom cruel fate had at length destined to move to a distant part of the country, which, instead of diminishing, only served to increase their mutual regard. They were now, of course, obliged to have resort to correspondence, but, alas! how was this to be carried on? for poor Mary could not write, but it was not long before she received a letter from William, wherein he declared the increased ardour of his love, and implored her to marry. She was now compelled to have recourse to a confidential female friend to assist her in reading the letter, and who readily offered to write an answer; but no, Mary could not even to her friend impart the main secret, and declined the proffered service; yet as true love is seldom at a loss for the means of invention, Mary adopted the following concise method:—Having procured a sheet of writing paper, with the end of a burnt stick from off the hearth, she formed the little top i, and inclosed a small piece of sheep's wool, which comprised Mary's significant answer, "*I wool*." Her friend wrote the superscription, and the letter was sent off, post haste; it was as well understood, and received with as much real pleasure as any *Billet Lettre* could have been.—Banns were soon after published, and they were married with as little delay as possible.

BON MOT.—The celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in-revenge painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, suffering the torments of Hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Holiness. Pope Leo X. was too much the lover and patron of the fine arts to gratify the Cardinal's desire; and he therefore told him, that he had not it in his power to punish the offender. "If," said he, "the insult had been laid in heaven, on the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places; but I have no interest in Hell."

BON MOT.—A soldier proceeding down the Thames, for Holland, was, by a sudden squall of wind, carried overboard, but being fortunately saved was much surprised to find himself disowned by his companions, who would have it he belonged to the other vessel; the man staring and confounded, asked, if they were not the Life Guards? "Yes," replied a wag, "we are *Life Guards*, but you know you have been drafted into the *Goldstream*."

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

The jealous irascibility of the temper of this great actor is well illustrated by the following anecdote:—

"As Garrick advanced in life, and still increasing reputation, so he still, if possible, became more and more tenacious of it, and more easily disconcerted; therefore, during the last two years of his acting, he requested the musicians not to leave the orchestra for the future when he played tragedy, as their going in and out, and the doors opening and shutting caught his eye and ear, and distressed him. Till this time, after playing the music between the acts, the band used to hob under the stage, and in their music room enjoy themselves quietly at a game of whist or drafts, till the prompter's bell gave them warning that the act was just over: this in future they were obliged to forego when he performed tragedy. His first part after this order was *Macbeth*; and, conformably to the same, all the musicians reluctantly kept their seats. But a Mr. Cervetto, well known to the galleries by the appellation of 'Nosey,' who had belonged to the theatre above forty years, and repeatedly seen Garrick in all his characters, now deprived of his customary indulgence, found it difficult to keep awake during the first act; after playing the music to which, he profoundly fell asleep! The longest pause that Garrick ever made was in this part, and in the second act, previous to his saying,

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

"At this moment the house was all eyes and ears, all silence, all attention; I suppose no one thought they were in a theatre; the 'very cunning of the scene' had obtained the deception which it aims at, and wholly engrossed all their faculties. At this critical moment, unfortunately, poor Cervetto awoke with an uncommon gape; a loud, long, uncouth, tremendous gape! such a one ne'er heard before! The howling of a dog, compared to it, was harmony. Had a loaded gun been fired among the audience, they could not have been more alarmed: they were electrified, then, in a few seconds, went into a general laugh; indeed, 'twas irresistible. However, they restored themselves to order, and Garrick became composed as soon as possible; but when once he got into his room, after the play was over, the storm broke out. He demanded to know who it was that made that infernal noise from the orchestra. On being told, Cervetto was brought up to him; and perhaps no criminal ever came before a Judge with more anxiety and trepidation than he did to Garrick.

"On his entering, the enraged Roscius incoherently exclaimed, 'What! is it possible? Can it be you, Sir? Is it you, who have been in the house with me so many years? Is it you that made that cursed outlandish noise from the orchestra, and set the whole audience in a roar of laughter?' He went on, till poor Cervetto could just get an opening to say, 'Sir, I am extremely sorry.' 'Confound your sorrow, Sir, what is your sorrow to me? You have ruined me; I could not recover myself the whole night; all the reputation I have gained in forty years, I have lost in two hours by your execrable noise. You must have been suborned; you've been hired to destroy me; you have joined with assassins to stab me in the vulnerable part.' 'No, Sir, I assure you I was not hired; I abhor the idea, and to-morrow you will do me the justice to believe me, but you are now in a passion.' 'Ay, Sir, and no wonder; but how came you to fall asleep? Did my acting displease you? Was it so tiresome as to make you go to sleep?' 'No, Sir; but the house was so attentive, so very silent, and your acting was so wonderfully great, so much beyond, I thought, what I have often seen you do in the same part, that I was overcome, quite overpowered with sensations that I cannot express, and involuntarily dropt into sleep. I know not how to account for it, but I always do so when I am very highly pleased.'"

MENDICITY.—A respectable gentleman of Clifton lately offered a sturdy beggar a shilling a day to weed his garden; which was disdainfully refused, the beggar observing, that there were seventeen parishes in Bristol, and if he collected only a penny a day in each parish, he should be better rewarded for his labour!

A CURIOUS NOTICE.—In the street Transnonain, at Paris, is the following notice:—

"D—, professor of declamation, and house painter, teaches tragedy, and white washes ceilings."

An advocate, full of claret, is said to have forgotten for which party, in a particular cause, he had been retained; and, to the great amazement of the agent that had fed him, and the absolute horror of the poor client behind, to have uttered a long and fervent speech exactly in the teeth of the interests he had been hired to defend. Such was the zeal of his eloquence, that no whispered remonstrance from the rear—no tugging of the elbow—could stop him, *in medio gurgite dicendi*. But just as he was about to sit down, the trembling writer put a slip of paper into his hands, with these plain words—"You have pled for the wrong party;" whereupon, with an air of infinite composure, he resumed his oration, saying—"Such, my Lord, is the statement you will probably hear from my brother on the opposite side of this cause. I shall now beg leave, in a very few words, to shew your Lordship how utterly untenable are the principles, and how distorted are the facts, upon which this very specious statement has proceeded."—And so he went once more over the same ground, and did not take his seat till he had most energetically refuted himself from one end of his former pleading to another.

THE BAD CONSEQUENCES OF LIGHTING THE STREETS.—All lighting of the streets is objectionable:—

1st. *For theological reasons.* Because it seems to be a violation of the order established by Providence. According to this order, night is appointed for darkness, which is interrupted at stated times only by the light of the moon. We have no right to interfere, to pretend to correct the plan of the universe; and turn night into day.

2d. *For legal reasons.* Because the expenses of this illumination must be raised by an indirect tax. Why should you or I pay for a thing which is indifferent to us, which is of no advantage to us, or which perhaps even interrupts us in many avocations?

3d. *For medical reasons.* The exhalations proceeding from the oil and gas are injurious to delicate and nervous persons; the ground of many diseases is also laid, by making it more easy and pleasant for people to loiter in the streets, and this exposure to the night air brings on colds, coughs, and consumptions.

4th. *For philosophical moral reasons.* The morals of the people are injured by lighting the streets. The artificial light eradicates from the mind that horror of darkness which deters the weak-minded from many sins. This light makes the drunkard confident, and induces him to remain drinking at the alehouse till late in the night.

5th. *For reasons of police.* It makes horses shy, and thieves bold.

6th. *For economical reasons.* Large sums annually go from us for oil or for coals, which is so much taken from our personal wealth.

7th. *For patriotic reasons.* The object of public festivals is to awake and cherish a sentiment of national pride; illuminations are peculiarly adapted to this purpose. But the impression is greatly weakened by nightly quasi-illuminations. Hence we may observe, that the peasant gazes with much more astonishment at the blaze of light than the citizen, whose eyes are satiated with it.

Let us then be careful to preserve the empire of darkness!

BEGGARS' STATIONS IN THE NETHERLANDS.—

These stations are numerous, in particular between Louvain and St. Tron, on both sides of the road. They consist of little huts, and are made in the hedges. Some of them have even a certain degree of neatness. Here the beggars and their families encamp during the whole of the fine season; and at times they may be seen sitting quite at their ease on chairs, with little tables before them. They were all thoroughbred rogues in their way, and imitate all possible bodily infirmities, so as completely to deceive the most attentive observer. Each of these places is family property, and generally descends regularly from father to son.

NON-AUTHORISED APOTHECARIES.—At the Stafford Assizes a cause was brought on at the suit of the Apothecaries' Company against the son of a man who had been originally a gardener, but who had long exercised the business of a *cow leech* and *quack doctor*; the son claiming a right of following the profession of an apothecary, through having studied under his renowned father. In the cross-examination of the father, by Mr. Dauncey, he was asked if he had always been a surgeon? The witness appealed to the Judge if this was a proper answer! and whether he must reply to it; and at last said, "I am a *surgent*." Mr. Dauncey asked him to spell this word, which he did at several times,—viz. "*syrgunt, surgend, surgunt, sergund*!" Mr. Dauncey said, "I am afraid, Sir, you do not often take so much time to study the cases which come before you, as you do to answer my question." "I do not, Sir."—Witness said he never employed himself as a gardener, but was a farmer till he learnt his present business. Mr. Dauncey said, "Who did you learn it of?" "I learnt it of Dr. Holme, my brother-in-law; he practised the same as the Whitworth doctors, and they were regular physicians." Mr. Dauncey, "Where did they take their degrees?" Witness, "I don't believe they ever took a degree."—"Then were they regular physicians?" "No: I believe they were not; they were only doctors."—"Only doctors! were they doctors in law, physic, or divinity?" "They doctored cows and other things, and *humans* as well."—Judge, to witness—"Did you ever make up any medicine by the prescription of a physician?" "I never did."—"Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms?" "I do not."—"Then you cannot make up their prescriptions from reading them?" "I cannot; but I can make up as good medicines in my way as they can in theirs."—"What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound?" [A pause]. "There are sixteen ounces to the pound; but we do not go by any regular weight: we mix our's by the hand."—"Do you bleed?" "Yes."—"With a fleam, or with a lancet?" "With a lancet."—"Do you bleed from the vein or from the artery?" "From the vein."—"There is an artery somewhere about the temples; what is the name of that artery?" "I do not pretend to have so much learning as some have."—"Can you tell me the name of that artery?" "I do not know which you mean."—"Suppose, then, I was to direct you to bleed my servant or my horse (which God forbid) in a vein, say, for instance, the jugular vein, where should you bleed him?" "In the neck, to be sure." The Jury almost instantly returned a verdict for the plaintiffs—Damages 20l.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, DATED COLUMBIA, SEPT. 29, 1817:—

Night before last, at about midnight, it being broad moon light, a remarkably large bear made an attack upon a two year-old heifer, which was about 25 rods distant from the house of Mr. Samuel Tinny. Mrs. Tinny heard the piercing cries of the heifer and endeavoured to persuade her husband to get up, and go to its assistance. After a good deal of persuasion he consented. She got up, found his gun, powder and ball, loaded the gun, and fixed the bayonet. She armed the boy with an axe, and herself with a club, and proceeded in front of her husband to the attack. On coming in sight of the monster, she perceived that he had already got the heifer upon the ground, and immediately bid her husband to fire. He fired, but without effect. The bear left the heifer, and appeared disposed to get between his assailants and the house—Mrs. Tinny then made her husband to retreat a little until he could load again, and as they retired the bear placed himself between them and the heifer. "All this while," says Mrs. Tinny, "the heifer was roaring as in the greatest distress, and the bear was making tremendous yells, as though he meant to devour all around him." She was, however, not in the least disheartened. The bear soon approached to within about two and a half rods of her, when she ordered her husband to fire. His second shot was more successful. The bear uttered a tremendous yell and ran from them to some distance. They heard him groan most bitterly for eight or ten minutes, and concluding that he was mortally wounded, they left him till morning. On searching for him in the morning, they found him clinging round a large windfall, and lying dead. With the help of a pair of steers, Mr. Tinny and his boy dragged the animal to his house, dressed and measured him. He measured seven feet two inches from the tip of his nose to the extremity of his hinder legs. His weight after completely dressing him is about three hundred pounds. The relief came too late for the poor heifer, she died of her wounds.

CLERICAL WIT.—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was intrating the commanding Officer of a Regiment at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The Officer granted his petition on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked. The favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major — to hold up the dog. "As I am a Minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major — said, he asked no more. "Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question: *You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy!*" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus Mr. Morrison turned the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT.—An Italian paper gives the following whimsical account of an elephant, which, during the Carnival, had been an object of general admiration to the good people of Venice:—

As soon as the Carnival was over, and Lent begun, the animal seemed to lose much of its accustomed docility, without any obvious cause. Several persons, however, endeavoured to bring him to the river side, in order to put him in a boat to convey him away from Venice, about a fortnight ago, and a great crowd collected on the banks to see him depart. The elephant went quietly enough within view of the river, but as soon as they were about to embark him he became suddenly outrageous, broke his chains, and threw himself among the crowd. The spectators were immediately all in alarm, and some of them, to avoid the danger, rushed into the vessels on the river. One of these was overturned, but, happily, none of the individuals in it were drowned. The following night his keeper endeavoured to get him into a cage purposely made to confine him during his voyage, and, walking backward, held out to the animal a piece of bread: the elephant followed the bait, but, at length, seeing that he did not come up with it, he got quite wild, attacked the keeper, threw him down on the ground, and trampled upon him so violently, that the unfortunate man expired a few hours after. The animal then broke into the streets, and bore down every thing that opposed him. He went into a coffee-room, where he overturned the tables, decanters, glasses, &c.; from thence he went to a cobbler's stall, which he pushed about the streets, together with its alarmed inhabitants. At this time the city guard pursued, and fired their carbines upon him, but the balls glanced harmlessly over his tough hide, and served only to increase his frenzy. Being still pursued, he ran forward, with great force, and blindly rushed through a moveable shop, in which china-ware was sold. The owner, a testy old woman, was standing in it at the moment, and the elephant passed through with such force, that he made an immediate passage, large enough to admit half his body; but not being able to extricate himself from this situation, he ran off, carrying away shop, china, old woman and all, until he came near the church *del Torno*, where he was disencumbered of his burden, without any material personal injury to the owner of the shop. Her goods, however, were all shaken out on the journey—coffee-pots were rolling about, in one place; maimed of their pipes—jugs, minus spouts and handles, were to be found lower down—cups, and saucers, and dishes and plates, and basins, were distributed in abundance in the streets, as the animal came nearer to the church. Here he was fired upon again, but to no purpose; he became still stronger, with his augmented fury; he burst open the gates of the church, though they were well barred with iron, and shut them again violently. He committed considerable damage, until, at length, his hinder feet sunk into a vault—here he remained unable to move, but dangerous still to be approached. There being no other mode of putting an end to him, the guard made an aperture in the wall of the sacred edifice, planted a cannon, charged with case-shot, at three paces distance, and killed him on the spot.

TIMES PAST AND TIME PRESENT.—A gentleman of Oxford had lately in his possession a paper containing the following advertisement:—

"John Roger's coach will begin flying on Easter Monday in the morning; that is to say, that it will leave Oxford at six o'clock in the morning of that day, and will dine in London at twelve o'clock the next day, God willing!"

WONDERFUL BANYAN TREE.

The annexed description of a wonderful Banyan tree is taken from Major Thorn's *Memoir of the War in India*:—

"On an island in the river Nerbudda, ten miles from the city of Baroach, grows the most remarkable banyan tree in all India. It is distinguished by the name of Kuveer Bur, in honour of a famous Saint, who, as tradition says, was here buried alive by his followers, pursuant to his own directions. It was once much larger than at present, but high floods have carried away the banks in many parts, and with them such parts of the tree as had thus far extended its roots. What remains, however, is about two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; but the overhanging branches cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this tree, which in size greatly exceed our largest oaks, amount to three hundred and fifty; the smaller stems, forming themselves into strong supporters, are more than three thousand, while every one of these is continually casting out new branches, and pendent roots, which in time, when they have fastened their fibres in the soil, will form trunks, and become the parents of a new progeny, agreeable to the minute description of this wonder of the vegetable world, drawn by Milton:—

"The fig-tree, at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High overarched, and echoing walks between."

Kuveer Bur is famous throughout India, for its vast extent and uncommon beauty; armies may encamp under its unbragous branches, which afford an ample habitation to innumerable tribes of wood pigeons, peacocks, and all the choral varieties of the groves. While the natives, who venerate the tree as the symbol of a prolific deity, resort to it at particular seasons on a religious account, the English, in their shooting excursions, spend weeks together beneath its cool and verdant shade."

PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTE.—Parliamentary corruption, though never so enormous as at present, yet that it prevailed considerably in the reigns even of the Houses of York, Lancaster, Tudor and Stuart, is proved by the following return in the Chapel of Rolls, in the bundle of return of writs in the 14th of ELIZABETH.

To all Christian people to whom this writing shall come—I Dame DOROTHY PACKINGTON, late wife of Sir JOHN PACKINGTON, Knight, Lord and Owner of the Town of Aylesbury, send greeting; know ye, me the said DOROTHY PACKINGTON to have chosen, named and appointed my trusty and well-beloved THOMAS LITCHFIELD and GEORGE BURDEN, Esqrs. to be my burgesses of my said Town of Aylesbury; and whatsoever the said THOMAS and GEORGE, burgesses, shall do in the service of the QUEEN'S Highness, in that present Parliament, to be holden at Westminster the 8th of May next ensuing; I, the same DOROTHY PACKINGTON, do ratify and approve as my own act, as fully and wholly as if I might be witness or present there; in witness whereof to these presents I have set my seal this 4th day of May, and in the 14th year of the reign of my Sovereign Lady ELIZABETH, &c.

THE USE OF A DEAD WIFE.—A German Journal contains the following paragraph:—

"The wife of a labouring man, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, died some time ago, and the husband made the necessary preparations for her interment. He, however, deposited a block of wood in the coffin, instead of the corpse, which he conveyed, during the night, into a forest, that it might serve as a bait for wild beasts. By this horrible expedient he succeeded in catching a wolf and two foxes. On the circumstance being made known, the man was arrested and carried before a Court of Justice; but, far from being intimidated, he claimed the reward offered for destroying mischievous animals."

APPROPRIATE COSTUME.—A meanly dressed performer beginning the part of *Mithridate*, in Racine's celebrated play of the same name—

"Enfin, après un an, je te revois, Arbate;"
Somebody from the pit replied very pointedly—
"Avec les mêmes bas et la même cravate."

CURE FOR SUPERSTITION.—Miners are known to be a superstitious race. Their superstition, however, is sometimes made a pretext for idleness. There is a recipe for curing this species of the disorder. In some extensive mines in Wales the men frequently saw the Devil, and when once he had been seen, the men would work no more that day. This evil became serious, for *Old Beelzebub* repeated his visits so often as if he had a design to injure the proprietor. That gentleman at last called his men together, and told them that it was very certain that the Devil never appeared to any body who had not deserved to be so terrified, and that as he was determined to keep no rogues about him, he was resolved to discharge the first man that saw the Devil again. The remedy was as efficient as if he had turned a stream of holy water into the mines.

GOOD NEWS.—A culprit who had been noted for his adherence to politics, on being brought out for execution, for the last time in his life asked, "Is there any News?" When the hangman, thinking he meant *noose*, replied "Yes," and immediately produced the fatal rope.

LEGAL PROMOTION.—At another time the Under-Sheriff observing some imperfection in the cord, after it had been adjusted round the neck of the criminal, required it to be taken off and changed; and while the executioner was performing his task a second time, a wag observed, that amongst all the changes of life he never expected to see Jack Ketch promoted to the *high office of Recorder*.

DUBLIN.

Some rustic reporter sent the following whimsical account of the famous battle at the Curragh to a typographical friend in town, and several thousand impressions of it, taken off on slips of brown paper, were sold among the populace before it was three hours from the press. The diction, orthography, and punctuation of the original are strictly preserved:—

Ireland for ever! Dannelly and Hall fought on the Curragh, Dannelly beat Hall.

A great number of people met on Wednesday at the Curragh, waiting for the combatants, at last they arrived, the first blow given by Dannelly he broke Hall's jaw bone, Hall returned the blow instantly with equal force, and became his dentist, various were the bets that was laid that Hall would win. No English man came to Ireland since Tom Johnson arrived who died suddenly, Dannelly as a heart like a Lion, engaged the Noble Hall on the Curragh this day, in short they fought 13 rounds, Dannelly was intent to die or win, made a thrust on Mr. Hall's neck Hall fell, and thus the battle ended.

IRISH EVIDENCE.—During a trial at the Carlow Assizes, on the 29th ult., on an indictment for stealing 30lbs. of tobacco, the following confessions were extracted from an accomplice in the robbery, who was admitted King's evidence:—

Q. How many robberies have you been at altogether?—A. Together [laughing]? Why, sure I could not be at more than one at a time.

Q. You certainly have knocked me down by that answer [loud laughing in Court]. Come, now, tell us how many you have been at?—A. I never put them down; for never thought it would come to my turn to give an account of them.

Q. By virtue of your oath, Sir, will you swear that you have not been at fifteen?—A. I would not [witness laughing]!

Q. Would you swear that you have not been at twenty?—A. I would not [still laughing]!

Q. Do you recollect robbing the widow Byrne in the county of Wicklow?—A. The widow Byrne—who is she? May be it is big Nell you mean? Oh! I only took a trifle of whisky from her, that's all.

Q. Was it day or night?—A. [Laughing] Why it was night to be sure.

Q. Did you not rob the poor woman of every article in the house; even her bed-clothes, and the clothes off her back?—A. I took clothes but they were not on her back.

Q. Do you recollect stealing two flitches of bacon from Doran, the Wexford carman?—A. Faith I do, and a pig's head beside! [loud laughing in Court].

Q. Do you recollect robbing John Keogh, in the county of Wicklow, and taking every article in his house?—A. You're wrong there; I did not take every thing; I only took his money and a few other things! [witness and the auditory laughing immoderately].

Q. Why, you're a mighty good humoured fellow?—A. There is not a better humoured fellow in the county—there may be honest!

CURIOUS MISTAKE.—A person who held an official situation in Dublin, whose wife had caught the typhus fever, had her sent to the hospital for recovery. Having received information of her death, he brought her home to his house, and according to the Irish fashion, had her waked, for several nights; he then invited several of his relations, and conveyed her several miles into the country, where she was buried. Having called at the hospital about a week afterwards, for her clothes (whether to his sorrow or not we cannot say), he found his wife so far recovered as to be able to walk home with him.—The woman he had buried in mistake, was a poor friendless pauper, who otherwise would have been buried at expense of the parish.—(*Dublin Paper*.)

PROPOSAL OF PARTNERSHIP POLITELY REJECTED.—

A gentleman, resident at Harrow made frequent complaints to the Masters of the great school there, of his garden being stripped of its fruit, even before it became ripe—but to no purpose. Tired of applying to the masters for redress, he at length appealed to the boys; and sending for one to his house, he said, "Now my good fellow, I'll make this agreement with you and your companions: let the fruit remain on the trees till it become ripe, and I promise to give you half." The boy coolly replied, "I can say nothing to the proposition, Sir, myself, but will make it known to the rest of the boys, and inform you of their decision to-morrow." To-morrow came, and with it this reply: "The gentlemen of Harrow cannot agree to receive so unequal a share, since Mr. — is an individual, and we are many."

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.—(*From an American Paper*.)—"WAKE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 16, 1819.—Dear Husband—This is to let you know, that if you will return or send for me, I will freely forgive you, and be a dutiful and affectionate wife till death. Write to me, and let me know if you will come or send for me. I am your wife that loves you more than you know."
"To Hinton Curtis." "TARITHA CURTIS."

CURIOUS CONTRACT.—A Student of Vienna, a native of Prussia, lately blew out his brains in a tavern at Leopoldstadt, under the following extraordinary circumstances. This young man arrived at Vienna, accompanied by an intimate friend, and fell in love with a young lady, who also engaged the affections of his friend. A challenge ensued, but each felt a strong repugnance to take the life of his friend. It was therefore agreed to decide the affair by a party at piquet, on an undertaking that the party who lost should blow out his own brains. The game was accordingly played, and the loser, a youth of 19, instantly paid the forfeit, by shooting himself through the head.

Thirteen in Company.—There is a very old superstition, not yet wholly extinct, that thirteen in company is an unlucky number. It originated, most probably, in the romance of "Sir Tristram." There were thirteen seats to the round table, in honour of the thirteen apostles; but the chair of Judas it was deemed unlucky to occupy.

Gay's Chair.—Our literary readers are aware that Gay, the poet, was a native of Barnstaple. A few months since, at a public sale in that town, a curiously formed arm-chair was purchased by a gentleman, which appears incontestibly to have belonged to that poet. On examination of this piece of furniture, a drawer was discovered under the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller private drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it it was drawn out; and within it were found various documents and interesting papers, which appear to have been deposited there by the poet himself, many of them being in his hand-writing. The chair is admirably constructed for meditative ease and literary application.

Anecdote of Swift.—It is related, that Swift felt a foreboding that his faculties would abandon him, and that, walking one day with a friend, he saw an oak, the head of which was withered, though the trunk and roots were yet in full vigour. "It is thus I shall be," said Swift; and his melancholy prediction was accomplished. When he had fallen into such a state of stupor, that, for a whole year, he had not uttered a word, he suddenly heard the bells of St. Patrick's, of which he was the dean, ring in full peal, and asked what it meant? His friends, in raptures that he had recovered his speech,

hastened to inform him that it was in honour of his birthday that these signs of joy were taking place. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "all that is unavailing now!" and he returned to that silence which death soon after confirmed.

Extraordinary Murder.—It is the custom in Russia to place a corpse on the night before the burial in the church, where the priest, accompanied by a chorister, is obliged to pray. It once happened in a village, on such an occasion, that, to the amazement of the priest, the corpse suddenly arose, came out of the coffin, and marched up to him. In vain the priest sprinkled him with a quantity of holy water; he was seized, thrown to the ground, and killed. This story was related on the following morning by the terrified chorister, who had crept into a corner, and concealed himself. He positively added, that after having perpetrated the crime, the dead man laid himself down in the coffin again. He was really found so. Nobody could conceive how this murder could have been committed. At length after the lapse of many years it was discovered: a robber, who among many other crimes confessed this also, had slipped in the dark into the church, put the corpse aside, and taken his place in the coffin. After perpetrating the crime, he had put every thing again in order, and then retreated, without being perceived. The motive of this murder was hatred to the priest, occasioned by an old quarrel.

Lucky Artifice.—On the night that Garrick took his leave of the Stage, an inveterate playgoer could not get a seat in any part of the house. At length he went up into the gallery, but found that equally full with the rest. In this extremity, a thought struck him; and he called out as loud as he could, "Mr. Smith, you're wanted. Your wife's suddenly taken ill, and you must go home immediately." In an instant, half a dozen persons started up from different parts of the gallery to go out, and the gentleman took possession of the first vacant place that offered!

Fleas.—The celebrated Willoughby kept a favourite flea, which used at stated times to be admitted to suck the palm of his hand; and it enjoyed this privilege for three months, when the cold killed it.—To get rid of fleas, Queen Christina of Sweden used to shoot at them with a cannon! her Lilliputian piece of artillery is still exhibited in the arsenal at Stockholm.

Anecdote, related by Dr. Sydal, bishop of Gloucester.—A person of his college, (Corpus Christi, Cambridge,) who had never been famed for his critical acumen, asserted on a particular occasion, before a large company, that in some countries there were animals several miles long. This being the first time that any of the persons present had heard of the strange phenomenon, their countenances assumed an appearance which indicated that they doubted the fact. This the assertor perceived; but, to remove all their suspicions, he assured them, that if they would come to his chambers, he would demonstrate the truth of what he had asserted. In a few days several persons went; when the learned gentleman, with much confidence, took out his compasses, and went to a large map hanging up in his room. He then first measured the dimensions of an animal that had been engraven by way of ornament, and then applying his compasses to the scale of miles, exclaimed, "Look there, Gentlemen; this animal is at least three miles long; and there are others of greater dimensions."

Curious Errors.—A meeting of the London booksellers was recently held, to take into consideration the numerous prosecutions lately instituted by the Universities against individuals for printing the Bible and Book of Common Prayer. On this occasion, Mr. Offer (an old bookseller), alluding to the editions of Bibles and Prayer-books published by the Universities, said it was notorious that those printed by private individuals were better executed, and more correct. He instanced the case of one of the University standard Prayer-books, which, in the prayer for the High Court of

Parliament, omitted the following striking and beautiful passage, 'that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations.' An edition of the Bible, too, under the same high sanction, had put forth 12,000 copies, in all of which a blunder was committed, by making a sudden stop in the midst of one of St. Paul's Epistles, and then going on with the 7th chapter of the book of Revelation! Another of these standard editions had called the parable of the Vineyard 'the parable of the Vinegar!' And again, a University Prayer-book had, instead of 'the world,' promulgated this prayer: 'O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the Lord.'

Isle of Man.—A gentleman asked Mr. Burke what motto would be proper to prefix to a publication on the Isle of Man? to whom Mr. Burke jocosely replied, from Pope,

The proper study of Mankind is Man.

Relationship.—Charles, the well-known old haughty duke of Somerset, having occasion to employ Seymour the painter, at his seat at Petworth, abruptly dismissed him, because he modestly hinted at a truth, namely, that he was distantly related to the Duke. After, however, trying in vain to get the pictures finished, he invited the insulted artist to return. "I will now prove that I am of your family," said Seymour, "I will not come."

Proof Positive.—Moraud, author of *La Capricieuse*, was in a box of the theatre during the first representation of that comedy: the pit loudly expressing their disapprobation at the extravagance and improbability of some traits in this character, the author became impatient, put his head out of the box, and exclaimed, "Know, gentlemen, this is the very picture of my mother in law. What do you say now?"

Spanish Etiquette.—As his Majesty of Spain is about to be married, the following sample of Royal Spanish conjugal arrangement may be found amusing. We need scarcely premise, that every part of the domestic conduct of a king and queen of Spain is under strict regulation. Most people have heard of the anecdote of Philip IV. who suffered himself to be half roasted, because the proper officer was not present to move his chair further from the Brazier, and it would have been an unheard-of degradation to do it himself! But even that fact is scarcely so entertaining as the following official order, regulating the visitation of a king to a queen of Spain: we copy it from an old, and now rather scarce book by the celebrated French Countess D'Annois, who resided in Madrid, and was received at the Spanish Court for many years:

The King of Spain sleeps in one apartment and the Queen in another. It is thus noted in the orders: that when the king comes out of his own chamber in the night to go into the queen's, he must wear his shoes like slippers, his black cloak upon his shoulders instead of a night-gown, his *brouquel*, or buckler, fastened under his arm, and his bottle fastened by a string to the other: with this accoutrement, the king has besides a long rapier in one hand and a dark lunthorn in the other; and in this manner he is obliged to go alone into the queen's chamber,

How picturesque! The gallant soul! Guy Fawkes to a hair.

Republican Offices.—The following articles, copied from two United States papers, present the singular novelties of a candidate for the Legislature who cannot write his name, and a difficulty of procuring any person to fill the office of Judge:

Mr. Printer.—Please to insert in your Indiana Register, that I stand a candidate, in opposition to Colonel Paxton and W. Todd, for the Legislature.

The mark + of ABRAHAM MILLER.—*Vevay Register.*
Who will take an Office—*hal*—It is a principle of pure republicanism, that offices should be so profitless as not to be sought after. To this state of perfectibility have the North Carolinians arrived, for there the offices actually go a-begging, as for instance—

"*Raleigh, (N.C.) July 24.*—The executive Council have been notified to meet in this city on the 10th of next month, for the purpose of making the third attempt to beg some gentleman of respectable standing at the bar to accept of the judge of the highest court in our state!!!"—*Salem Gazette.*

Singular Fact.—A gentleman resides near Exeter who has not washed his face or hands for forty years, and speaks of the circumstance with pleasure. He is about fourscore years of age, strong, and in good health. Though he does not apply water in cleansing his skin, he is, however, in the daily habit of dry-rubbing himself. [We have been told, on good authority, of a lady, possessing a remarkably beautiful skin, who never washed her face, but simply wiped it.—*Ed.*]

Wife-Selling.—The scandalous and illegal practice of husbands selling their wives in open market with a halter round their necks, under the vulgar notion that they thereby get clear of the obligation of maintaining them, has of late years been too common: a disgusting instance is narrated in another column. In many recent cases this abominable conduct has been punished with laudable severity. The proceeding, however, is not quite so modern as is generally supposed. An instance is mentioned by Lord Coke, in which a husband endeavoured to dispose of his wife by deed, and it may perhaps amuse some of our readers to see a translation of it. The original is in Law Latin. "Know all men, by this present writing, that I, John de Cameys, son and heir of Randulph de Cameys, of my own voluntary will, have assigned and set over unto William Paynell, knight, my wife, Margaret de Cameys, daughter and heiress of John de Gattesden; and also have given and granted, released, and quit claim to the said William all the goods and chattels which the said Margaret has or in future may become possessed of, and also whatever I possess of the goods and chattels of the said Margaret with their appurtenances, so that neither I nor any other person in my name shall in future claim any interest in the said Margaret, or in the goods and chattels of the said Margaret with their appurtenances. I will and grant, and by this present writing confirm, that the said Margaret shall be and remain with the said William during the pleasure of the said William. In testimony whereof I have to this present writing affixed my seal."—Lord Coke calls this a "wonderful and unheard-of grant."

The oak on which Tyrrell's arrow glanced which shot William Rufus, is now standing in the New Forest, though in the last stage of decay!—The residence of the notorious Jonathan Wild, whose infamous life was written by Fielding, is still standing nearly opposite the Sessions House in the Old Bailey! and is at this time being new fronted.

A recent patentee, in his specification, says, "The first, or foremost, part of my invention, which I call the *back*, consists of *two sides*," &c.

The following anecdote is very honourable to the generous feelings of Mr. Elliston: The veteran Wewitzer waited on him, a few days since, for the purpose of soliciting an engagement. He was informed that his request could not be complied with, as his acting days had gone by. "But," added Mr. Elliston, "declare on the fund to which you have contributed for forty years, and, in addition to the income you will derive from it, consider me your debtor for 20*l.* per annum as long as you live." The proposition was joyfully acceded to.

The Jews.—The *Hep! Hep!* which was the watch-word of the rioters in the late attack upon the Jews at Wurtzburg and Frankfort, according to old Chronicles, had the following origin:—In the year 1097, a party of crusaders, headed by Peter Gansflesch and Conrad Von Leineingen, were about recruiting for followers with colours, on which were inscribed the first letters of the words *Hierosolyma Est Perdita* (Jerusalem is lost,) H.E.P. This swarm, however, never proceeded to the Holy Land, but remained in Germany, where they every where persecuted and murdered the Jews, and more particularly along the Rhine. Wherever this band came with their colours, the people exclaimed, "*Hep! Hep!*" and fell upon the Jews.

Epigram, on seeing the *LADY* of Sir John DAY, and her cousin, Miss ORCHARD, pass through Birmingham, in the winter of 1800, on their way to London.

WHILE nipping frosts, with deadly bite,
Our choicest fruits consume;
Behold, to feast at least our sight,
An Orchard in full bloom!
And, what is passing strange beside,
'Tis equal truth to say,
That, just preceding Christmas tide,
Pops on us *Lady Day!*

Curious Fact.—Although the muscular exertion of ascending a hill is exceedingly great, such is the compensation that variation affords, that many more horses are lost in regularly passing over long level roads, than in travelling over such as are diversified with hills and valleys.

Genuine Disinterestedness.—The circumstances of Metastasio, the Italian poet, were, at a certain period of his life, far from being affluent. During this time he was known at Vienna in no other character than that of an assistant writer for the Opera, under Apostolo Zeno. He contrived, however, to contract an intimacy with a gentleman of fortune, who dying shortly after, left him the sum of 15,000*l.* sterling. No sooner was Metastasio in the possession of this wealth, than he repaired to Bologna, in search of some poor relations. Having discovered such as he thought the most deserving, he related to them the unexpected liberality of his deceased friend. He then observed, that "as he had bequeathed to him the whole of his fortune, he could only consider himself as an executor in trust, and that he should not be satisfied until he had made an equal division among them." This was accordingly done, without the least reservation in his own favour.

Parsimony.—The Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, when he was said to be worth 800,000*l.* set the same value on 2*s.* 6*d.* as he did when he was worth only 100*l.*—The Great Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms at Bath to his lodgings, in a cold dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. When he died, he left more than a million and a half to be inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor.—Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee-house, and paying twopence for a cup of coffee, was helped into his chariot, for he was then lame and infirm, and went home; some little time after, he returned to the coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had then about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

King Charles.—The following is a description of the dress worn by King Charles when he escaped his pursuers, by hiding in the oak; it is extracted from a note to his own narrative: "He wore a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, with the brims turned up, without lining or hatband; a green cloth coat, threadbare, even to the threads being worn white, and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter; with an old leathern doublet, a pair of white flannel stockings next to his legs, which the King said were his boot stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off; his shoes were old, all slashed, for the ease of his feet, and full of gravel; he had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands; he had no gloves, but a long thorn stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands coloured; his Majesty refusing to have any gloves, when Father Hoddestone offered him some, as also to change his stick."

General La Fayette.—The Attorney-General in Paris having commenced a prosecution against the authors of a libellous publication on Gen. La Fayette, the venerable soldier and patriot immediately addressed a note to Mr. Bellart, the law officer, declining his protection, and declaring that during the 42 years of his public life he had never asked any writer to say any thing in his favour, and never gave any person any uneasiness for having written against him. He did not consider himself aggrieved on the present occasion, and decidedly opposed all proceedings against the authors of the reported libel. Such magnanimity as this, such respect for the liberty of speech and of the press, and a policy so liberal and enlightened, are worthy of the distinguished man who left his native land to fight the battles of freedom in America, and who has uniformly manifested a calm and consistent devotion to the rights of mankind.—*Frank. Gaz.*

The excellent Evelyn regretted greatly that after the Fire of London advantage had not been taken of that calamity, to rid the city of its burial-places, and establish a necropolis without the walls. "I yet cannot but deplore," says he in his *Silva*, "that when that spacious area was so long a *rasa tabula*, the churchyards had not been banished to the north walls of the city, where a grated inclosure of competent breadth for a mile in length might have served for an universal cemetery to all the parishes, distinguished by the like separations, and with ample walks of trees; the walks adorned with monuments, inscriptions, and titles, apt for contemplation and memory of the defunct; and that wise and excellent law of the Twelve Tables restored and renewed." Such a funeral grove, with proper regulations and careful keeping, would have been an ornament and an honour to the metropolis, and might have been as characteristic of the English as the Catacombs at Paris are of the French.

An Indian Forest.—An Indian forest is a scene the most picturesque that can be imagined: the trees seem perfectly animated; the fantastic monkeys give life to the stronger branches; and the weaker sprays wave over your head, charged with vocal and various-plumed inhabitants. It is an error to say that nature has denied melody to the birds of hot climates, and formed them only to please the eye with their gaudy plumage. Ceylon abounds with birds equal in song to those of Europe, which warble among the leaves of trees, grotesque in their appearance, and often laden with the most delicious and salubrious fruit. Birds of the richest colours cross the glades, and troops of peacocks complete the charms of the scene, spreading their plumes to a sun that has ample powers to do them justice. The landscape, in many parts of India, corresponds with the beauties of the animate creation: the mountains are lofty, steep, and broken, but clothed with forests, enlivened with cataracts of a grandeur and figure unknown to this part of the globe.

Anecdote.—When Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds were riding together in Devonshire, Sir Joshua complained that he had a bad horse; for that even when he was going down hill he moved step by step. "Ay," said the Doctor, "and when he goes up hill, he stands still."

AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE DEDHAM GAZETTE (UNITED STATES).

Know ye!—John Brown of Natick town,
In Middlesex scilicet,
Doth make this call on one and all,
In language most explicit.

Man, woman, maid, in way of trade,
Who are to him indebted,
Must call and pay—or their delay
Will be by them regretted;

And by him too; for he must sue,
And that will cause him trouble;
That unto them the cost and shame
Shall make their debts quite double.

With much delight he doth invite
All those who have him trusted,
To call with speed, as was agreed,
And have their claims adjusted.

His tavern still, with all his skill,
He keeps for entertaining,
Well stor'd with food, and drink that's good
Enough to drown complaining.

His parlours neat, his chambers sweet,
Adorn'd with beds and bedding—
Rug, blanket, sheet, all things complete,
Fit even for a wedding.

His store, besides, is well supplied
With goods (worth close attention
Of candid minds) of various kinds,
Too num'rous here to mention.

Among the rest he keeps the best
Of brandy, rum, and whiskey,
And wine, and gin, and bitter sling,
To make his guests feel frisky.

Best indigo and mustard too,
And copperas and candles,
Nails, brads and spikes, and boarding-pikes,
And cobbler's awls with handles.

Dry beans and pease, old and new cheese,
Flax, spectacles and razors,
Pork and molasses, neat looking-glasses,
And window-glass for glaziers.

Some fine chest locks, wood and brass cocks,
Fine salt, and salts of Glauber;
Brushes and paint, fit for a saint,
Or for a sign-post dauber.

Best shaving soaps, and razor strops,
Ink-stands by gross or dozen;
Paper and quills, good coffee mills,
Brimstone, cigars, and rosin.

Ice, nutmegs, rice, all kinds of spice,
Fish-lines, and hooks, and poles too,
And earthen jugs, and chamber mugs,
Wooden and earthen bowls too.

Souchong, bohea, all kinds of tea,
Sugars, socks, stockings, gaiters,
White crockery-ware, and books of pray'r,
Kegs, hogsheads, and potatoes.

Case knives and forks, staples and corks,
Tobacco, ginger, pepper;
Pipes, dog-fish skins, and fiddle strings,
To suit the expertest scraper.

Threads good and new, black, white, red, blue,
Buns, gingerbread, and biscuits;
Baskets and brooms, two weaving looms,
Hones, whetstones, whips, and whip-sticks.

Strip'd cloths, and check'd, shawls flow'r-bedeck'd,
Coatings both broad and narrow,
A coal-black hog, a spaniel dog,
A fine milch cow that's farrow.

Those goods in store, with many more,
He'll sell for ready money;
When thus you pay, he's bold to say,
You need not fear he'll dun ye.

AMERICAN POETRY.

[FROM THE BOSTON KALEIDOSCOPE.]

A lady a-shopping, through Broadway once pass'd,
To perplex and annoy the young men;
Ev'ry store of dry goods she had rambled through fast,
From one to two hundred and nine, and at last
Popp'd in at two hundred and ten.

Here goods after goods were expos'd to her view,
Prints, JR. and silks—at her call;
She took patterns of yellow, pink, white, red, and blue,
Then the strings of her huge indispensable drew
With the prices of each—mark'd on all.

"Have you now any gloves?" (mark the question she made,
Those for gentlemen quickly were shown—
"Ladies," Sir, if you please"—and long whites were display'd;
"O, the short ones"—Short English before her were laid;
"Lord! French, Sir"—and sharp was her tone.

French kid, still unmov'd, Dicky drew from a case,
Where they lay pack'd superbly together;
But he soon had to wish them well back in their place;
When for "silk" she cried out, with surprise in her face,
"Lord bless me, you see these are leather!"

Dick now stood aghast—twenty others the while
Roar'd for goods, like a battling host;—
The counter was heap'd to a terrible pile;
His countenance lost its soft, simpering smile,
And his patience quite gave up the ghost.

"Confusion!" he stammers—with rage nearly burst,
And his face not in graces or loves;
"Were ever poor mortals like shopkeepers curs'd;
Why in Lucifer's name did you not ask at first,
For Ladies' Short White French Silk Gloves?"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—The following effusions of an *America Muse* appear worthy a place in your patriotic Journal.
Yours, &c. W. P.

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

The green hills of Britain advance on my sight,
The hills that my Fathers once view'd with delight,
The birth-place of Freedom, the land of the Brave,
The hate of the Tyrant, the hope of the Slave.

Dear brother Atlantics forget not the ties,
Laws, language, life, liberties, all that ye prize.

How peacefully pleasant her valleys appear,
'Tis the farewell of summer, the close of the year,
The streamlet winds swiftly adown the green hill,
And the trees that hang over are beautiful still.

Dear brother Atlantics, &c.

I kneel on her lonely and wave-beaten shore,
And fervently pray that all envy be o'er:
Alas! that ambition or misapplied power,
Should have torn from the parent so lovely a flower.

Dear brother Atlantics, &c.

Oh! here are the tombs where our Fathers are laid,
And here are the temples in which they have pray'd;
These very same fields have been trodden before,
By parents and brothers and kindred no more.

Dear brother Atlantics, &c.

Oh, Britain! my Mother, my second dear home,
The land I will honour wherever I roam;
The fortress of Europe, whose sallies have hurl'd;
Destruction on Tyrants and reconquer'd the World.

Dear brother Atlantics, &c.

Oh, peace to thee Island, and Queen of the Sea,
Seat of arts, arras, and commerce, and sweet poesy;
May thy sons still be free as the watery wave,
And thy daughters as chaste as thy warriors are brave.

Dear brother Atlantics, &c.

Still Europe shall rest on thy hallowed name,
And thy glories for ever shall flourish in Fame;
And thy sons when they wander afar from thy shore,
Will solace their sorrows in counting them o'er.

Dear brother Atlantics forget not the ties
Laws, language, life, liberties, all that ye prize.

W. P.

[The following amusing *jeu d'esprit* on the present extraordinary season, and the whimsical speculations to which it has give rise, is extracted from the last number of *Blackwood Magazine*.]

They said that all the ice about the Pole
Had cracked, and been dispersed in the Atlantic,
And that old Winter never more would roll
Benledi's top in his capote gigantic;
And that December, with her parasol,
Would flirt about like July, quite romantic,
And Yule blocks never up the chimney roar,
And *het pint* be an idle name of yore.

And late did summer linger in our skies,
And long Benledi kept his dark cap on;
And spinsters were beginning to surmise
That all occasion for their muffs was gone;
And the blue buzzing, bloated plague of flies
To a portentous corpulence were blown;
And "Francis Moore, physician," scratched his scone,
To coin some novel nonsense for the nonce.

But it would seem the gift of prophesying
Hath in good earnest been for ever lost;
While all are on the *Quarterly* relying
Full surely—comes a frost—a killing frost,
And leaves are falling fast, and flies a-dying,
And Misses wearing gauzes to their cost!
And Captain Ross comes back with shattered rig,
And Mr. Leslie looks exceeding big.

Ye marine worthies! much do we admire
Your worth, beyond all praise of worthiness!
Your weather is as warm as ye desire,
Your Arctic venison is a savoury mess;
And ye have grog enough your blood to fire,
And hammocks swinging grandly *en allee*—
Prodigious is the peril of your births;
Snug marine martyrs! we admire your worths!

Aye—and so ever may the hoary King
Preserve his congelated throne in peace—
Aye—and so ever may old Scotland bring
Her old ancestral hecatomb of geese—
So ever may the wassail bowl upfling
Its mists of gladness, so may never cease
The mirth that mustered in the elder day
Around the crackling hearth of Hogmanac!

Enough of noons hath summer for reclining
Beneath the shadow of the green elm-tree,
While the bright sunbeams, all around us shining,
Touch not that dark deep nook of reverie.
There's been enough of unsubstantial dining,
There's been enough of cold lime punch for me.
All hail once more the baron broad and brown!
All hail the ruby flood that float him down!

Give us no flimsy chips through polished bar,
Dispensing cheerlessly a stingy gleam,
But let the huge oak-root, with quivering scar
And rifted roughness, feed a dozzling beam;
And mingling freely in one ample jar
Nutmeg and citron, with a generous stream
Ale—metheglin—porto—nectar brew
To speed the old year and salute the new.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

[FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.]

"NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!"

Air—*St. Kilda melody.*

Native land, adieu!
Friends of youth, farewell to you!
Think and kindly name a stranger,
Distant far, but ever true—
Native land, adieu!
Friends beloved, farewell to you!
Tears may dry and hearts recover,
When the pain of parting's over,
But, believe a friend and lover,
Absent long, and far from view,
He is aye with you
Weeping, sighing still adieu!
Softly in my ear,
(Startling) well known sounds I hear;
Fancy strong in grief or gladness,
Oft a native note shall hear:
Oft in waking dreams
I shall see my wonted streams,
Shine 'mong hills of pine and heather,
Where my love, with tender sadness,
May a wild-rose garland gather,
Water'd with a melting tear—
Garland sweet and dear,
For my temples or my bier!

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclin'd;
But scarce had noon-tide come when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind—
And left poor Hope behind.
I go, said Love, to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again—
Believ'd he'd come again.
She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away—
As often wash'd away.
At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves:
'Tis Wealth that comes, and, gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light;—
But ah! it is not Love's—
But ah! it is not Love's.
Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?—
And where, alas! was he?
Now fast, around the sea and shore,
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more;
Hope's morning dreams of Love were o'er—
Love never came again—
Love never came again.

LINES

ON A FAVOURITE MOUSE, ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.—FROM A MS.
SAID TO BE BY ROBT. BURNS.

Alass! wee cow'rin dunsie Mouse!
How soon thy lee-lang day is o'er;
Yestreen about my lowlie house,
Ye pranck't an' play'd frae door to door,
And pick't the crumbs o' barley cake,
That fra' thy mistress' table fell;
Then frolickit for pastime sake,
Nae scar'd by flunkie's sounding bell.
Thy life, tho' short, was fu' enjoy'd;
Nor had ye ony cares to clog ye,
Nor fear'd ye, while with her ye toy'd,
The slaughtering tread o' primsie Moggie.
Ah! were mine ain nae harder lot—
To breathe the wearie air a' day,
A myrmedon at Fortune's foot—
To cringe and fawn my life away.
Right wotting all the ruefu' pain
The chequer'd life o' man attending,
To me each flower blows in vain
On youth its balmy fragrance spending:
Then let me drown my cares in wine—
And let me, while I live, carouse—
And be my dede-thraw short as thyne,
My life as simple—luckless Mouse.

AMERICAN POETRY.

[FROM THE BRITISH REVIEW.]

The most recent, as well as the best specimen of American poetry, is unquestionably the "Backwoodsman," of Mr. Paulsen, to whom the transatlantic critics have awarded the highest place among their native poets. Its subject is the adventures of a "backwoodsman," that is, one who migrates to the great western wilderness, with his family, and at length reaps the rewards of his labours, in beholding a thriving settlement around him. We had marked several passages for extraction, but as they abound with local allusions which would require a perpetual comment to explain them, we shall content ourselves with the following specimen, describing the "backwoodsman" and his family, floating down the river Ohio:—

"As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair,
Was the lone land that met the stranger's there!
No smiling villages, or curling smoke,
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke,
Not solitary hut, the banks along,
Set forth blithe labour's homely rustic song.
No urchin gambol'd on the smooth white sand,
Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,
And swam in vain the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen along the river side,
Young busy towns in luxuriant pride,
And fleets of guiding boats with riches crown'd,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,
Nothing appear'd but Nature unobdured,
One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seem'd to be
As level, and as lifeless as the sea;
They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their own!
'Twas evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silently creep,
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night, night shone the fairest day,
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They fear'd not though the day ne'er came again.
The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle west-wind well—
That fair taciturn alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard,
No deep-mouth'd bound the hunter's haunt betray'd,
No light upon the shore or water play'd,
No loud laugh broke open the silent air,
Till the wan serena moon was nestling there,
While e'en the forward babe in mother's arms,
Lull'd by the scene suppress'd its loud alarms,
And yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,
Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away.
All, all, was still, an' getting barque and shore,
As if the Earth now slept to wake no more;
Life seem'd extinct, as when the World first smil'd,
Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguiled;
In such a scene the soul oft walks abroad,
For Silence is the energy of God!
Hush! the midnight Tempest's midnight scowl,
The Black Queen's rage on the Whirlwind's howl,
Not from the crash or thunder risted cloud,
Does his imperial mandate speak so loud,
As when the silent Night around her throws
Her starry pelting mantle of repose,
Thunder and Whirlwind, and the Earth's dread shake,
The selfish thoughts of man alone awake;
His lips may praise of Heaven, but all his fears
Are for himself, though piety he wears.
Put when all nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,
What sweet yet lofty thought the Soul beguiles!
There's not an object near the Moon's bright beam,
There's not a shadow striking on the stream,
There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,
Whose bright reflection on the water lies,
That does not in the mind awake
Thoughts that of Love and Heaven alike partake;
While all its newly waken'd feelings prove,
That Love is Heaven and God the Soul of Love.
In such sweet times the spirit rambles forth
Beyond the precincts of this gloomy earth,
Expatriates in a brighter world than this,
And plunging in the Future's dread abyss,
Proves an existence separate, and rein'd,
By leaving its frail tenement behind.
So felt our Basil, as he sat the while,
Guiding his boat beneath the moon-beam's smile,
For there are thoughts, which God alike has giv'n,
To high and low—and these are thoughts of Heaven."

ON A VERY SHORT LADY, ACCUSED OF PRIDE.

"She's vastly proud," I've heard you cry,
But you must be in fun,
For does she not (in truth reply)
Look up to ev'ry one!

ON HER SECRECY.

"She's secret as the Grave! allow."
I do; I cannot doubt it;
But 'tis a Grave with tombstone on,
That tells you all about it!

A TIGER AND LION HUNT.

The following narrative of a Tiger and Lion Hunt, in the upper regions of Hindostan, is extracted from the familiar correspondence of the dauntless heroine of the chase, who is a British Lady of high rank, recently, or not long ago, returned from India.*

* Sanghee, 60 miles N. W. of Dillee, 22d March.

"We had elephants, guns, balls, and all other necessities prepared, and about seven in the morning we set off. The soil was exactly like that we had gone over last night: our course lay N. W. The jungle was generally composed of *Corinda* bushes, which were stunted and thin, and looked like ragged thorn bushes; nothing could be more desolate in appearance; it seemed as if we had got to the furthest limit of cultivation, or the haunts of man. At times, the greener bushes of jungle, the usual abodes of the beasts of prey during the day-time, and the few huts scattered here and there, which could hardly be called villages, seemed like islands in the desert waste around us. We stopped near two or three of these green tufts, which generally surrounded a lodgment of water, or little ponds, in the midst of the sand.

"The way in which these ferocious animals are traced out is very curious, and, if related in England, would scarcely be credited. A number of unarmed, half-naked villagers, go prying from side to side of the bush, just as a boy in England would look after a strayed sheep, or peep after a bird's nest. Where the jungle was too thick for them to see through, the elephants, putting their trunks down into the bush, forced their way through, tearing up every thing by the roots before them. About four miles from our tents we were all surrounding a bush, which might be some fifty yards in circumference (all includes William Fraser, alone upon his great elephant, Mr. Barton and myself upon another equally large, Mr. Wilder upon another, and eight other elephants; horsemen at a distance, and footmen peeping into the bushes). Our different elephants were each endeavouring to force his way through, when a great elephant, without a *houdah* on his back, called "Muckna," a fine and much esteemed kind of elephant (a male without large teeth), put up, from near the centre of the bush, a royal tiger. In an instant Fraser called out, "Now, Lady H—, be calm, be steady, and take a good aim, here he is." I confess, at the moment of thus suddenly coming upon our ferocious victim, my heart beat very high, and, for a second, I wished myself far enough off; but curiosity, and the eagerness of the chase, put fear out of my head in a minute: the tiger made a charge at the Muckna, and then ran back into the jungle. Mr. Wilder then put his elephant in, and drove him out at the opposite side. He charged over the plain away from us, and Wilder fired two balls at him, but knew not whether they took effect. The bush in which he was found was one on the west bank of one of those little half-dry ponds of which I have spoken. Mr. Barton and I conjecturing that, as there was no other thick cover near, he would probably soon return, took our stand in the centre of the open space: in a minute the tiger ran into the bushes on the east side; I saw him quite plain: we immediately put our elephant into the bushes, and poked about till the horsemen, who were reconnoitring round the outside of the whole jungle, saw him sink under the bushes to the north side: either we followed him, and from thence traced him by his growling, back to the outer part of the eastern bushes. Here he started out just before the trunk of our elephant, with a tremendous growl or grunt, and made a charge at another elephant, farther out on the plain, retreating again immediately under cover. Fraser fired at him, but we supposed without effect; and he called to us for our elephant to pursue him into his cover.

"With some difficulty, we made our way through to the inside of the southern bushes; and as we were looking through the thicket, we perceived beautiful tiger slinking away under them. Mr. Barton fired, and hit him a mortal blow about the shoulder or back; for he instantly was checked; and my ball, which followed the same instant, threw him down. We two then discharged our whole artillery, which originally consisted of two double-barrelled guns, loaded with slugs, and a pair of pistols. Most of them took effect, as we could discover by his wincing, for he was not above ten yards from us at any

time, and at one moment, when the elephant chose to take fright, and turn his head round, away from the beast, running his haunches almost into the bush, not five. By this time William Fraser had come round, and discharged a few balls at the tiger, which lay looking at us, grinning and growling, ears thrown back, but unable to stir. A pistol, fired by me, shattered his lower jaw-bone; and immediately, as danger of approaching him was now one of the villagers, with a matchlock, went close to him, and applying the muzzle of his piece to the nape of his neck, shot him dead, and put him out of his pain. The people then dragged him out, and we dismounted to look at him, pierced through the back; yet one could not contemplate him without satisfaction, as we were told that he had infested the high road, and carried off many passengers. I have heard of the roar of a tiger, and fancy it like the roar of a bull, but, in fact, it is more like the grunt of a hog, though twenty times louder, and certainly one of the most tremendous animal noises one can imagine.

"Our tiger was thrown across an elephant, and we continued our course to the south-west. In the jungle at the distance of about two miles, we started a wild hog, which ran as hard as it could from us, pursued by a *Soowar*, without success. Soon after we started, in a more open part of the plain, a herd of the nilghau. This animal is in appearance something between a horse, a cow, and a deer; delicate in its legs and feet like the latter, of a bluish green colour, with a small hump on its shoulders, covered with a mane. Innumerable hares and partridges started up on every side of us. The flat, desolate waste still continued, though here and there at a distance of some miles, we met with a few ploughed lands, and boys tending herds of buffaloes.

"In a circuit of about 16 miles we beat up the jungles, in the hope of rousing a lion, but without success. One of these jungles, in particular, uncommonly pretty; it had water in the midst of it, in which was a large herd of buffaloes, cooling themselves. We returned home at three P. M.; and after a dish of tea, I fell asleep, and did not awake till eleven at night.

"On the 23d, we again set off at nine A. M. in quest of three lions, which we heard were in a jungle about six miles to the north-east of our tents. The ground we passed over was equally flat to that of yesterday, but it was ploughed. When we came to the edge of the jungle, not unlike the skirt of a coppice in England, and which was principally composed of stumpy people trees, and the willow-like shrub I observed the other evening, Fraser ordered us to halt, whilst he went on foot to obtain information. The people from the neighbourhood assembled round us in crowds, and in a few minutes the trees in the jungle appeared to be crowned with men, placed there by Fraser for observation. After waiting nearly an hour, we were at last sent for. We found him posted just by the side of the great canal, which was cut by the Emperor Firoze, across the country, from the Jumna, at Firozeabad, to Delhi, for the purpose of supplying the cultivation of part of the country with water. Fraser had received intelligence of both a lion and a tiger being in the jungle, which now chokes up this canal. He desired Barton and myself to go down upon our elephants and watch the bed of the canal; moving slowly towards the south, while he should enter and advance in the contrary direction: the rest of the party were to beat the jungle above, where it was so very thick that in most places, it would have been impossible for an elephant to attempt to force a passage through it.

"When he had gone about a quarter of a mile down the Nulla, there being but just room at the bottom for our elephant to walk clear of the bushes, we came to a spot where it was a little wider, where some water had collected. Here we failed with Fraser, on his elephant, who had met with better success than ourselves, though we had searched every bush as closely as we could with our eyes, in passing along. He desired us to wait a few minutes, while he mounted the bank above to look after the rest of the elephants; though not that we were very sanguine of sport here, from the jungle being so thick, and so extensive on every side. He had hardly gone away, when the people in the trees called out, that they saw the wild beast in the bushes, on our left hand: and in a few minutes a lioness crossed the narrow neck of the canal;

before us, and clambered up the opposite bank. I immediately fired, but missed her; the men pointed that she had run along the bank to the westward. We turned round, and had the mortification of seeing her again dart across the path, and run into the water, through the Nulla, for some yards; at which moment our elephant became refractory; kept wheeling about, and was so unsteady; as to make it impossible for us to fire. However, we followed her up to the thicket, in which she had taken shelter, and put the elephant's head right into it, when we had the satisfaction to hear her growling close to us. Just as we were expecting her charge every minute, and had prepared our muskets ready to point at her, round wheeled the elephant again, and became perfectly unmanageable.

"During the scuffle between the elephant and the *Mahout*, we heard the cry, that the lioness was again running down the bank, and a gun went off. She again crossed the Nulla, and saw the partridges start up from a thicket into which she had penetrated. Just as we got our elephant to go well in, she ran back again, and couched under a thicket, on our left hand bank, near to which she had originally been started. All this happened in the space of a short minute. Fraser then called to us to come round the bush, as the lioness being in a line between him and us, we hindered him from firing. Just as we got out of his reach he fired; and as soon as our elephant stopped I did the same: both shots took effect, for the poor lioness stirred not from the spot, but lay and growled, in rather a more mellow or hollow tone than that of a tiger. All our guns were loaded with slugs, and after a few discharges, the poor lioness tried to sally from her covert, and rolled over and over into the bed of the canal below. Her loins were evidently all cut to pieces, and her hind parts trailed after her. This was lucky for us, as her fore parts appeared to be strong and unhurt. She reared herself upon her fore legs, and cast towards us a look that bespoke revenge, complaint, and dignity, which I thought to be quite affecting; perhaps, however, it was the old prejudice in favour of lions, that made me fancy this, as well as that there was an infinite degree of spirit and dignity in her attitude; her head, half averted from us, was turned back, as if ready to start at us, if the wounds in her loins had not disabled her. As it was now mercy to fire, and put an end to her sufferings, I took a steady aim, and shot her right through the head; she fell dead at once, and it was found, on going up to her, that the ball had completely carried away her lower jaw. Her body was dragged up the bank, and Fraser pronounced her to be not two years old.

"We now learnt, that the shot which we had heard, when down below, was occasioned by the lioness having made a spring at a poor man, who stood panic-struck, unable to discharge his piece or to run away. She had thrown him down, and got him completely under her, and his turban into her mouth. The elephants, all dismayed, had turned back, when Mr. Wilder, seeing the imminent danger of the moment, fired at the lioness, and grazed her side. She immediately left her hold, ran back into the jungle, and across the canal, where we first perceived her. This grand sight we lost, by being stationed in the bed below; it was said to have been very fine; but then we had, instead of it, several views of this noble animal, in full vigour; and with the sight of an hyena, which also ran across the Nulla.

"We then proceeded on the road to Pannuput, on our elephants, five miles to — which is a pretty village. Here I got into my palankeen: Wilder returned to Dehlee; and William Fraser and Mr. Barton mounted their horses, and rode on as hard as they could. I changed bearers at Seerhana, 12 miles, and arrived at Pannuput, 11 further, at midnight. The gentlemen had arrived about sun-set. After a little bit of dinner, I was glad to go to bed. Next day, the gentlemen told me, they had crossed again Firoze's canal, which appeared very *tigerish*; but that part of it, near Pannuput, was the finest corn country they ever saw; and doubly delightful after the fatiguing and dreary wastes we had been in for the last six days. Pannuput plains were, in 1761, (1174 of the Hegira), the scene of one of the greatest battles ever fought, between the united Mussulman powers of India and the Mahrattas, in which the latter were defeated; fifty thousand Mahrattas are said to have been killed, and the battle lasted three days. No traces of the field of battle

are left, the whole plain being in the highest state of cultivation. It is a beautiful scene, scattered with fine trees, and the fort (a common brick one) and town highly picturesque.

"William Fraser drove me to Brusut, in his buggy, on the morning of the 24th; and from the plains of Pannuput I first beheld, with an old Highland play-fellow, the snowy mountains of Thibet, instead of the much-loved summit of Ben Nevis."

The following anecdote is related of the Marquess de LATOUR MAUBOURG, the new French Minister at War:—He lost his leg in consequence of a severe wound by a musket ball in the thigh. He bore the amputation with much indifference, and when the operation was over, he conversed jocosely with those around. Perceiving his servant in tears, he said to him—"You affect to cry, but you cannot deceive me. I know you to be an idle fellow, and that you are secretly glad to see me in this state; because, hitherto, you have had two boots to clean, and now you will only have one."

In Suffolk, black puddings made in guts are called links. Once when King George II. landed at Harwich, it was so dark by the time he reached Copeluck, that lights were necessary, the officer or harbinger going before, inquiring of the landlady of the inn if she had any flambeaux, or could procure any? Being answered in the negative, he asked her if she had any links?—"Aye, that I have," said she, "and some as good as his Majesty, God bless him, ever eat in all his life."

When *Richard Cœur de Lion* was first presented on the stage, Mr. KEMBLE played the part of the King, in which he sung. During one of the rehearsals of this Opera, Mr. KEMBLE, anxious, no doubt, to get to the end of his song, had fairly outstripped the exertions of the orchestra. "Bless my soul, Mr. KEMBLE," exclaimed SHAW, the leader, "how sadly you are murdering the time." "Well, Mr. SHAW," replied the tragedian, "I am at any rate more merciful than you, who are continually beating him."

The death of the wife of the Foo-YUEN, or acting Viceroy of Canton, was thus announced, Dec. 2d, on a slip of red paper, issued with the Daily Gazette:—"The Lady of his Excellency the Foo-YUEN is gone to ramble amongst the immortal. In consequence of his Excellency's son not being in Canton (to attend to the reception of friends who come to sacrifice and pour out libations to the departed), it is determined, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th days of the Moon, to perform the rights of sacrifice and to chant prayers, at the Hill of the Goddess KWAN-YIN."

Marshal TURENNE was not only one of the greatest Generals, but one of the best-natured men too, that ever was in the world. Among several other little domestic examples, the following is related:—The General used to have a new pair of stockings every week; his gentleman, whose fee the old ones were, had taken them away in the evening, and had forgot to put any new ones in their place. The next morning the Marshal was to ride out to reconnoitre the enemy, and rose earlier than usual. The servant, whose business it was to dress him, was in a great deal of confusion at not finding any stockings; "It's very odd," says the Marshal, "that I should be allowed no stockings; but it is very lucky that I am obliged to ride out! Here, give me my boots, they'll do as well, nobody will see whether I have any, or not."

The following is the account given of the introduction of the breed of blood horses into England:—"King JAMES procured from Barbary a number of eastern mares, known by the name of Royal mares; and from them the English breed is derived. The appearance and character of the English blood horses are exactly conformable to those of Arabia, but from the richness of the pastures, and humidity of the climate, they are delicate in their constitution, and peculiarly liable to certain diseases. In particular, their skin is tender, and their lymphatic system weak."

MANNERS & SUPERSTITIONS of our ANCESTORS.

[From an old M.S. of Aubrey's, preserved in the Ashmole Museum.]

There were very few free schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were taught Latin in the monasteries; and young women had their education in the nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic (apothecaries and surgeons being then rare), writing, drawing, &c. Old Jacques, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the nymph hay, with their rocks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of seventy; all of whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for education. Anciently, before the Reformation, ordinary men's houses, and copyholders, and the like, had no chimneys, but flues like lower-holes; some of 'em were in being when I was a boy.

In the halls and parlours of great houses were wrote texts of scripture on the painted cloths.

The lawyers say, that before the time of Henry the Eighth, one shall hardly find an action on the case, as for slander, &c. once a year, quod nota.

Before the last civil wars, in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to table was a boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth.

At Queen's Coll. Oxon, they still retain this custom, the bearer of it bringing it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, 'Apri caput defero,' &c. The first dish that was brought up to table on Easter-day, was a red herring riding away on horseback; i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback set in a corn sallad.

The custom of eating a gammon at Easter (which is still kept up in many parts of England), was founded on this; viz. to shew their abhorrence of Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

The use of your humble servant came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, which is derived from *votre tres humble serviteur*; the usual salutation before that time was, God keep you, God be with you; and among the vulgar, how dost do? with a thump on the shoulder.

Till this time the Court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's Court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay the Queen herself, could hardly pass by the King's apartments, without receiving some affront.

At the parish priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc, the table cloths were on the board all the day long, and ready for what was in the house to put thereon, for strangers, travellers, fryers, pilgrims; so it was I have heard my grandfather say in his grandfather's time.

Heretofore noblemen and gentlemen of fine estates had their heralds, who wore their coats of arms at Christmas, and at other solemn times, and cried 'Largesse' thrice.

A neat built chapel, and a spacious hall, were all the rooms of note, the rest were small.

At Tamerton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Rivers, is a dungeon 13 or 14 feet deep; about 4 feet high are iron rings fastened in the wall, which were probably to tie offending villains to, as all lords of manors had this power over their villains (or socage tenants), and had all of them no doubt such places for punishment.

It is well known all castles had dungeons, and so I believe had monasteries, for they had often within themselves power of life and death. Mr. Dugdale told me, that about Henry the Third's time, the Pope gave a bull or patent to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe to build churches. In the days of yore, ladies and gentlemen lived in the country like petty kings, had jura regalia belonging to seignories; had castles and boroughs; had gallows within their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute; never went to London but in parliament time, or once a year, to do homage to their King. They always eat in their gothic halls, at the high table, or orsille, which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stands a table, with the folks at the side table. The meat was served up by watch words. Jacks are but of late invention; the poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of men servants and retainers were in the hall, as now in the gaurd or privy chamber here. In the hall mumming and loafstealing, & other Christmas sports, were performed. The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying, 'round about our coal fire.'

Every baron and gentleman of estate kept great horses for men at arms; some had their armories, sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men. The halls of the justice of peace were dreadful to behold. The skreen was garnished with corslets and helmets gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown bills, bucklers.

Public inns were rare—travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served. The meetings of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with their hawks and hounds, and their bugle horn, in silken baydries.

In the last age, every gentleman-like man kept a sparrow-hawke, and a priest kept a hobby, as Dame Julien Berners teaches us (who wrote a treatise on field sports in Henry the Sixth's time). It was a diversion for young gentlemen to man sparrow-hawkes and morlines.

Before the Reformation there were no poor's rates. The charitable doles given at the religious houses and the church ale in every parish did the business.

In every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, potts, &c. for dressing provision. Here the house-keepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me, there were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry the Eighth; that at Oxon, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England.

In every church was a poor's-box, and the like at great inns. Before the wake or feast of the dedication of the church, they sat there all night, fasting and praying; viz. on the eve of the wake.

In the Easter holidays was the clerk's ale, for his benefit, and the solace of the neighbourhood.

In these times, besides the jollitys above-mentioned, they had their pilgrimages to several shrines; as to Walsingham, Canterbury, Glastonbury, Bromholm, &c. Then the crusades to the holy wars were magnificent and splendid, and gave rise to the adventures of knight-errants and romances.

The solemnity attending processions in and about churches, and the perambulations in the fields, were great diversions also of those times.

Glass windows in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry the Eighth. In my own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none. In Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Salop, it is so still. About 90 years ago, noblemen's and gentlemen's coats were of the fashion of the headles and yeomen of the guard (i. e.) gathered at the middle. The benchers in the inns at court yet retain that fashion in the make of their gowns. Captain Silas Taylor says, that in the days of yore, when a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that part of the horizon when the sun arose from the east, which makes that variation, so that few stand true except those built between the two equinoxes.

I have experimented some churches, and found the line to point to the horizon where the sun rises on the day of that saint to whom the church is dedicated.

In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a courtsey to the new moon; and our English women in this country have a touch of this; some of them, sitting astride on a gate or stile, the first evening the new moon appears, say, 'a fine moon, God bless her.' The like I observed in Hertfordshire.

The Britains received their knowledge of husbandry from the Romans: the foot and the acre which we yet use, is the nearest to them. In our west country, and I believe in the north, they give no wages to the shepherd, but he has the keeping so many sheep with his master's flock. Plautus hints at this in his *Asinaria*, act 3, s. 1. *Etiam Opilio*, &c.

The Normans brought with them into England civility and building; which, though it was Gothic, was yet magnificent. Upon any occasion of bustling in those days, great lords sounded their trumpets and summoned those that held under them. Old Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, kept a trumpeter, rode with thirty servants and retainers; hence the sheriffs' trumpets at this day. No younger brothers then were to betake themselves to trade, but were churchmen, or retainers to great men.

From the time of Erasmus, to about twenty years last past the learning was down-right pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starched as their bands and square beards; and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old boys, when quibbles passed for wit even in their sermons.

The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind; and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest; they were as severe to their children as the schoolmasters; as severe as masters of the House of Correction. The child perfectly loathed the sight of the parent, as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools; bareheaded, before their parents; and the daughters, well grown women, were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of the proud mother's visits, unless, as the fashion was, leave was desired forsooth that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing.

The boys (I mean young fellows) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle. They were to stand, mannerly forsooth, thus:—the foretop ordered as before, with one hand at the band string, the other behind the breech.

The gentlemen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least one half as long, with which these daughters oftentimes were corrected. Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, told me he was an eye-witness of it.

The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan, but fathers and mothers slasht their daughters in the time of their besom discipline, when they were perfect women. At Oxford (and I believe also at Cambridge) the rods were frequently used by the tutors and Jennis; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, I knew right well, whipt his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court.

The last summer, on the day of St. John Baptist, 1694, I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind Montague-house: it was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them were habited on their knees, very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was. At last a young man told me, that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands; it was to be found that day & hour.

An old German Knight, in the first half of the 17th century, when enormous goblets were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the Nobles, sat once at table next to his young wife in a numerous company, where the bottle went continually round, and a large goblet was to be emptied each time, on pain of being contemned as a false brother by the guests, who were used to be very strict in this point. The wife, who had received a more polished education, whispered to her husband, when it again came to his turn to empty an enormous glass, to pour the wine secretly under the table. "The others will see it," said he. His wife, therefore, just as he was raising the glass to his mouth, snuffed out the candle, and repeated her request. Instead of complying, he said, with a kind of solemnity, "God sees it," and emptied his goblet.

A foreigner viewing in a fashionable crowd a number of ladies dressed in the present odious hump-back style, exclaimed, "What beautiful women! 'tis a pity they are so deformed."—"Deformed!" said a friend, "and dare you say this to their faces?"—"No," he rejoined, "only to their backs."

SINGULAR CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES.

[From Gold and Northhouse's London Magazine.]

The Babylonians had a law, which was also followed by the Mæneti, an Illyrian people, and by Herodotus thought to be one of their best, which ordained, that when girls were of a marriageable age, they were to repair at a certain time to a place where the young men likewise assembled. They were then sold by the public crier, who first disposed of the most beautiful one: When he had sold her, he put up others to sale, according to their degrees of beauty. The rich Babylonians were emulous to carry off the finest women, who were sold to the highest-bidders. But as the young men who were poor could not aspire to have fine women, they were content to take the ugliest, with the money which was given with them: for when the crier had sold the handsomest, he ordered the ugliest of all the women to be brought, and inquired if any one was willing to take her with a small sum of money. Thus she became the wife of him who was most easily satisfied; and thus the finest women were sold, and from the money which they brought, small fortunes were given to the ugliest, and to those who had any bodily deformity. A father could not marry his daughter as he pleased, nor was he who bought her allowed to take her home, without giving security that he would marry her. But after the sale, if the parties were not agreeable to each other, the law enjoined that the purchase-money should be restored. The inhabitants of any of their towns were permitted to buy wives at these auctions.

Amongst the Cretans, the establishment of the young men was also regulated by the laws. Young Cretans of mature age were not permitted to marry as they thought fit themselves. They were not left to the impulse of passion, by which we are so frequently misled in that serious engagement. In forming the contract of wedlock, riches and pleasure were not their objects—those delusive phantoms, which often bring discord, indifference, and regret. In truth, a Cretan married not for himself, but for the state. The magistrates had the right of choosing the strongest and best made of the young men, and of marrying them to women who resembled them in constitution and figure; that a well proportioned matrimonial union might produce a robust, tall, well-made posterity, whose physical powers would do honour to the nation; defend it; terrify their enemies by their mere presence; and conquer and reduce them to subjection, by their strength and their valour.

By the laws of the Franks, a man was allowed but one wife, and he was rigorously punished who quitted her to marry another. The tie which connected them was indissoluble, and the wife was inseparable from her husband. She followed him to war; the camp was her country; and from the camp the armies drew their recruits. Boys, born and bred amid the din of arms, inured to danger, and already soldiers, replaced the old and slain. They married in their turn, as we learn from Sidonius Apollinatis; who, in describing the rejoicings that were made in the camp of Clodion, on account of a wedding, tells us, that the fair young man, by whom he means a Frank, had married a fair young woman; and that the soldiers celebrated their nuptials with Scythian and warlike dances.

The husband provided for his family by his excursions, and by the booty which he shared in an enemy's country. On his return, the chaste caresses of his wife amply recompensed the warrior for the fatigues he had undergone, and for the danger to which he had been exposed. A dear and affectionate hand dressed the wounds which he had received in battle; and her obedience and sweetness of manners gave a charm to their society, which lasted as long as their lives. This union was founded on a perfect subordination. The Franks of those remote times were absolute masters in their houses. They could put their wives to death when they departed from their duty; and it is surprising, that if a Frank killed his wife in a transport of anger, the laws punished him only by prohibiting him for some time to bear arms: a temporary interdiction of his military character.

In consequence of this absolute authority, the wives were entirely dependent on their husbands, and respected them as their sovereign lords. A wife, in the Formulæ of Marculphus, addressing her husband, makes use of terms as submissive as those of a slave: "My husband and my lord, I, your humble servant." The custom of taking wives without a fortune contributed to this dependence; and perhaps our ancestors, more artful, and more politically selfish than those who now deem them barbarians, thought that marrying, without being bribed to marry, would be a necessary counterpoise to the pride of their wives. They preferred a poor and tractable slave, to a rich and imperious mistress, or to a domestic tyrant. It is certain that the Franks, when they were disposed to marry, might be said to buy their wives, as well by the settlement they made on them, which was to descend to their children, as by the presents which they made to them, and to their nearest relations. Thus the wife had her fortune, not from her father, but from her husband.

Erechinoalde, mayor of the palace in the reign of Clovis the Second, bought of some pirates a girl of exquisite beauty, named Bandour, or Baltide, whom he afterwards gave in marriage to that young prince, and from a slave made her the consort of a king. But we must in justice observe, that history does her the honour to inform us, that while she was on the throne, she did not forget she had been a slave; and having taken the veil after the death of Clovis, her mind was totally purified from earthly objects, and from any passion for grandeur, and she appeared to forget that she had been a queen.

Among the Gauls, when a father wished to marry his daughter, he gave a liberal entertainment, to which he invited a great number of people, even strangers. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the daughter was called in, and from the guests she selected him for her husband to whom she presented water. When the bridegroom received her fortune, he added to it an equal sum of his own. The whole money was then employed by them as they conceived to be most advantageous, and the profits of it placed apart. When either of the two died, the capital, and all that it had yielded, remained for the survivor. Husbands had the power of life and death over their wives and children.---(D. Mart. Boug. Recueil des Hist. des Gaul. et de la Franc.)

In the primitive ages of simplicity, even princes were inured to labour by a hardy education. They did not disdain employments which are now considered menial and degrading, for those employments were associated with their earliest ideas.

Nausicaæ, the daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phœcians, was commanded to wash her clothes, and make all necessary preparations for her marriage. The princess immediately repaired to the apartment of the king her father, where her mother was sitting near the fire, with her women round her, spinning wool. Nausicaæ asked a chariot of her father to carry her clothes to the river to be washed. Alcinous ordered a chariot, to which mules were harnessed. Nausicaæ's clothes were brought from her apartment, and thrown into the chariot. There likewise was placed, by order of her mother, a basket of provisions for her dinner, with a bottle of wine. Nausicaæ mounted the chariot, and drove to the river, or to the place where they had receptacles of water for washing. The mules were unharnessed, and left to feed on the banks of the river; while the clothes were taken from the chariot and washed; and while they were drying in the sun, they sat down to their dinner.

Solon prohibited the giving of fortunes in marriage: he allowed the brides only to bring three robes, and some furniture of little value. His intention was, to raise marriages from a selfish and despicable commerce, to an honourable union for the increase of the human species---to a humane and agreeable state---to the tenderest and sweetest friendship.

Diopysius, the Sicilian tyrant, from a reverence to this harmonious connexion, gave the following answer to his mother, when she requested him to marry her to a young man of Syracuse: "To make myself master of a city, I have been able to force its laws; but I cannot force the laws of nature, to make improper marriages tolerable to each party."

The custom of the Indian women burning themselves with the body of their husbands, originated, according to a passage in Diodorus Siculus, in consequence of the crime of a wife, who had poisoned her husband.

In ancient Egypt, Polygamy was permitted except to the priests, who were allowed to have only one wife; and whether the woman was a slave or free, her children were accounted legitimate, and enjoyed freedom as their birth-right.

The hours of refection are singularly changed in little more than two centuries. In the reign of Francis the First of France, they were accustomed to say—

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

The King of Monomotapa is surrounded by poets and musicians, who adulate him by such refined flatteries as, Lord of the Sun and Moon, Great Magician, and Great Thief!

The King of Arracan assumes the following titles:—Emperor of Arracan, Possessor of the White Elephant, and the two Ear-rings; and in virtue of this possession, legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet.

VENTRILOQUISM.—The correspondent of an

American Journal communicates the following humorous exercise of this peculiar faculty.—"I started" says the writer, "last evening to pay a visit to the Navy Yard (in New York) accompanied by a friend from the interior, who is now on his way to take his seat in Congress, and Mr. CHARLES, the Ventriloquist. We were overtaken by the rain and compelled to seek a shelter in the Tavern and small grocery next to the Corliss Hook Ferry. We found in the house the landlady, her mother, her daughter, and a man who appeared to belong to the family. From the time of our entrance, Mr. C. had kept up a pleasant conversation with the landlady, when suddenly an application for admittance in a strange voice was heard at the outside door. Mr. CHARLES answered by telling him to come in. The conversation continued some time when the woman went and opened the door. No one was to be seen. The voice was now heard at the window and again at the door. The man went out followed by the daughter, but found no one there. The voice was still heard at the door and window alternately—when, after a short cessation of the sounds, the girl entered, saying it was a black man who had just ran into the little Ferry-house on the wharf. In a moment order was restored, when the voice was again heard from an inside door. The woman rushed to the place followed by us all. It opened to a stair way, and the sounds now proceeded from the chamber. Who are you? exclaimed the landlady. It seems another family lived up stairs, and the man appeared and declared that no one was there but his own people.—After some deliberation it was concluded that it must be a chimney sweep in the adjoining chimney amusing himself. This conjecture which came from the landlady, pacified the family, and they began to talk over what each had thought, when the same voice was heard from a little bedroom in a new part of the house, and near no chimney. The door was opened by the astonished mistress; and the voice still continued answering Mr. C. from the centre of the room.—The joke had now become serious: they were all in evident alarm; and, as they began to talk of the house being haunted, &c. it was thought prudent to explain the matter. We now took our leave. This morning we went on board the steam-frigate; and here Mr. CHARLES shewed another instance of his extraordinary powers. After asking to see and examine the interior, one of the officers lighted a candle, and invited us to go below, into the hold. Directly a voice was heard from beneath the machinery, crying "help! help!" The sailor who held the light, started and called out, "Who the devil are you? How came you there?"—"I am here between the water wheels."—"How long have you been there?"—"Three days." He instantly ran up on deck, and begged them for God's sake to come down, and help some poor fellow who was entangled between the wheels. Immediately the hatches were thrown open and a dozen or more descended.—They called, they looked every way, one swore he saw him; they got a boat-hook, and tried to feel him: here we left them. In half an hour we returned, and were informed that they had not succeeded in finding him: the officer said he had mustered all the crew to search, but it was no use to look any longer; perhaps he had fainted, and they should hear him again."

All those who, in the confidence of superior capacities or attainments disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—*Johnson's Life of Savage.*

Anecdote.—A correspondent has favoured us with the following: "Sir John Mason, privy-councillor to King Henry VIII., on his death-bed, delivered himself to those about him to this purpose: 'I have seen five princes, and have been privy-councillor to four; I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at at most state transactions for thirty years together; and have learned this, after so many years' experience, that *seriousness is the greatest wisdom, and a good conscience the best estate*.' and was I to live my time over again, I would change the court for a cloyster, my privy-councillor's bustles for a quiet retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things else forsake me besides my God, my duty, and my prayer."

From another correspondent.—The following laconic epistle was sent to Mr. Rothschild, in reply to his refusing to admit the writer to a participation of the Loan: the letter, containing the said refusal, coming to hand when Omnium was at a discount of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.:

SIR,—I should think my gratitude at as great a discount as the Loan, if I did not return you my very best thanks for your kind refusal to admit me as a subscriber to your list; and remain, &c.

French English.—Men who habitually speak French, write strange English verses. The finest specimen of French English we know of is the following inscription, placed by M. Girardin, at Ermenouville, to the memory of Shenstone:

This plain stone,
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural.
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian scenes rural.

Poor Shenstone! He used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun. He little imagined that it was to be squeezed into a rhyme such as this.

Patience in undergoing Toil.—Professor Porson had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated MS. of the invaluable Lexicon of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity college, Cambridge. And this he had, with unparalleled difficulty, just completed, when the beautiful copy, which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burned, along with the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original being a *unique*, entrusted to him by the College, he carried with him wheresoever he went, and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur and made a second copy as beautiful as the first, which is now in Trinity college library!

The following curious extract furnishes a striking contrast to the preceding anecdote. We do not remember to have seen a more revolting or more pitiable instance of the effects of that odious vice, drunkenness:

"Mr. Horne Tooke told us that the late Professor Porson had used to be a frequent visiter at Wimbledon. But for some few years last past," said he, "I have had no intercourse with him. The last visit he paid me was a most extraordinary one! It was a dinner party; and, surrounded by my friends, I sat at the head of the table. Porson was amongst the number; and was, as usual, very chatty, pleasant, and good-humoured, until a certain period of the evening, when he committed the most abominable outrage that hospitality ever felt. He had shewn no soreness or displeasure whatever at the topics in conversation; when, impelled by some motive I could never explain, he on a sudden rose from his seat, and holding his glass in his hand, addressed me in these words: 'I will give you, Sir, in a bumper toast, the health of the most detestable character in the world—*John Horne Tooke!*' At this time he was flushed with wine, though his senses were by no means overset by it. My friends and myself expostulated with him on the indecency of his behaviour with all possible good temper and complacency. But in vain. He pursued a strain of the most vulgar abuse and invective against my principles and conduct in political life. I teased him a little by my rapier in reply; but kept myself quite cool in temper, and steadily on my guard. He still went on adding grossness to grossness, and scurrility to scurrility. I then went round to the chair in which he was sitting, and desired him to feel the muscles of my right arm. He felt them. I then drew up my leg, and desired him to feel and discover, if he could, whether that had any muscular energy. He did so. 'Now, Sir,' said I, 'you find that I can both *strike and kick*; and if you don't hold your tongue, I will first knock you down, and afterwards kick you out of my house.' This menace silenced him; but he still kept his seat, drank a great deal more wine, became very drunk, and was finally packed up late at night in a post-chaise, and driven home to his lodgings in town.—From that time to this I have never seen him."

Psalms of David.—They present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of HIM to whom all hearts are known and all events foreknown, they suite mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few pernsals, like gathered flowers wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancly: but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are more accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.—*Bishop Horne.*

The Heathens.—were so sensible of the proneness of mankind to scandal, that they represented it in the following manner. Every man (say they) carries two wallets or bags with him; the one hanging before, the other behind him. In that before, he puts the faults of others; into that behind, his own; by which means, he never sees his own failings, whilst he has those of others always before his eyes. But truth helps us to turn this wallet, and place that which has our own faults before our eyes, and those of others behind our back. This is a very necessary regulation, if we would behold our own faults in the same light in which they do; for we must not expect that others will be as blind to our foibles as we ourselves are; they will carry them before our eyes, whether we do or not. And, to imagine that the world takes no notice of them, because we do not, is just as wise as to fancy, that they do not see us, because we shut our eyes. A man, half-blind himself, should never set up for an oculist.

Royal Society.—The Royal Society, on the day of its creation, (July 15, 1662,) was the whetstone of the wit of their patron Charles II. With a peculiar gravity of countenance, he proposed to the assembly the following question for solution: 'Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and that two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails, I want to know the reason why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which stood against it.'—Every one was ready to set at rest the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King, turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation, and told his Majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact. On which the King, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right!"

Singing at Sight.—"When Handel went through Chester in the year 1741," says Dr. Burney, "I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe, over a dish of coffee, at the Exchange Coffee-House; for being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained at Chester; which, on account of the wind being unfavourable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music-master, to know whether there were any choir-men in the cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books, that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah, *And with his stripes we are healed*, poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out, in broken English, "You sheauntrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," said the printer, "and so I can; but not at first sight."

Origin of the Word "Dandy."—This term, which has recently been applied to a species of reptile very common in the metropolis, appears to have arisen from a small silver coin, struck by Henry VII., of little value, called a *dandy pratt*; and hence Bishop Fleetwood observes, the term is applied to worthless and contemptible persons.

The National Debt.—in 1*l.* Bank of England notes, taken at the round sum of 800,000,000*l.* will be found to amount to the enormous weight of 698 tons 2 qrs. 9lbs. Allowing 2 cwt. 2 qrs. to each man, it would require upwards of 5,500 able-bodied porters to carry it away: 230 waggons, with four horses to each, would scarcely be sufficient for that purpose. This calculation is made at the rate of 512 Bank of England notes to the pound.

English Exhibitions and Exhibitors.—The manner in which English curiosities, antiquities, collections, mansions, &c. are exhibited, both to natives and foreigners, has been a subject of universal, and, we fear, just criticism, particularly, in the way of expense and doleour. This is the less excusable, for, generally speaking, there is no sort of care taken as to the capacity of the persons who perform the part of *Ciceroni*; or guides, on these occasions. A gentleman of our acquaintance, once furnished us, for another publication, with the following laughable anecdote. The tapestry at Windsor-Castle consisting of four or five compartments, is hung in the keep, or round tower. It represents the well-known story of Hero and Leander, told originally by Musæus, the short fable of which, our readers need scarcely be informed is merely this: That Hero living at Sestos, and Leander in Abydos, the latter used to swim the Hellespont to visit his mistress clandestinely. One night in a storm he was drowned; Hero finds his body, and follows her lover, by plunging into the same waters that had deprived him of life. "Observe the way," writes our correspondent, "in which the woman who shows the tapestry, told this simple story, mixing up with it monkish legends, Christian institutions, and 'crouner's quest law.'—There," said she, "you see Hero in the tower of the convent, where her father placed her, looking out secretly for Leander, who is swimming across the *Hellspond* to her. Here again you may behold them together, and there they are separated by the nuns of the convent. Next you see Leander swimming in a storm, and afterwards cast on shore dead, where Hero comes and finds the body: you see she is crying over him. Then she leaves the convent and sets sail from her nunnery, and in despair throws herself overboard, and is drowned, like him."—So far she affected to follow the story on the walls; and, with all the gravity of conviction, added this piece of new and consolatory intelligence, of which the Greek poet was certainly not well informed, or he would not have omitted it. "*Her dead body was picked up by Captain Wansy, and she was buried at Gibraltar, with a stake through her body, for killing herself.*"

A fact scarcely less ludicrous, occurred to a gentleman who went to Stow, for the purpose of seeing the pictures. The man who showed them pointed out the celebrated piece of Apollo presiding among the Muses. "There sir," said he, "are the ten Muses."—"Nine Muses," observed the visitor.—"No, Sir, the ten Muses," repeated the man with some feeling of resentment that any body should pretend to know better than himself; "the ten Muses, Sir,—count them, if you please."—"Why, who is that in the centre, with the lyre?" asked the stranger.—"That is, Apollo, Sir; she's the head of them all."—*Chester Guardian.*

Anecdote of Mozart.—His clarity was asked one day, in the streets of Vienna, by a person who had known better days; and as the great musician knew better how to heap up *silver sounds* than *silver coin*, he felt his pocket, for the poor fellow, in vain. Uneasy at his want of money, at this particular moment, a benevolent thought suddenly struck him, and he asked the man to wait while he went into a tavern, where calling for a pen and ink, he sat down and composed a minuet on the spot; then folding up the paper, he returned, and giving it to his petitioner, told him to carry it to a music-publisher, in the city, who would give him something when he saw the contents. He did so, and received five double ducats.—The circumstance deserves to be recorded; and the minuet itself is worthy of the occasion: it exhibits a singular mixture of science (which Mozart, perhaps, took a just pride in exhibiting at such a sudden call) with that exquisite natural beauty which is so apparent throughout his works. It teaches us this practical lesson—that there are few, if any, who want the power of doing good in some way or other, if they are possessed of the desire.

Anecdote of Abbas Mirza.—Abbas Mirza, crown prince of Persia, is one of the most remarkable men of our times. Moritz Von Kotzebue relates the following honourable anecdote of him: "The Russian Ambassador," says he, "perceived in the garden belonging to the Prince a projecting corner of an old wall, which made a very ugly contrast with the rest, and disfigured the prospect. He asked Abbas Mirza why he did not have it pulled down? 'Only think!' replied the Prince, 'I have bought this garden from several proprietors in order to make something magnificent. The proprietor of the place where the wall projects is an old peasant, the only person who positively refused to sell me his piece of land, as he would not part with it at any price, it being an old family possession. I must confess it is very vexations; but, notwithstanding, I honour him for his attachment to his forefathers, and still more for his boldness in refusing it me: but I'll wait till an heir of his shall be more reasonable.'"

To HAVE and to BE.—The distinction is marked in a beautiful sentiment of a German poet. *Hast thou any thing? Share it with me, and I will pay thee the worth of it. Art thou any thing? O then let us exchange souls.*

Memory and Recollection.—Beasts and babies remember, i. e. recognize; man alone recol-

Price of a Bible in 1274.—In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was 30*l.*; which sum, no doubt, was equal to 200*l.* of our money. A good Bible may now be had for two or three shillings! It is said that the building of two arches of London Bridge cost only 25*l.*; which is 5*l.* less than a copy of the Bible, many years afterwards. Of what incalculable value is the art of Printing! We see its beneficial effects more widely extended than ever, by means of Sunday Schools, Bible Societies, and Christian Missionaries.

Melancthon records a very dreadful example of God's righteous judgment upon a company of profane wretches, who, in a tragedy, intended to represent the Death of Christ upon the Cross. In this blasphemous exhibition, he that acted the soldier's part, instead of piercing with his spear a bladder full of blood, concealed under the garment of the man who personated Christ, wounded him to death. The dying man, in falling down, killed another, who, in disguise, acted the part of the woman that stood wailing under the Cross. The brother of him who was first slain, slew the murderer who acted the soldier's part; and, for slaying him, he was hanged, by order of justice.

Dr. Thomas Terry, who was rather an indifferent speaker, had acquired the strange habit of introducing his observations on almost every subject with "I say, I say." A lad, who had noticed this singular monotony, frequently took occasion to mimic the Doctor and expose him to derision. Provoked at this unwarrantable liberty, Dr. T. cited him to appear before the Dean, in whose presence he accused him in the following words: "I say, I say; they say, you say, I say, *I say I say.*" The lad stared; the Dean smiled; and the Doctor became irritated. The Dean, however, after giving the boy a gentle reprimand, was very glad to get rid of the parties.

The Chinese are neither improved in learning nor in morals; nor in the system of government and legislation, nor one whit more enlightened in religion or in the sciences, than they were 3000 years ago. The cut of their robes, the plan of their houses, the form of their furniture, have not changed in all that time. But as human nature is every where pretty much the same, China would appear to have its male and female *elegantés* as well as other countries. In a Chinese novel called *Hung-how-Mung*, or, *The Red Chamber Dreams*, part of which has been translated by Mr. Davis, two characters are introduced, whose costume may be amusing to the belles and beaux of Great-Britain. The dress of the lady, who is denominated a *La-tzé* (something sharp or pungent), is thus described: "On her head her knot of hair was adorned with gold and silk and eight precious stones pendent. It was fastened with a pin of pearls dropping from five little eagles. An ornament of virgin gold, enlivened with insects, embraced her neck. Around her waist was an upper dress of deep red-coloured silk, on which were embroidered an hundred golden butterflies, fluttering among flowers. Over this was a narrow garment made of the skins of stone-blue mice, and silk of five different colours. Below all, was a petticoat of foreign crape of a green colour, sprinkled with flowers. She had a pair of most bewitching three-cornered eyes, and two eye-brows curved like the young willow-leaves; her person was slender, light, and airy." The gentleman was also covered with butterflies fluttering among flowers of gold; his beautiful nose was full and round like the gall-bladder of a quadruped; and he had a face like the moon in the midst of autumn—covered with white pain, and lips tinged with vermilion. From his head to the end of his tail, which dangled to the ancles, hung four strings of precious stones set in gold. His upper tunic was pink spangled with flowers, his trousers and stockings were embroidered, and his shoes were of a deep red colour, with thick white soles. This irresistible youth is said to have 'ten thousand thoughts of love collected in the corner of his eye.'

The late Hely Hutchinson was of such a soliciting disposition, that the Marquis Townshend, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, once said of him, "If *England and Ireland* were given to this person, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a *potatoe-garden.*"

A country gentleman, who had been allured to town by the promise of a place made to him by a nobleman, being at length tired out, went to his patron, and told him that he had at last got a place. "I rejoice at it," said his Grace: "but where is it?" "In the Gloucester coach," replied the disappointed expectant.

An Active Schoolmaster.—According to the German *Pädagogie Magazine* (vol. iii. p. 407), died lately, in Spain, a schoolmaster, who, for 51 years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated, that he made 700 boys stand on peas, 600 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fool's cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator! But we are growing more humane; as Martial

EPITAPH ON JAMES SHATFORD,

Who died at Newport, Isle of Wight.

[The following tribute to the memory of Mr. SHATFORD, late manager of the Salisbury Theatre, who was no less respected in private life than admired in his profession, is extracted from an interesting little volume of Poems just published, entitled "*Poetic Impressions*," and written by Mr. Shatford's old and much attached friend, Mr. HENRY LEE, formerly joint manager with him at that Theatre.]

If e'er the prescient eye of Genius caught,
At one quick view, the wide extremes of thought;
If e'er, at Memory's call, ideas sprung,
Or fell in mended accent from the tongue;
If genuine wit—a mind with knowledge stored,
Or repartee, e'er crown'd the social board,
With eloquence, that, under favoring star,
Had graced the Senate, or illumed the Bar—
Such gifts were thine—A host of friends appear,
And sanction this faint record with a tear.
Shatford farewell!—all who thy merits scan,
Attest the Genius—Friend—and Honest Man.

EPITAPH,

AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

Here lieth Martin Elphinston,
Who with his sword did cut in sun-
Der the Daughter of Sir Harry
Crispe, who did his daughter marry:
She was fat and fulsome;
But men will some-
Times eat Bacon with their Bean,
And love the fat as well as lean.

ANOTHER.

Here lies General Tulley,
Aged 103 years fully—
Nine of his wives beside him doth lie,
And the tenth must lie here when she doth die.

EPITAPH, FROM THE GREEK.

Pillars of death! carv'd syren's tearful urns,
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him that near my tomb his footsteps turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say, a maid
Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
Of Myrtis gave; her birth and lineage high;
And say her bosom friend Erinna came,
And on the marble grav'd her elegy.

EPITAPH IN GRANTHAM (E) CHURCH-YARD

(From an American Paper.)

John Palfreyman, which lyeth here,
Was aged 24 year;
And near this place his Mother lies
Also his Father—when he dies.

EPITAPH ON A GREAT CARD PLAYER.

WILL in this world had many a rub to tame
His spirits, yet he with his rubs was blest,
For cards were heaven; but now a single game
Quite grave and low he plays at endless Whist.

His hands are changed; and all his honours gone,
He cannot call at eight, howe'er afraid;
His suit a shroud, his sequence to be shewn
Must wait untold till the last trump be played.

*Epitaph on the late Capt. ROBERT CARTER, R. N.
who died at Topsham, on the 23d ult.*

Beneath this massy load of stone and clay,
Till the Archangel summons him away
To stand before the awful throne of Heaven,
Lies Robert Carter, aged seventy-seven.
For more than forty-seven years had he
Been a Lieutenant—(shame, O Admiralty!)
From ten years old till upwards of three score,
No naval officer had ever more
Been actively employed, or more at sea:—
In short, he served his country faithfully,
Until the Rulers at the Admiralty
Forced the old worn-out seaman to retire,
To act the friend, the husband and the sire.
And think—ah think, how ill he was rewarded,
And how his services were disregarded!
At length, when full of years and full of pain,
It pleased God Almighty to ordain
That he should here in peaceful slumber lay,
Until the awful resurrection day,
When all his manly virtues then will be
Brought forth to light and immortality.

LINES

Addressed to a select party of Mr. HOLDEN's friends, who formed a resolution (at the time of his decease) to erect a plain marble monument over his grave, in the church-yard of Warden, near Hexham, in case his near relatives should neglect to pay that tribute to his memory.

Shall Holden fall, and shall not e'en a stone
Tell where his loved remains in death are laid?
Shall Haydon's* grateful peasantry alone,
Breathe a sad requiem o'er his gentle shade?

Ye gen'rous youths, that round the festive board
Enraptur'd, listen'd to his nectar'd tongue—
Ye nymphs, who once his very steps ador'd,
What! are your memories lost—your harps unstrung?

Ill-fated Threepwood! lovely, lonely spot,
Where first Athenian Tweddell† drew his breath;
And lately, musing in thy shady grove,
Accomplish'd Holden met the dart of death.

Shall it be said, in bold Northumbria's land,
His tomb no kindred spirit has adorn'd?
Never!—He anchor'd on a friendly strand,
"Where, strangers honour'd, and where strangers
mourn'd."

* A village near to Threepwood.

† The late John Tweddell (an ornament to any age or country), proprietor of Threepwood, died at Athens, and was buried in the temple of Theseus.

THE LATE GENERAL FITZPATRICK.—The following neat and appropriate Epitaph, written for the purpose by the above Gentleman, who was equally distinguished in the fashionable, literary, and political circles, appears on an elegant sarcophagus lately erected to his memory in the Church-yard of Sunninghill, Berks:—

Whose turn is next? This monitory stone
Replies, Vain Passenger, perhaps thine own!
If, idly curious, you should seek to know
Whose relics mingle with the dust below,
Enough to tell thee, that his destin'd span
On earth he dwelt, and like thyself, a man;
Nor distant far th' inevitable day
When thou, poor mortal, shalt like him be clay.
Through life he walked, unemulous of Fame,
Nor wished beyond it to preserve a name.
Content, if Friendship, o'er his humble bier,
Drop but the heartfelt tribute of a tear:
Though countless ages should unconscious glide,
Ner learn that ever he had lived or died!

THE LATE JOSEPH ATKINSON, Esq.

The following Lines, from the pen of THOMAS MOORE, Esq. are to be engraved on the Monument about to be erected to the Memory of his late Friend, JOSEPH ATKINSON, Esq. of Dublin.

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

Pure charity that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads.

The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his—Oh! thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye, like him may live, like him may die.

October, 1818.

TIM BOBBIN.

The Epitaph of John Collier, of Milnrow, two miles from Rochdale, in Lancashire, a schoolmaster, and Mary, his wife. He died July 14, 1786, aged 75 years; she died June 4, 1786, aged 63 years; buried in one grave, in Rochdale Church-yard. He was better known by the name of *Tim Bobbin*, who was the original author of a work, entitled, *The Lancashire Dialect*. He was a great lover of good rum punch, and his wife Mary of good strong tea:—

"Here lies John, and with him Mary,
Check thy bowl, and never vary;
No wonder that they so agree—
John wants no punch, and Moll no tea."

in the case may be, and applied as part of the public
treasury of the said city or county respectively.

And it is further enacted, That the said respective treasurers
shall, within the space of one calendar year after every Easter and Michaelmas
terminating every year, by the said lists and returns aforesaid, the half-
yearly rates aforesaid on each and every house and other build-
ing erected or to be erected within the said district of the metro-
politan, and on the respective houses or occupiers thereof, and
shall also deliver to the respective collectors of the said city and county
of the city of Dublin and county of Dublin for the time
being, to be by them collected and levied forthwith.

It is further to
return the
half-yearly
rates to the
collectors of
the said
county.

And it is further enacted, That the said several collectors
of the said county of the city of Dublin
shall, within the space of one calendar year for the time being, shall
and they are hereby empowered and authorized to levy
and collect all the said half-yearly rates which shall be so deli-
vered to them to wit, as aforesaid, and that for that pur-
pose they shall be and they are hereby specially invested with
the full powers and authorities for collecting, levying, and
recovering the same, and of affixing thereon, and for enforcing
the same, such notices, advertisements, and other from time to time may
be given, as well as such notices and other notices presented or
to be presented by the said respective grand juries, and shall
collect and levy the same in like manner, and with like remedies,
in case of non-payment, as any other monies to be so levied, save
in so far as may be directed to the contrary, and that the said
half-yearly rates shall be all charges of their appointment, and
shall not be repaid, and shall be paid from all other monies and
from the said rates.

And it is further enacted, That each collector
and every of the said collectors shall, before he
collects any of the aforesaid rates, execute and take security
by bond or recognizance to the respective treasurer of the said
county, and with such securities as the said grand juries re-
spectively shall deem sufficient for the faithful and diligent col-
lection of all such warrants as shall be delivered to them respec-
tively under this act, and for the rendering of a full and true
account of all their due or sums of money as they may from
time

